

DAYS IN DERBYSHIRE

BY

DR. S. T. HALL,



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Drawn by J. Gresley from a Photo. by J. A. Warwick. & Published by R. Keano, Derby.

MATLOCK BATH, DERBYSHIRE.

From the Lovers' Walks.

Days in Derbyshire.

BY

DR. SPENCER T. HALL,

"THE SHERWOOD FORESTER,"

AUTHOR OF "THE FORESTER'S OFFERING," "RAMBLES IN THE
COUNTRY," "THE PEAK AND THE PLAIN," "LIFE AND DEATH IN
IRELAND," "MESMERIC EXPERIENCES," AND OTHER WORKS.

WITH SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

GRESLEY, DALZIEL BROTHERS, BAILEY, WARWICK, AND OTHERS.



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DERBY: RICHARD KEENE.

1863.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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It is due to the publisher of this book and the public, as well as myself, to explain that it was commenced above three years ago, and partly printed with a prospect of its being out in the course of a few months. By domestic sorrow, imperative duties, and difficulties that for the time robbed the mind of that elasticity and cheeriness by which any work intended to gladden others should be characterised, all progress beyond the middle of the tenth chapter was for a long time arrested, and from similar causes there have also been occasional interruptions of the remainder. This will account in some degree, not only for the delay of its issue, but for a few apparent anachronisms and other discrepancies which will be found partially corrected in the closing chapter; yet is it hoped that, notwithstanding these delays and faults, the work may realise, in the main, whatever may have been anticipated of its usefulness as a Tourist's Companion, and of its interest by the Fireside for all who love descriptions of Nature in some of her sublime and beautiful aspects as well as in her more gentle and retiring moods.

Adding to that interest are many artistic contributions, which it would be wrong to pass over without the most kindly acknowledgment. To Mr. J. A. Warwick and Mr. Keene, whose efforts to bring the beauties of the county into the homes of the people by their industrious and tasteful use of photography; Mr. S. J. Gresley, of Derby, by his exquisite drawings; Mr. G. Bailey, who executed many of the wood-cuts; and Mr. S. Hammerton, so popularly known by his "Artist's Camp in the Highlands," the work is much indebted for

its pictorial aids, which the publisher has spared no expense in rendering as effective as possible; while Dr. Bigsby, and Mr. Thomas Walker, of Matlock Bath, have added the loan of two or three engravings to the number. For a few books of reference and useful suggestions I have also been indebted to literary and other friends.

And now a word, in conclusion, on the locality in which the volume has been completed. Yielding to inducements which had long been resisted, and which there is no need here to particularise, I went about two years ago to reside on Matlock Bank, trusting to get good only by doing good, and having no feeling stronger than that of love for all that God had made. That the endeavour did not succeed is for many reasons to be regretted. The friendly comment has more than once been made, that the experiment was right enough had it been tried in the right time and place. Be that as it might, there is one favour I have earnestly to beg of the reader—that in conning over my description of the neighbourhood, he will remember it was written before my residence there; whilst I, among distant scenes and future labours, seek to remedy the mistake, believing still, with William Wordsworth, that, under her Author's influence,

“Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy. For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts; that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith—that all that we behold
Is full of blessings!”

March 31st, 1863.



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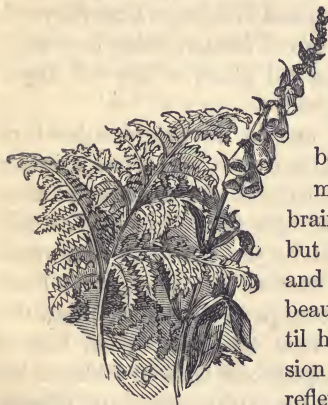
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DAYS IN DERBYSHIRE.

Introductory Chapter.



EVERY landscape has its own life as well as body ; and while its form is metagraphed upon the gazer's brain, it breathes its spirit, if he but love it, into his very soul, and helps at once to enlarge and beautify his intellectual being, until he becomes, not only "a mansion of all lovely forms," but a reflex of all the heavenly principles—an echo of the truths—of which those forms are but on earth the visible emblems. It is this perhaps that makes the long-pent dweller in towns feel such an emancipation from all that ordinarily depresses him, and such a comparative "resurrection to life," the instant he finds himself in the fresh and luxuriant country. And to add one more to the many promptings to such enjoyment, I have resolved on writing this little book, and inviting the reader to wander,

not only through its pages, but through the living scenes of which they are the literary index—hoping that every day he may spend among them will give a charm to long years of his normal duty, wherever or whatever that may be.

Let us first, then, away together to the Peak—land of romantic hills and pastoral dales, woodlands wild, wilder rocks, and waters many, where “Nature, queen o’er change and time,” delights to receive her most loyal devotees! But—where is the Peak? If you ask a dweller on the plain of the Nottinghamshire border, (the site of what once was Sherwood Forest,) he points to where the evening sun is just dipping out of sight, over a picturesque range of hills, stretching from Crich to Ashover; he also directs your eye to the still loftier ridges of Wirksworth and Middleton Moors beyond that first line, and to the dun cap of Masson rising over Matlock Bath, about which the last red gleam of day will linger latest, and says the Peak is there!

But if you are sauntering out in the neighbourhood of Moss-side, or Trafford, near Manchester, some fine morning at sunrise, and ask any one acquainted with the view, what or where may be yon line of dark hills filing along the horizon from east towards south, he tells you that it is somewhere about Chapel-en-le-Frith and Buxton, and that it is the Peak of Derbyshire;—while the sportsman on Blackstone Edge, the wayfarer wending slowly up from the Huddersfield side of Yorkshire, or the spinner escaped from Glossop Mills on his holiday stroll, will each point up to the summit of Kinder-scout, where the snow—it is so high—has sometimes been known to linger till near midsummer, and will tell you, exultingly, that *there* is the Peak!

Go down to Sheffield, and ask any one you may meet, from the woodman on Wincobank, the poet loitering on Shirecliffe, or the herdsman at Ecclesall, to the milk-boy descending from Chantrey’s Norton, or the bilberry-gatherer beyond Ringing Low: and they will severally direct you to the Pole on North

Stanedge, the high moors that stretch away from the Rivilin, by Moss-car, Burbedge, and Longshaw, towards Baslow, or to far hills beyond, (the whole including more country than you could march across on a long summer-day,) and call it all the Peak!

Again—you shall stand on Bardon Hill, or on the rocks near the monastery of Mount St. Bernard, in Leicestershire, gazing far, far out to the north-west, as the azure sky of afternoon softens into violet, and from violet into liquid gold, and you shall see *six horizons*, ridge rising gradually above and beyond ridge, as I have seen them, to the remotest ken; and next you shall see those ridges still more defined, in consequence of the gentle films of evening-mist rising slowly from the valleys between them, but not as yet high enough to obscure their tops; while anon the sky above is becoming marbled with bright streaks of crimson cloud —

“Like Jacob’s ladder tracking the way to heaven;” and the whole scene, so vast, so grand, yet so soft, in its many minglings of light and shade, is indelibly impictured upon your soul, as the intelligent historian of Charnwood Forest at your side, tells you that the second and sixth of those horizons embrace the Peak!

Once more—the traveller by rail, whether from Cheshire or Staffordshire, arriving at Alton Towers or Rocester, going thence to Ashbourn, and scaling Thorpe Cloud, that so conspicuously sentinels the lower entrance to Dovedale, looks abroad from right to left, and all around. Gaze wheresoever he may, his eye rests on beauty; and, (though how exceedingly remote from Crich or Kinderscout, Matlock or Buxton, the map will show you,) he too exults in the glowing consciousness of having already reached—the Peak!

Finally: the stay-at-home traveller in books,—or, as things go, it may perchance be one of the modern writers of them,—who derives his topography from novels and his history from romances, and knows all about the *Peveril* from Sir Walter

Scott, is as sure as if he had been born, like Jerry Royse, in one of the caverns there, that the Peak is at Castleton, and nowhere else;—while, curiously enough, each of many of the people who inhabit the region bearing that name, although it comprises about half the county, devoutly believes *the Peak, par excellence*, to be the particular locality where he happens to reside; yet wherever, the wide world over, you may meet a man from Wirksworth, Bakewell, or Buxton, his heart will give an extra throb if you happen to mention his native Peak, and he will speak as proudly as if he owned them of ancient Haddon and modern Chatsworth, its far-famed palaces.

The name of Peak, in a minor sense,—or, as it is variously pronounced by the inhabitants, *Peyke* and *Pike*,—is certainly sometimes given to specific objects: as Middle Peyke, near Wirksworth; Calver Pike, near Stoney Middleton; Topley Pike, between Taddington and Buxton; and Pikeous Hill, near the sources of the Dove, some miles above Hartington. Any one standing near the Hydropathic Establishment at Matlock Bank will easily see how Middle Peak acquired its name, rising conspicuously as it does between two other lofty hills. Calver Pike and Topley Pike are more insulated and elevated cones; and Pikeous (corrupted to Parker's) Hill is a still more distinct and interesting object in the neighbourhood where it is seen. But it will by this time be pretty evident that the name of *the Peak* as generally employed does not apply solely to any single rock, knoll, or mountain, but to A LARGE DISTRICT OF COUNTRY abounding with such,—and adorned with all that nature could accomplish to render it, now wild, fantastic, or savage, and anon serenely pastoral—here most beautiful, and yonder sublime—that, in short, as you may see by the ordnance map, it is an important section of that broad and lofty range commencing in Staffordshire, south of the Churnet Valley; extending into Cheshire, but more widely and picturesquely still into Derbyshire, and then spreading out through West

Yorkshire and Lancashire; next embracing all Westmoreland and the greater part of Cumberland; interrupted for a space by the Frith of Solway, but rising again in Dumfriesshire and Galloway; and though once more broken by the Clyde, striking up more sublimely than ever in the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland; and furnishing, altogether, from Alton Towers to Argyle, (for any one who might have the spirit, fancy, and leisure,) room to ramble in for life, and find something new every day. But for the present we must content ourselves with scenes near home, and not while remembering the Peak altogether forget the Plain.





Chapter the Second.

A DAY AT CRICH.

SO let us start from Derby—not by the way that the Rebels came to it with Prince Charlie, though that might lead us through scenery very lovely, to the old town of Ashbourn, to Ilam Hall, or Dovedale; nor the way on which Dr. Samuel Johnson came thither on horseback to his bridal, though that would conduct us to his native city of Lichfield, of ancient fame; nor that on which William Hutton first went from it to seek or make his fortune in the world, for in less than ten miles it would set us on the not uninteresting confines of Nottinghamshire—land of Robin Hood and King Lud, lace and stockings, and many poets. Nor is it needful we should go by Allestree, though it is not far from the end of that village that the Peak first breaks on the gaze, over miles of beautiful country stretching between. But, without delay, let us get into the train, and save time, in the first twelve miles or so, by rail.

Towers and spires, and all the mass of many-gabled and many-windowed buildings of the old borough are fast receding. Little Chester, once a Roman station, is passed. A glimpse of the New Cemetery-chapels, and another of the Race-stand, and then of the Water-works, on the east of the line; and the

verdant rise of Derwent Bank, Darley, Allestree, and Burley on the west; and anon the glinting spire and smiling homes of Duffield, are left behind us. The river was crossed before we came there; and now by a tunnel of no very great length we penetrate the first hill; break again into the vale at Milford, and find the country on all sides growing more picturesque, as we approach and leave Belper, threading that thriving town by such a long and many-arched cutting as to give us not much opportunity of getting even a "hurri-graph" of it as we move on,—a matter of less moment, as we intend to see it in a different aspect on another excursion. Then, a dash over meadow and mere, through a region of "pastoral farms, green to the very door," and a dive through another short tunnel; and half-an-hour after leaving Derby, we are set down at Ambergate—one of the principal thresholds to the Dales of the Peak, near where the little river Amber finds its way into the Derwent.

But, what of all the objects that here catch the eye, is the strange line of buildings whence issue those columns of smoke, and down to which comes an inclined plane from the top of that lofty hill beyond them? They are lime-kilns, owing their origin, as we are told, to the famous George Stephenson; and if you will wait but a few minutes you may perhaps see a train of wagons, loaded with stone from Crich Cliff, sliding down that plane with awful velocity, but so under the control of nicely-adjusted apparatus, worked by steam, as never to over-shoot the right mark. Once, by lying head foremost on the top of one of the wagons, and vigorously clasping a ponderous stone, I was enabled to descend the steep with that train, as it shot down with something less than the speed of a thunderbolt. The vale below has ordinarily a very beautiful appearance from the hill; and the sensation was, so far as one may fancy, not unlike that of *flying*, eagle-fashion, from some lofty eyrie, into its depths. It was an experience in which the whole

being became intensified. All the objects in the scene im-pictured themselves on the sensorium—distinctly, it is true, yet so simultaneously as to leave no time for selection; and ere any analysis of ideas or emotions could begin, I was down at the kilns, glad, as no doubt had been all my predecessors in the experiment, of being safely deposited there.

There is just enough at and around Ambergate Station to make us eager to proceed as soon as the train for Rowsley is ready, and by it we go to the first little station in that direction, which is done in about five minutes—catching several rich glimpses of pasture and stream, high-reaching woodland and jutting rock, by the way. And now we find ourselves at What-stand-well Bridge—why so called it is so hard to say, that we are half-disposed to believe the name a corruption of one with more sense in it: just as the fine, significant name of the grey old hamlet of Horston, further up the country, has been corrupted into Harston, then into *Hearthstone*! Perhaps, as this is on the estate of the ancient family of Hurt, it may originally have been Hurt's Stand-well. But we are only speculating. Pleasantly stands this clean little inn at the end of the Bridge. Pleasant, too, those upland homes around us. We commence our ascent to Crich by the eastern road, but have not gone far before we pause with wonder and delight.

From a bridge over the Canal, near the Blacksmith's shop, we glance to the north, where Lea Hurst, the Derbyshire home of Florence Nightingale, first steals on the eye. We turn to the south, which breaks upon us in still greater loveliness and magnificence, as we proceed higher up the road. Strange, that the guide books have, hitherto, comparatively so little note of this view from Crich Carr,—Chase Cliff, Hollow Booth, and the fir-crowned heights about Heage and Belper, forming a picturesque boundary to the left; and Shining Cliff flinging out its woody luxuriance, and stretching away to close with them in harmonious perspective, from the right—forming altogether an outline that, in its filling up, has a significance

of its kind unrivalled perhaps in all Britain. Come hither, and read the history of England in five lines ! There sweeps along the vale, with a beautiful curve, the river Derwent, just as it flowed in the primeval wildness of the land, ere the Romans came and disturbed its early inhabitants from their hunting, fishing and picking of scanty fruitage ; and parallel with it runs the old road, where travelled our Saxon ancestors from town to town with their bullock-wains and pack-horses. There, too, flows the Cromford Canal, memorial of the time when England's great genius for engineering and commerce was as yet scarce half-developed ; and companion to them the Railway, and along with it the Telegraph-wires, now that genius is ripening, to complete the wondrous history. How appropriate are the illustrations of this idea as we ponder on the prospect ! By the river stands that solitary fisherman, flinging in his line. Yonder, diminished by distance to about the size of a child's go-cart on the road, a cart or a wagon is ready to vanish from sight, while faintly comes into it a boat, gliding along the canal so slowly that one wonders how it can be worth while for it to ply at all ; just as the train rushes by, and is gone in an instant, leaving nothing but its dissolving wake of white steam, and its brief echo among the hills, to tell us it has been ; and along the telegraph-wires, could we but see them, are probably passing fleet messages touching life and death, rapid, how infinitely more rapid still !

And surely, as we rise higher and higher, leaving that scattering of humble cottages and sunny homes behind us, and near this more patrician mansion, of "Chase Cliffe," the whole scene grows more and more enchanting at every step. What a fine foil do those long-drawn parallels form—the white turn-pike, the ironed and gravelled rail, and the two lines of bright water, all so proximate that you might throw a stone across them—what a fine foil do they form for the rest of the landscape : the green slopes and winding drives about Alderwasley

Hall, the rounded hills, the dun outlines of the distant moors, the gabled farm-steads, and all the other features of a painter's paradise!

Let us now turn to the left, on the road striking off from the neighbourhood of Chase Cliff, along the back of the Carr, towards Coddington and Crich Cliff. The scene is very different, but very lovely. Lea Hurst, to the north, is opening in all its beauty little more than a mile before us—the smiling hamlet of Holloway keeping it pleasant company. It is sweet to see the homes of the poor not far from the mansions of the rich in such a landscape—very sweet to think of them in connection with the history, the visits, the humane interest and kindly labours of Florence Nightingale. Well stands her father's house in the centre of that scene, with wooded hills, and the deep vale, and green pastures, on every hand. The most luxuriant landscapes lack interest for the heart, whatever they may give to the eye, unless touched with signs of the presence of humanity in its various relations—its industrial endeavours, its moral endurances, its spiritual aspirations, and loving sympathies; and nature must ever be most dear when her fair lineaments are blended with, but not overcrowded by, the hopeful signs of social life. Yon sunny Hall of Alderwasley, to our left, with its park-like pastures, dashed with rising plantations and fringed with dark old woods, here coming down to the river, and yonder striking up to the very sky, loses none of its dignity for those outstanding farmsteads that share with it the verdant scene. Is the view westward, towards Round Wood and Masson less picturesque, because we have all these cottages, and those quarries, and the Cupola Furnace sending up its curling wreaths of blue smoke, between? Will this new residence we are just leaving behind us on the Chase, be less dear to the future tourist, when it grows old, because of the studied relation between its architecture and that of several of the little cottages below it? Certainly not; and hence it is we could linger at Crich Carr

the whole day, and long to come again on many a morrow. But our time is passing, and we must ascend yon tower-crowned steep, and take advantage of the present sunny hour and the cloudless sky; for life itself would be too short to let us embrace and historicise all that is comprehended in the space that we shall contemplate there!

And now, after a two-mile's slow walk from What-stand-well Station, we find ourselves on the top of Crich Stand—one of the most far-seen and conspicuous observatories in England; and great portions of the counties of—Derby, with its knolls and peaks; Nottingham and Lincoln, with their woods and plains; with some of the dim-blue hills of Yorkshire to the north, and those of Leicestershire and Staffordshire to the south,—are spread around us, not in bewildering confusion, but at once various and harmonious, magnificent and calm; for we have chosen a season suitable to the scene, when earth and sky unite to make us think of infinity, and to feel how infinity itself is filled with a Spirit of Love and Wisdom, that clothes itself everywhere in a vestment of beauty.

Crich Stand is a round tower, with parapet, and is ascended inside, by a winding stair. It is on the site of one that was for some years in ruins. It has a tablet at the top, with the inscription—"This Tower, re-built in 1851, is 955 feet above the mean level of the sea, according to the Ordnance Survey." Over the entrance, which is on the west side, is a small tablet of limestone, from the old building, inscribed "F. H., 1788." Underneath is a new one, recording the date of the present erection. If the name of Crich be a contraction, as I suppose it, of an old Celtic word, meaning a place of crags, or rocks—like Carig and Carrick, in Ireland—it is one of the most appropriate names that could be. Its having once been spelt *Caruch*, and afterwards *Cruch* rather supports this hypothesis—the *ch* being articulated like *ch* in Scotland and *gh* in Ireland—a sound that has become foreign to the English throat since

the arrival of the Normans, who could not articulate it, and the common people having lost it, with much besides, from imitation of the conquerors.

Let us look down and around us, gradually expanding the sphere of vision. Under us is the cragged and quarried hill, strangely and picturesquely upheaved by nature, and now scarcely less strangely and picturesquely diminishing by the supply of material for those enormous lime-kilns we saw at the bottom of the inclined plane, near Ambergate. Mr. Adam, in his "Gem of the Peak," calls it "a conical hill, of no ordinary interest to the geologist, not only from the rich veins of ore found in it, but from the fact of its being an isolated mass of the carboniferous limestone, thrust up and protruded through all the sandstone and shale measures—of late years proving it to be by far the richest mineral field in the whole wapentake of Wirksworth, or indeed in the entire Peak of Derbyshire. This fact (he adds) may perhaps be considered a proof of the intimate connexion subsisting between the intensity of volcanic action and the formation of mineral veins, as this cliff exhibits the most striking proofs of those gigantic forces which have been originally brought into such extensive operation to break up and elevate the earth's crust. Certainly nowhere (Mr. Adam concludes) have such rich lodes, as they are called, of lead been found as in this field, and nowhere are the strata more strangely disturbed." There is now working, on the north-east side of the hill, a lead mine in which are men, with bodies and souls as precious as our own—precious not only to themselves, but to the women and children who smiled at us from their cottage doors as we came along—toiling at a depth of 270 yards; and no less than six have been killed there during the last three years. Poor Jim Spencer was one: I knew him; he was on a visit to me in Derby but a day or two before; and a better lad, or one more kindly, never trod the hills. He lost his own life, I believe, in trying to save another's.

This Hill—or Cliff, as from its steepness on one side it is more commonly called—has, with its observatory, “the Stand,” many touches of interest, independent of its mere altitude and geology. As a gauge, by comparison, for the size and distance of other objects; as something specific whereon the eye of the traveller may rest as he descends from the western hills or approaches from the eastern plains; and more recently as the occasional scene of popular gatherings, it has an extensive fame. I was upon it when peace was celebrated, after the close of the war with Russia, in the month of June, 1856. The weather was delightful; the assemblage of people was both numerous and joyful; and with plenty of refreshments, some good bands of music, patriotic and philanthropic addresses, and various reasonable and seasonable amusements, it was an occasion to be pleasantly remembered for many a year. A large telescope, through which a peep at Lincoln Cathedral might be purchased for a penny, was in great request; and when the sun went down in glory, it did not leave the landscape altogether in darkness: for the moon shone full and clear; rockets ascended far and fast into the heavens; large beacon-fires, lit on each side of the Stand, were answered by other fires from distant places; the great iron furnaces at Butterley and elsewhere in that direction belched up their volcanic flames; and thus was the night beguiled of half its attributes, until many who had been loth to leave a scene so animating began to

“See *to-morrow* in the marbled skies.”

But lo! the sun is westering, and we must not fail to take advantage of the favourable view his descent will give us of objects which but a few hours ago were lost in excess of light. Turning our faces towards the east, how primitive and quaint looks the little town on our right, with its venerable church and tapering spire all beneath us, and clustering or straggling homes, with their roofs so old and grey that they seem almost as much a part of the natural scene as the rocks and trees.

Very ancient is the town of Crich, and so little changed by modern influences, that one might almost think it a sort of social petrification. Yet there is something about the old place one likes to see; and it has been the home of many bright-thoughted, warm-hearted, worthy people. Sacred be their memories, and long may their names and genial virtues be kept in mind, by native writers like the author of "The Village Feast."

Primitive, too, looks the little belt of country in the foreground. True, the grass of those pastures is very fresh and green; but the walls that separate the fields are old and grey. Grey also is the hamlet of Park Head more distant, as is nearly every isolated cottage that dots the intermediate view. But, more venerable and hoary than all besides, are the ruined towers and turrets of Whinfield Manor, peering out from the dark trees somewhat less than two miles off, and adding greatly to the quiet charm of antiquity that characterizes the whole scene.

What a different aspect has the range of country just beyond, where the land of lime and lead is lost to view in that of coal and iron—where anciently ran the Roman Road, on which pranced the legions of the Cæsars in their military pride, but where now runs the great North Midland Railway, along which is tearing that fiery horse with the white-flowing mane, drawing its long, long train of the chariots of commerce—the Bucephalus of Peace! Hark! do you not hear it, at one moment leaving Ambergate, and crossing the end of Buckland Hollow—the vale where, in days of old, browsed undisturbed the wild buck—and then next breaking into view from behind the ruins of Whinfield Manor, that relic of the stirring times of Oliver Cromwell, and near to where occurred the more recent operations of Oliver the Spy? And now again it hides itself, where Clay Cross spire gleams up like a starting rocket from the dusky mass of mineral industry that has suddenly made a large town of what in the days

of our boyhood was one of the smallest hamlets in the country! The whole landscape abounds with historical meaning. Winding rivulets, little remnants of moorland that have never known spade or plough, bits of woodland in the hollows that man never planted and that his axe has but little altered, and many another sign of nature's sylvan reign, again recal to our minds the aboriginal races. We have already touched on one important testimony to Rome's imperial sway. Yon ironworks conjure back the Danes, whose occupation, there is reason to believe, was in such labours there. Alfreton Hall, white-gleaming, conspicuous to the eye, reminds us of King Alfred—

“That Oak o'er all the trees—
That Alp among the hills of History,”

from whom the town hard by is said to take its name. South Normanton beyond, tells us by its name that it was founded by the conquerors who came with William of Normandy; while the dark outline of country on the horizon, where once flourished Sherwood Forest, tells tales alike to the memory and the imagination of Robin Hood and his times.

Nor is this all. The ages of ancient piety, as well as of remorse for tyranny, bloodshed and plunder, and of subsequent devotional enthusiasm, are severally recorded by—I was almost ready to say, numberless churches, including that which looks down on the spot where I was born. In some places they nestle half out of sight amongst umbrageous trees, in lowly vales. Others have, to use a figure of my poetical friend, Crofts,

“Their foundations on the hills,
And their summits in the skies,”

darkling or gleaming to the remotest ken, and not inaptly closing, if a good telescope be employed, with a sight of Lincoln Cathedral “beyond the horizon's verge.”

Chivalry, patriotism, and old English hospitality, too, have magnificent monuments here. Whinfield Manor so near, and

Bolsover Castle afar, with the famous hunting palaces of Hardwick side by side—one in ruins, the other, though three centuries old, comparatively new—between!

And now we have only to turn a little southward to complete the history. Where stretches along the landscape yon far line of smoke is the Erewash Valley, in which, and for miles on this side of it, as near as Oakerthorpe, are various works of the Butterley Iron Company and many other enterprising firms, sending coals to most parts of England, and iron to all parts of the world. Beyond that line—beyond where the wooded hills of Bramcote give their dark and picturesque dash to the fading scene—is a still lighter streak of smoke, stealing up from the town of Nottingham, of the suburbs of which, at least, slight glimpses may be caught. But linger not there too long; turn more southward still; let your eye start again from the deep quarry and the old town beneath us; while all that stretches thence to the blue hills of Charnwood Forest is mapped in due order on your mind.

How distinct, and how green in comparison with the scenery on each side,—narrowing to a point, as if Nature in her geometry had resolved on placing it in an exact triangle,—extends the table-land of Crich Chase, so formed by the converging vales of the Derwent and Amber. We look beyond, and commencing at three miles, or thereabouts, from where those vales are wed, the sight is arrested by a growing town and its tall church-tower—large factories and their taller chimneys—and all that bespeaks the throbbing and restless pulse of a manufacturing population. That town is Belper, with Milford retreating beyond it, where pastoral life smiles down from the hills on trade, and the blessing of steady and increasing productiveness is awarded to both.

But we gaze some seven or eight miles farther still, where “dim in the distance blue,” yet considerably more extensive and not unpicturesque, stands our old town of Derby,—the noble tower of All Saints rising finely from the maze of minor

buildings, and St. Alkmund's spire, with many other favourite objects, being distinguishable by their familiar outlines, especially if it should be on some holiday, when there is no smoke from the factory chimneys. Nor does our prospect close at Derby: its horizon in that direction is sufficiently far off, in Staffordshire and Leicestershire, to make the tower of All Saints a central object in the picture. Perhaps one of the greatest advantages on Crich Cliff, in addition to clear weather, is a powerful telescope. It not only enlarges the sphere of vision, but multiplies the number of objects and enables us to gossip with them, as it were, friend with friend. There is a joke which neither you nor I will easily believe, about a rustic asking if it would bring Lincoln Cathedral so near as to enable him to "hear Great Tom strike twelve;" but considering how familiar it makes one of the senses with objects so remote, the others might certainly be forgiven if wishing for some small share of the enjoyment.

So thinking, we turn lastly to the glowing west, where nature grows heavenlike in the track of departing day. The east and south have become shaded with a deeper hue, and anon will fade from blue to misty grey, until the objects we were just contemplating grow dim and undefinable; while west and north-west—for it is in the month of May—the mountains will rise one by one more grandly and solemnly to view, in the last golden flushes of evening light:

"'Tis evening brings the distant hills more near."

The trill of the lingering lark falls sweetly into our souls from above, as the wild dove's lullaby and the cuckoo's good-bye come responsively up from the woods below. The undertone of the rushing Derwent furnishes a fitting bass to the breeze's tenor and the lark's light treble; and all nature seems to join the evening hymn.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night;"

Sunset hath still a large share both of sky and land; and

while the valley below is losing its lineaments in the deepening shadows, there is a rich remnant of light still dwelling over Alderwasley and Wirksworth Moor, and the country thence stretching away towards the hills that look down on the distant Dove.

Yet more beautiful even than this, and of far greater extent, is the view outstretching a little more to our right. Over Oxhay Wood, are Lea Hurst and Holloway, Lea Wood, the Coombs, and, still more north, Darley Dale and Tansley Moor, on which Masson, crowned with its dark fir-trees, looks somewhat proudly down, the monarch of them all. And as we gaze farther still, and farther,—far as the eye can reach, along the line of the winding vale, to where it commences near the sources of the Derwent,—on each side we see mountains beyond mountains intersect each other, not in confusion, but with that geometrical exactitude and harmony bespeaking everywhere Omniscient Design.

And what a heaven of splendour throws its canopy over all! From violet to vermilion, tint deepens into tint, hue gives place to hue, till, not in fancy but literally, from the zenith to the horizon, the sky “forms one vast iris ;” and the earth beneath, and its rising mists, are softly touched with a sympathetic glow.

Such is the expanse : but has it had its due effect upon our immortal spirits ? As we descend the hill which thus stands between the beautiful realms of the bygone day and the morrow—the stars gleaming out one by one above, the scattered fires of the eastern coal field growing bright below—the last crimson belt of twilight still hemming the far west—the moon gliding serenely through the southern sky, and those two planets, companions of her reign, hung down like burning lamps from heaven—does no sense of the miracle of our existence, and of the wisdom and bounty of the Great Creator, take possession of our heart ? How wonderful that we can carry away in our little souls such a magnificent spectacle,

embracing as it does an area of so many thousand miles, yet occupying within us no perceptible space at all! Why, now we have comprehended it, does it not disturb or displace our previous knowledge of things? Why does it not overlay and obscure our former memories? Why does it confer more beauty and joy, instead of oblivion, on all we ever enjoyed before? O soul! thou wondrous reflex of the Great Being who comprehends all things, and knows all their relations and uses and harmonies! As thou didst gaze on the external landscape in the light of Nature's sun, look now upon all its imagery, thus transferred to thee, in the light of Truth Divine: then shalt thou, if meek, be taught in all its meaning—and these charms shall aid thy eternal health!

For the present we bid Crich Cliff farewell!





Chapter the Third.

GOING TO MATLOCK BATH.

LET us now walk to Matlock; and if you will allow me to be so egotistical, I will tell you something of a trip to it in my youth, as we go along. It was in the bonny spring-time, when May was just ready to blush into June, that I mounted one of the old stage coaches at Nottingham for Derby. The previous night had been passed, not in sleep, but in hard intellectual labour. The morning breeze, however, was fresh and sweet, wafting all drowsiness from the brow, lending vigour to the young blood, and adding life to life, as sitting by the coachman's side, I inhaled the breath of hawthorns, laburnums, and chestnuts, then in full bloom, mingled with that of all the varieties of field flowers which gemmed with silver and gold the green waves of grass, seen as we sped along the well-macadamized road, by Wollaton Park and Lenton Fields, at the then not despicable rate of eight or nine miles an hour. It would have been rather painful to leave some of those pleasant scenes behind, but for the new beauties which flashed into sight for compensation at each new turn of the road. Bramcote, with its pine-plumed hills and old druidical stone, looking across the rich meads of the Trent to Clifton Grove; Stapleford's hall and church, and

smiling lawns, by the wandering Erewash; Risley, with its harmonious blendings of old and new, sombre and bright, elegant and rustic, in one lovely picture never to be forgotten; the wide prospect bearing away over Elvaston towards Donington Park and Charnwood Forest, on nearing Hopwell and Draycott, and leaving Borrowash; Spondon spire fitly crowning the fair country extending down to Chaddesden; and Derby, at length, with its church-towers, old shot-tower, and its range of other objects, already made familiar to me in the pages of Hutton and Davies, all presented so many vignettes, long to be treasured in memory's portfolio, but all subordinately to the one great end of the trip—a Day at Matlock.

Derby even then—and it is scarcely thirty years ago—was very different from Derby now, containing much less than half its present number of inhabitants. No Arboretum for the living, nor General Cemetery for the dead. No Railway Station nor Railway. No Midland nor Royal Hotel. No Temperance Hall, nor public Baths and Wash-houses, and the Town-hall a structure very unlike the present. The Jail then in Friar-gate, and not a house where Vernon-street forms so fair an approach to where it is now. The Infirmary on the London-road was quite in the country. The mile to Osmaston was as lonely as is now the mile beyond it. The mansion of Derwent Bank, so finely seated, had no neighbours in Duffield-road; and Kedleston-road, past the Elms, was as thinly inhabited. Babington House, now presenting so commercial a physiognomy, was then a most respectably dull old family residence. Exeter House, in Full-street, once the headquarters of the Prince Pretender, was still there, but has since been demolished to make an opening for a road. St. Helen's House, then noted as the residence of a family worthily distinguished, with its ample gardens and beautiful pleasure-grounds—how changed! the house now in decay and the gardens covered with streets. There was not then a single church

in Derby with a spire—neither had the Roman Catholic church a tower, nor was the present Nunnery built. The ivied tower of old St. Alkmund's, like the stumpy one of its neighbour, old St. Michael's, was in singular contrast to that which was thought worthy to be dedicated to all the Saints. Many a private mansion then, is a public institution or place of business now. Stage-coaches and post-chaises were arriving at and departing from every large inn; and not a single omnibus or cab could be seen. Along Victoria-street ran the Markeaton Brook uncovered; Green-hill was a comparative solitude; Burton-road had the appearance, and almost the character, of a little town apart. The Old Silk Mill was still looked upon as a building of magnitude and importance, and Windmill Pit a place of historical interest that strangers were expected to visit.

Taking such impressions as time and circumstance permitted, and being joined by a friend who had followed by a later coach, we went forward together on foot—much as you and I are supposed to be going now; and while walking quietly along, between the first and second milestones on the Duffield-road, we came so suddenly upon the charming view of the vale on our right, as to feel startled by the fine effect with which Breadsall Spire strikes up from its centre, —a sort of object-in-chief, with which all the rest of the landscape harmonizes, just as in music a whole concert is made to accord with the key-note. It is impossible to pass it without lingering awhile. Pleasant to see are the trees of Darley Grove, and the mansions, mills, and work-people's homes just below us, with the elegant church standing near and overlooking them all. Very graceful are those windings of the Derwent in the rich meadows further on, and luxuriant yon pastured slopes over which conspicuously rise Morley and Spondon spires, while many other interesting objects mark the scene, that at length fades away, beyond where Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire meet —

beyond where the Derwent from this side and the Soar from the other mingle their waters with the Trent, and the country swells up, and then again fades off, over Kegworth and Kingston, amongst the summits of the Charnwood Hills.

And now we come to Allestree, and soon obtain a bird's-eye view of the regions we are seeking, over a country growing more lovely by cultivation every year. Let us turn aside to this gate, just beyond the end of the village, and see. Gently descends that hawthorn-dotted slope to the lakelet gleaming down in the hollow before us. In good keeping extends this belt of wood right and left. Fair is yon park-like lawn, relieved by occasional shrubberies and bounded again by thriving woods; fair too Allestree Hall, looking forth with a smile so cheerful on the beauty of its own prospect. And sacred is the memory of the fine old gentleman, its late owner, Mr. William Evans, and his kind-hearted life-mate. Though seen no more where they were known so long and well, may not their spirits, even yet, be sometimes happily haunting a place which their lives while in it made "a little heaven below?" But, resuming our survey, let us look still further, in a line almost direct, over the lakelet before us. Down there, in the valley, how prettily over the trees peeps Duffield spire! From the heights over Milford Tunnel looks far abroad yon tall Tower—its use not easily known; while Crich Stand afar, like a full-stop to some fair passage we love to read and ponder over, puts a period to the scene.

Passing hence, we come in about another mile to a spot which one feels ought to be distinguished, at least in local history, it has such an air of eld. A forest-like scattering of ancient oaks about the fields; some long terraces near, which time and the plough have not quite obliterated; and the name of Burley which, wherever occurring, as it often is in broad England, always bespeaks a place of note and interest—all make one think this must be the site of some forgotten

park and mansion of the olden time. And looking up towards the village of Quarndon, of healthy fame, is seen a high green knoll, crested with trees, and striking the mind as one of the most beautiful features of the neighbourhood. But it is rather annoying to know that its ancient and proper name has been lost, owing to some foolish people of the reign of George the Third having called it (from an event in America by no means complimentary to England) *Bunker's Hill*; and they showed similar want of taste in reference to some of the significant old names about Matlock, as witness "The Heights of Abraham." The man who without good reason alters an old name which may perhaps be in itself a history, is almost as culpable as one who unjustly "removes his neighbour's landmark."

We read that Duffield had once its Castle and its Forest; and as one descends into the valley in which it stands, it is almost impossible to feel otherwise than extraordinarily sensible of the charm of rural ease. There are places in the world that seem as if they never knew a holiday—as if they had always on a work-day dress and would not feel at home in a Sunday suit; while others look as if basking in a perpetual sabbath—so quiet, well-to-do, and at rest, seems everything about them. One of the latter appeared Duffield to me and my friend, that afternoon; and much the same, for that matter, it seems to-day, as we turn our glance from busy Little Eaton, over the meadows to the village, and along "the Bank" above it. We noted then, as now, the villas looking down, out of the rising woods, on the slow-flowing river; the neat old church, which has since been restored; the Gothic-arched bridge, and solitary angler near it—who proved to be Davies, the historian of the county; the Hall and its cedars, where then dwelt Sir Charles Colvile; the genteel family houses along the clean, broad street; the decent rows of more humble houses, and here and there a wayside inn or rustic cottage; with the calm of the place and the time relieved rather than

broken by an occasional passing coach and echoing horn. The only material difference is the substitution of the rail and the rushing trains for the old coaches and their horns, and the addition of a few villas on the woody upland—Edge-hill Towers rather picturesquely overlooking the rest. And pleasant still, and touched everywhere with beauty, is the continuation of that wooded and mansioned descent, by Makeney, to Milford, where roaring weirs and resounding mills paragraph the entrance to far different scenes, which in time to come may rank somewhat proudly among the memorials of England's national development.

To me, as to my friend, there had ever been a touch of romance in the career of the Arkwrights, Strutts, and other families, who will stand in a relation to the future history of manufactures as marked and characteristic as that of the Douglasses and Percys to ancient chivalry. The story of some of these, as told by the old country-people in my childhood, was as wonderful as a fairy-tale, not the less striking for being true. And even now, as we pass from the quiet vale just described into the busy scenes of their earlier achievements, the history of the Strutt family is as interesting as ever. Taking its rise, as it did some generations back, in that honest sagacity, perseverance and tact, which time and circumstance required in the men,—and culminating, as we have recently seen it, in the peerage,—it may be said to have furnished a new device to the national shield, without defacing or disturbing there a single emblem of the past, but rather let us think, adding a not ungenial prestige to its olden lustre and renown.

There is a rich little wooded slope to the left, terminating at Milford House, which we presently pass. We look down for a short time from the bridge on the foaming waters below, and up at the mass of factory buildings, divided by the turn-pike road, but curiously communicating with each other above by a covered archway; and then we hold on through a mile

of beautiful meadows to Belper. Our walk there at the time I tell you of was in the calm of evening. The mills had closed, the week was closing : it was that sweet hour which seems to feel the coming of the Sabbath, and borrows something beforehand of its happy spirit. The work-people about their doors, or walking along the road, smiled cheerily with the sense of liberty and rest ; a band of musicians was heard somewhere in the distance ; the sunshine lay with softened lustre on the heights to the west, and lent its golden glow to the river winding by us ; and even men who had far to journey that night, slackened their pace and lingered, as loth to quit so lovely a scene.

Anon we were in the town ; and as it was market-night, the inns, shops, and streets, were all astir with such a free and easy, rough and ready sort of life, as presented the greatest contrast possible to the soothing quiet we had just left. But it was not unpleasant ; and after taking some refreshment with a friend, we wandered forth to see what could be seen,—to talk of old times and new, and of humanity in its many mingling hues and shades—of John o’Gaunt, who in his day made the place his haunt—of the swarthy nailers, for which it in turn was noted—of the subsequent planting among these of spinners and stocking-makers, and the coeval rising of mills and warehouses and family mansions, in a district theretofore scantily occupied by a race proverbially unrefined, but now having engrafted upon it a throng of people, given to intellectual aspirations and acquainted with nobler joys. There was certainly no likelihood of mistaking Belper for a perfect Utopia—too many rough old Derbyshire elements lingering about it for that. But taken altogether, with its surrounding scenery, industrial history, rising intelligence, and spirit of local enterprise, it was a place to be remembered with interest, and seen again with pleasure as we see it now.

The town and mills of Belper form a sort of break between two very different kinds of scenery. Before arriving there we



began to see thorn hedges going out of fashion, and stone walls instead dividing some of the upland fields. On the north-west side of the town, about the beautiful domain of Bridge Hill, there is still a luxuriance of vegetation on the hill-sides—abundance of trees and several hedge-rows marking, with their pleasant lines and dots and dashes, the rich and spreading pastures up to “the edge of the sky.” Down below, too, some reservoirs of the waters of the Derwent, prettily islanded, and reflecting with much grace and vividness the objects on their shores, with many agreeable features of suburban life, cheer the departing wayfarer as he glances around him. Of late the new Cemetery also, and its two chapels with their one exceedingly tasteful little spire between them, on the right side of the road, affords an interesting though pensive counter-charm to the scenery over the river on our left. But as we look further forward, the landscape has an appearance altogether more primitive than anything left behind—the hills more lofty—the fields almost universally divided by grey stone walls—and the whole country seeming as if only just emerged from a state of comparative wildness and sterility into one of pastoral beauty and productiveness.

Presently we come to Dunge Wood, so solacing in sultry weather to all who pass this way, not only for the cool shade it gives to the winding road, but for the inviting glades and cloughs, and the lovely abundance of vegetation ascending, and the clear though tiny rills descending its steep sides, to the drinking-troughs, where men and horses sometimes rest and refresh themselves in such groups as tourists and artists love to see. And while the railway, by a tunnel, threads the opposite hill, it is sweet to contemplate the quiet meadow and gliding river, down on our left, as we leave the wood, and draw towards a little old hamlet, that looks across the narrow valley on the first rocky index to the picturesqueness of the Peak—a few low tors among some trees, the ivied outposts of Shining Cliff. The Cliff, on our passing further and turn-

ing under the arch of a viaduct, near Ambergate, looms more loftily on the eye, as we have already described it from another stand-point, looking down in semi-mountain grandeur on the rushing waters and little bridges, waving a welcome with its trees and flowers of all hues as we wend along, and giving us music from its thousand birds, its whispering leaves and murmuring waters—the road we tread, and the river by our side, winding along its base; while now and then we catch glimpses of spots like gleams of Fairyland, including much we have already dwelt upon in our Day at Crich, but as novel as if we had never beheld it before, because now seen in a different aspect—from below, instead of from above.

No one will ever leave Whatstandwell Bridge without wishing to linger there, unless drawn, as by fascination, up the winding road towards Alderwasley. Yet more and more enchanting at every step, grows the road before us. In my first journey this way my walk from Belper was on a sunny sabbath morning. It was just such a morning as Ebenezer Elliott thought of when he said—

“Miles Gordon sleeps; his six days’ labour done,
He dreams of Sunday, verdant fields, and prayer:
Oh, rise bless’d morn unclouded! let thy sun
Shine on the artizan—thy purest air
Breathe on the weary labourer’s deep despair.
Poor sons of toil! I grudge them not the breeze
That plays with sabbath flowers, the clouds that play
With sabbath winds, the hum of sabbath bees,
The sabbath walk, the skylark’s sabbath lay,
The silent sunshine of the sabbath day!”

And there was that morning an accidental figure in the landscape, one which a painter might have longed for to give a finishing touch to its romantic interest—such a one as the Corn Law Rhymer would have liked only that he might denounce it—but with which I, thinking much of its pictorial effect, felt very delighted. Just imagine for your-

self yon woods of foliage so varied, with cotted fields between; the converging hollows, and lofty and solitary crags over-topped with pines; and here below, the silent canal, the lapsing river, the little inn and hamlet, the well-arched bridge, and the green meadows with their grazing herds;—whilst descending as rapidly from the heights as would be safe only with a horse accustomed to such a country, his accoutrements glittering in the morning sunshine, and his whole appearance adding unexpected life to the scene, was one of the local cavalry, in uniform and well mounted, on the way to join his troop in some neighbouring town.

Nor was there ever wanting some figure more or less appropriate to the scenery as I and my friend still journeyed on. Sometimes it would be the passing of a coach; once it was the mail, the red coat of the guard harmonizing so well with the green landscape, till he vanished from view at a far-off bend in the road. Now, perhaps, it would be a well-poised hawk, hovering in mid-air, on cruelty intent, yet often in its motions as graceful as free. Sometimes a startled colt in the meadow would bound away, and then return and approach us, as if asking our approbation of his frolic. Anon flustered from the wood-side, with wild screams, a pair of beautiful jays, or a wild dove sought its cooing mate with soft-waving wings. Once we saw a lonely farm, about half a mile off among the hills, where was a little gathering of religious people at their morning worship, their hymns, mellowed by distance, swelling sweetly on the breeze. Presently a ruddy servant boy or girl, carrying a tiny bundle, as if on a day's leave to visit parents or friends, would give us a modest but cheerful look; or a local preacher, like Seth Bede, would bid us good morning, tell us how fine the weather was, and pass on as if pleased there was somebody enjoying such sabbath scenes and sabbath feelings besides himself.

As we have hinted before, there are some districts in which human industry and enterprise may do much for men without

very materially marring the works of nature. Every tasteful man, of course, feels disgusted with the spirit that, for the sake of a little pelf, without necessity, destroys a picturesque object, which might give delight to thousands from age to age. No words can express the indignation one feels at the destruction of the druidical stones on Riber, a short time back, merely because they "lay handy" for some trivial use. Yet alongside the road we are travelling, how many signs are there of human habitation and device that add to rather than diminish nature's charms! I speak not of the smelting works or forges, sending forth smoke and fire—though who shall find fault even with Vulcan for choosing a picturesque retreat? But who can pass by this outlet from the great Wirksworth mining-drain, where the water gushes so freely and falls foaming into the Derwent, and not feel it an appropriate compensation for the lack of some more spontaneous fountain? As we pass by these quarries, some still worked, and some forsaken, they awake no repugnance in the tourist's mind. He feels that such works *belong* to such places—as do many other objects which to a stranger are very odd and mysterious, but all having a very practical signification to the miners, stone-getters, navigators, or railway people, who contrived or use them, and of whom you can inquire their uses, pretty sure of a civil answer.

Well, we have now passed the little Toll-house and the terminus of the High-Peak Railway, where it descends in an incline, like a parallel couple of ladders down the lofty hill side, to the Cromford Canal—its moving wagons making a strange clatter and awaking wildly the surrounding echoes. We have had glimpses of Crich Stand, Cliff House, Wakebridge mines, Holloway hamlet, Lea Hurst, and the subsidiary vale, with its factories, running up from the Derwent towards Lea and Dethick; and at length we begin to find ourselves surrounded by a sort of miniature Switzerland, in which the rushing river, the majestic hills, the hoary rocks

and hanging woods, with rural homes peeping out on every hand, all conspire to reward the gazer, and fill his soul as with some lovely dream. And the life of the people naturally takes more or less its hue and character from their occupations and the surrounding objects. See you, far up to the right, on the ridge of the slope ascending towards the back of Riber, a little dwelling—a speck in space—yet a human link between earth and sky? Once, as I was wandering up there with a friend, there came out of that cottage a little boy. He was going to a spring in the fields for water. We asked his name. He replied—“Feyther call me Frank, but mamma call me Francois—Francois Sills is my name,” added he with some vivacity, after a pause. “Then how came you here?” we asked. He informed us, in reply, that his father, an Englishman, went to work on the construction of a railway in France, where meeting with his mother they were married. He (the little boy) was born in France, after which they all came to England, and being employed in the formation of the railway from Ambergate to Rowsley, which was then just completed, they had settled up in this lonely but romantic spot, from which the little fellow had to go down daily to school at Cromford. Hence it was that his language was an extraordinary mingling of English and French, most amusingly and grotesquely, but by no means disagreeably, spoken with a Derbyshire twist! If ever you have occasion to go up from Lea Works to Horston or Riber, strike off a little to the left, and look from those fields, somewhat below that cottage, down upon the Vale of Cromford and Willersley—the river, the bridge, the rocks, and the scenes all around. There are not many prettier views in Derbyshire.

Our aim now must be to go by the end of Cromford town, leaving its famous mills on our right, and following the turnpike road as it penetrates the Scarthing Rocks by an artificial gap, when Willersley and Matlock Dale break suddenly on

the sight with startling beauty and effect, and another half-mile or so brings us, with increasing wonder and joy at every step, to MATLOCK BATH.

There are many ways of reaching Matlock from Derby. To those who can enjoy it and have leisure, I should recommend walking: it is so pleasant to linger where you like, or sometimes wander a little out of the way for a better view. The distance is but seventeen miles, and ought to be done by any healthy man under middle age in a day, and leave time for looking about him. It was a great treat when our picturesque old friend Burdett, the last of all the Derby coachmen, drove the Manchester mail, to ride with him through the whole valley to Buxton, and return next day; but, alas, that fine old fellow's occupation is gone, and there is no *regular* conveyance now plying on the turnpike road, so far as I am aware—unless

“The village-carrier's cart appear,
Which comes so slow it seems as 't never would get there.”

Still, there is the alternative of driving your own carriage, if you have one, or of hiring. Or if you be disposed to make up a party for a pic-nic, you have only to get your friends to club with you for a “break,” and it may be cheaply done. But if you have not the means for that, there is for every one the “express” or the “parliamentary,” and frequently during the months of summer and autumn, the “special” train, by which you may go, and after happily spending a few hours, return the same evening. Better still, if you can, to make Matlock your centre, for a few days at least, wandering forth at your pleasure. Of what is to be seen while in the neighbourhood, we shall presently have more to tell.



Chapter the Fourth.

MATLOCK DALE.

SINCE I saw a hill, in Scotland, belted and crowned by the four seasons in one. It was at the end of October; and its base was all brown, red and golden, with autumnal ripeness and decay. Summer, with a tint less faded, made a second zone. Spring-like greenness still girdled it above; while an early fall of snow had already given it the white coronal of winter. I wish it were possible for my readers to see Matlock in all the seasons at once with equal facility: its beauties have such different aspects in each.

We come in early spring when the buds are just bursting; the birds are beginning to build and sing; the river that only whispers in one place gurgles or murmurs in another, and shouts further on, as it rushes and foams down the weir, then glides quietly away to bless the distant valley; while the pulse of hopefulness is quickened by every sight and sound. The special trains have not commenced running, and the visitors are yet few; so that, as we walk from Cromford, there is an opportunity for quiet admiration of rock and river on the right; wooded hill and grassy slope on the left; the Baths, Hotels, Museums, and abundance of comfortable Lodging-houses, before us; Lapidaries' shops, and entrances to Petri-

fyng-wells, here and there; and, as if just to give a finish to the scene, the neat little Church looking down on the river



and up to the hills. And this is an excellent time for seeing the isolated rocks which stand out, ever and anon, among the woods, with just enough of green about them to give relief to, but not to obscure, their fantastic shapes—many of them in positions so curious, that you cannot but wonder how they ever managed to lodge where they are when no woods were there, instead of rolling right down at once to become islets in the river's bed.

Or we come in the luxuriance of summer, when the hyacinths and cowslips have given place to more gaudy flowers; when the ferns have grown into palms, and the tall foxglove shakes its bells; when the white buildings, in strange and diminutive contrast to the grand and broken line of the Hag Rocks, here stand out in full relief, or somewhere else just

glint forth from the bowery trees; when the old rook caws lazily as it sails slowly along the calm sky above, while the river, skimmed by many a busy swallow, sends up its pleasant voice from below—a gentle air stealing softly through the valley the while; the whole at once invigorating and soothing the wanderer through that little world of wonders, and making him sometimes feel as though he had found his way into Fairyland. And if it were not for the occasional want of taste and keeping, in some of the contrivances of men who have too much studied their own partial convenience instead of the general harmony of the scene, there is nothing one has ever read of Fairyland that might not here have been rivalled.

It would require the genius of a John Allen—its own tune-ful poet—to describe the contrast between Matlock Dale as it was two centuries ago and is now—to picture it as it was in its original wildness, loneliness and beauty, ere artifice had marred in the slightest what Nature had so well accomplished. Gazing from the regions now known as Upper Wood and Harp Edge, what an air of sublimity and eld must have rested on all the landscape then! The river, here tranquil and smooth as glass, with its noiseless glide; anon, as “blue and arrowy” and loud as the rushing Rhone, tor reiterating to tor, and hill to hill, the wild echoings of its many voices! How lovely and peaceful when sunshine rested on the ample slopes of Masson and green Riber, or streaked with light the grey rocks between! How sublime in the hour of storm and tempest, when “from crag to crag leapt the live thunder,” as if Nature were commemorating the freak by which she first gave such picturesque brokenness to the whole country,—dark Stonnus quietly contemplating the fray from afar, and the High Tor not less imperturbably raising his hoary brow, and daring the warlike elements to come on! How one would like to have been contemporaneous, were it but for a few hours, with the sensible people who gave such significant names to the different places and objects within view,—de-

scribing these sombre and dreary rocks below us as "Dungeon Tors;" yon rock on the other side of the river as "Wild-cat Tor," "Cromford," (*i.e.* the Ford at the River's Bend) beyond; with "Fox Cloud" more distant still; while the name of "Matlock" itself is richly descriptive of the place—namely, the Mead (anciently, Mædh*) where the water lingers, or forms a "loch," as it does at the feet of the curious rocks on which stands Matlock old Church—*Medlock*, in Lancashire, being but another rendering of the same name; and the *Medway*, winding among the hop-yards of Kent, or the *Meden* stretching out from Pleasley Vale into the sylvan plains of Nottinghamshire, being names of very similar origin.

Yet, let us not give way to mere lamentation of changes, but enjoy as much as possible the charms that still linger. Let the good folks who have poured in by the special train



commit themselves to the care of the guides. Some of them will soon be having plenty of fun at Walker's Ferry-boats, on their brief voyage to the "Lover's Walks;" those who like more grotesque and frolicsome pastime, may have a donkey race in the street, or a dance to the strains of yon happy but half-witted rustic, who is swinging his accordion by the causeway-side. Other groups, more fond of the sublime than the ridiculous, though haply not averse to a touch of either, will find it on their way to the different caverns; while you and I ramble where it may happen, filling our minds with little landscape pictures, to take home with us and ponder over in future days.

But we will borrow the poet's license, and pass at once from summer to autumn; and let us, if you like, go back a

* Meadow-grass, after hay-time, is still called *after-math*.

little, and commence our imaginary ramble—a favourite start at any time with me—from the Cromford Railway Station. Is it possible to fancy anything in a landscape more lovely than this bright river, as it comes rippling along from that gracefully arched bridge; unless it be the scene that follows, when the bridge is reached, and Willersley Castle, on its knoll before us, looks across the water at Scarthing Tor—while all that is not rock or river, green slope or dun peak, patrician mansion or sacred church, work-building appropriate to the neighbourhood, or rural home, is filled up with woods and shrubberies, or scattered trees—dark, golden, silvery, green, or russet—forming exquisite foils to the hoary cliffs and ivied crags, and as we look around us, filling the soul with an extasy that some one has called “silent music.” It is only on special occasions, or by permission, that stray passengers are allowed to pursue the river-side path up from Cromford Bridge to Scarthing Nick; but get leave if you can, that from the towering rocks on one side, and the mansioned slope and joyous river on the other, you may feel in society at once with sublimity and beauty; or if that be not possible, linger long on the bridge itself—this quaint lodge and the newly restored church close by—with Nature’s own poetry, her music, painting, sculpture and fantastic drapery, all harmonising well, and filling you with a love of all creation and praise of the great Creator.

I have suggested this course, because naturally—and I wish, for many reasons, it were allowed always to be so practically—it is through the beauties of Willersley that the contemplatist can be most fitly inducted to those of Matlock Dale. To enter the Dale by any other way, is like going into a cathedral by some side-door instead of the true porch. Yet, if we must go by Scarthing Nick, a glance at what is to be seen by the way of Cromford is far from uninteresting—since it will ever be a place famous in the history of manufactures, and is a clean, neat and healthy-looking little town.

In its course from Matlock Bridge to that of Cromford, the Derwent has many graceful windings ; and every bend is through very different scenery. Soon after leaving Cromford by the artificial cleft made through the rocks for the turnpike, we make pleasant acquaintance with it as it comes rushing along, nothing but a low wall and a little verdure being between its waters and the road ; and while leaning over the wall we get a view of Willersley and its meadowy slope, with the rocks in front, exactly the converse of that we had from the bridge, and scarcely less charming.

Presently, with wooded and cragged Harp Edge rising high on our left, we come to a place of worship called Glenorchy Chapel, its neat brick manse and shrubbery hard by, and Masson Mills, with their large foaming weir, suddenly bursting on the eye and ear together,—grey old rocks, like the ruins of a mighty castle, in the back-ground, and (if it should happen to be a first visit) a most excited feeling of wonder coming upon us as to what, with such a curious initiation, may next steal into view.

A neat and cleanly, if not very large inn, the Rutland Arms—a house dear to me for some pleasant associations with days that are gone to return no more—and a number of miscellaneous homes, chiefly rustic, are on our left ; on our right the old familiar paper mill ; a toll-house in front, and the mansion of Mr. Clarke, a local magistrate, looking abroad from its most exquisite site, above : these are shortly passed, and a few more steps bring us to a scene of which I have elsewhere said—“ When Nature had completed Switzerland, there was left one beautiful fragment for which she had no further use in that country ; so she set it in Derbyshire, amid a framework of romantic hills, and in time it came to be called the Gem of the Peak : that gem is Matlock.”

As I am not writing a Directory, it is not required that I should specify all the accommodations and comforts for invalids, loungers, tourists, or visitors of an hour, at Matlock

Bath. Perhaps there are few places where the outward index is better justified within. Amongst the hotels, which however are not hotels merely but most comfortable boarding-houses, the New Bath, (Ivatts and Jordan's,) Walker's, the Temple, and Hodgkinson's, take the lead. The Rutland Arms we have already mentioned. From any of these, very romantic and pleasing views of the adjacent scenery may be taken as you sit quietly in your room. The same may be said of a great number of quiet villa and cottage lodgings—not forgetting special mention of Mr. Broadfoot's—the *Villa par excellence*—which can reckon on being the oldest residence of any pretension in the place. The Old Bath, famed for more than a century, is, at the time I am writing, closed, but perhaps not for long. In a house attached to it dwells Dr. Adam, who has one of the most interesting, if not very large, private mineral collections of any gentleman in Derbyshire. Ask him to let you see it, and you will never forget either it or its owner's courtesy.

Nor shall I enter here into a minute description of the Baths themselves—the Old Bath, the New Bath, and the Fountain; nor of the great Caverns—the “Cumberland,” the “Devonshire,” the “Rutland,” and the “High Tor Grotto”—all of which have been so often and so fully described by Mr. Adam, and by many *pre-Adamite* and subsequent writers, and about which you can learn everything you need on the spot. The same may be said of the “Petrifying Wells,” where you can find everything turned into stone that whim or fancy might crave—from a bishop's wig and a broken lantern to a linnet's nest and eggs. My advice in a word is to see them all, if you have time, and when you have done so, set each of them down for that which in itself is worthy, since each of them has some special interest of its own. Here are lesser inns and shops, too, in abundance, for everything you are likely to need—most conspicuous of all “the Museums,” for the exhibition and sale of spar-work of matchless skill.

And it would be wrong while glancing through Matlock Dale, not to speak, in general terms at least, of the increase of private residences, several of which are very picturesquely situated. There is a neat and modest one here, by the Fountain Bath, where dwells that true poet, John Allen, a gentleman whom you might travel far to find surpassed, either in eye or ear, for what is beautiful and harmonious. It is he who singing of the Derwent—and he might be almost describing it from his own window—says that it

“There o’er its rocky bed foam-crested flies,
And there, entranced, in waveless beauty lies,
And forms a mirror, trembling in the breeze,
Where pendant shadow mocks the living trees.
Beneath moist Alder’s quivering shade it creeps,
Where pensive Willow dips her hair and weeps ;
And gently whispers from the leafy screen,
Like playful childhood, hiding to be seen.”

Here is another of his pictures :—

“Mirror’d within the dark and silent river,
Calmly as if its course were mark’d for ever,
Still as the snow-fall, traceless as a gleam,
Yon pleasure-freighted boat glides down the stream.”

Again—

“Of height old Masson boasts not—Peak can show
Far loftier crests, and nobler scenes below.
Yet not in hills, black, rugged, heathy, bleak,
Is found the beauty or the pride of Peak,
But in his vales, *where Nature sat and smiled,*
Tired with the heavings of her mountains wild.”

And while we look abroad upon all he describes from Masson, how thoroughly can we sympathise with the old worthy when he says—

“Awe-breathing Grandeur sits not on our hills,
No avalanche thunders, and no glacier chills ;
Yet are they noble scenes, wherever trod,
That lead the thoughts, and lift the soul to God.”

Let us imagine ourselves to be climbing Masson now,—first by the “Zig-zag Walk” towards yon Prospect-tower, which we should love all the better if it were less like a gigantic chimney and more like a ruined fortalice, or a place for devotion. What exquisite pictures do we get as we glance back from each rest on our way, of the little spire so prettily pointing up from below; the Baths, Museums, and Hotels, reduced by distance to mere vignettes; the long and finely broken line of the Hag Tors; and

“The hills, wood-crown’d or dark—the grassy knolls—
The stream which now unseen, now radiant, rolls—
The village homes that midst the foliage breathe
Their smoke light curling.”

And now we have reached the tower, whence far expands

“A fair and varied scene
Of golden fields, and groves of massive green,
And hills, and knolls, and streams that winding run,
And tell historic tales of Babington!
There Riber’s mount recalls the Druid’s fame,
Altar, and idol-rite, and blood-fed flame;
Mount stretches over moor, and there o’er all,
Faint as a setting cloud at daylight’s fall,
Axe-edge appears; and o’er yon champaign wide,
Once, Potter, waved thy Charnwood’s forest-pride!”*

And now we descend from the tower, and find our way by Mr. Robert Chadwick’s pleasant rural residence, “the Lower Tower,” into Upper Wood Lane. How delightfully steals on the eye this view from the first reach above the West Lodge! The “Heights of Abraham” with their varied tint of foliage and flower are on our left, and a little to the back, while we gaze; woods of every possible hue are below us; fields with grey stone walls are spread out beyond, over the breast of Riber; the houses at Starkholmes, old and rustic, are in harmony with all that lies about them; and the lands beyond

* Lines quoted at random from Allen’s “Matlock.”

them are growing grey by distance. But how very beautiful is all that stretches along, between us and Riber's side, of woody bank, and rock, and waving pine, or of river and road, and collected or scattered habitations, with their little fields and gardens, and such winding foot-paths as Samuel Plumb once called "the old brown lines of rural liberty," but which have from time to time been sadly interfered with here. Yet more interesting still grows our walk as we wander along the straggling lane, where fir-trees on one side, and thorns on the other, harmonise well with the old walls so mossy and grey, as we draw near to the homely yet picturesque cottage of two rooms, over the door of which is a board as homely, telling us that it is the dwelling of "Richard Hallam, Botanist." And any painter or poet, to say nothing of botanists, might, if it were not a breach of a holy commandment, covet Richard Hallam's tiny house, with its little garden and the tall trees below; with the Hag Tors beyond, and woods and fields fading away in the distance beyond these again—where old lines of road, winding slowly off, seem to vanish at last into the very sky, somewhere to the right of Crich, but where, the rustic in the lane, of whom we inquire, "conna exactly guess."

From the third reach in the lane, we see the High Tor and the Heights of Abraham, with Tansley Moor beyond. There is a lead-mine just below us; and the voices of the village come cheerily up the hill. Were it spring instead of autumn, that sound would be sweetly blended with the songs of innumerable birds, as we passed on to views as varied and more expansive still. How delightful to me has sometimes been the melody of the throstle and the twitter of smaller birds, from yon trees so festooned with mistletoe and ivy, while lingering here!

And now we come to a sort of natural platform on the hill, the seat of a grey old hamlet—the residence perhaps of miners and peasants and district guides. What pretty little pastures

are these at hand ! What a grand view of the whole line of rocks, stretching from the High Tor round to Willersley ! The fields and woods further on, how fair, with the heights, and “stand,” and church, and village of Crich, far-off to the right ! What would I not give to be able to paint a scene like this !

“ Oh ! for a hand to sketch the beauteous glen !
 But Nature laughs at pencil and at pen.
 Who that has never trod those verdurous rocks,
 That rampart which at Time and Tempest mocks ;
 Who has not look'd into the stream beneath,
 Dark, and to vision, motionless as death ;
 Nor view'd the cheerful winding vale's extent,
 With lawns and houses, trees and spire besprent—
 Nor mark'd (for who may, undelighted, see
 The quiet beauty of a noble tree ?)
 Spread in the grandeur of a richer clime,
 Thy form—itself a grove—majestic Lime !
 Nor cast, far over all, admiring eyes,
 Where distant heights, and wooded summits rise,
 Would due conception of their beauty gain,
 From Turner's pencil, or from Wordsworth's strain ?”—*Allen*.

Nor is Upper Wood Lane the only walk worthy of Masson-side. There is one leading from the Prospect-tower to Bon-sall, and passing such sweet little bays and nooks, commanding too such lovely views, as would well reward a much greater amount of toil than is required to gain them. Another field-path in a contrary direction, gives a fine view of the upper portion of the High Tor and the scenes thence stretching away to the north-east. It leads to Masson Farm, a very quiet and rustic place, but a favorite resort in his later years of Mr. Price, a tasteful architect, who having retired from his vocation came hither occasionally for his health and for meditation, till his life ebbed away at last amid its beauties and its peace ;—and even now I could name an original-minded citizen of Derby, who seldom misses an opportunity of making it his holiday-retreat.

There is a continuation of the road, widening as it goes down, by Colonel Leacroft's beautifully seated mansion, towards Matlock Bridge. But these are not walks for the crowd—only for the lone loiterer, or for couples at most, of such as have a true love of Nature and her quiet teachings. Not always are the most noted places, even in a noted district, the spots likely to be valued the most by thoughtful and genial souls, who rather prefer

"To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,"

or at all events to pursue the tracks less beaten. But we will now descend, if you please, and pay for a peep at "The Dungeon Tors,"* by the way; yet I like not the spirit that has put such a scene under lock and key. There is, unfortunately, a little too much of it throughout the neighbourhood—often driving visitors away much earlier than they would, and doing in the end no great good to anybody. But let us not be too censorious: we came out to enjoy ourselves. And now, after looking at one or two of the "Petrifying Wells"—I think it is Smedley's that pleases me as much as any—let us pass on to Walker's Ferry-boats, and cross over to the "Lover's Walks."

If the hour be well chosen, and Nature in one of her calmer moods, how sweet it is to loiter awhile on our way, near the Church, looking down on the here-silent river, then up at those picturesque and mighty tors, half-mantled in verdure that seems ever young, while they are ever old! Thou solemn blending of the beautiful and sublime! Say, if my loved one in heaven was wont sometimes to gaze with me in such rapture here,—if thou, sweet scene of earth, canst inspire feelings that long not to die, but to live for ever,—what, must be the enjoyment of spirits like hers, in "the world without a grave!" Sometimes I have been here on the sabbath, when

* Named in recent times "The Romantic Rocks."

there has been scarcely a human being on the road, and hardly a sound but the psalm of the assembled worshippers, swelling and falling on the ear like a strain from a better world.

But it is not the sabbath now, and we have come to Walker's Ferry. How nicely fits the scene this lapidary's little workshop, as we reach the opposite bank. We linger here but for a short time, then wend our upward way. Wiltersley Grounds are open only on special days, and on one of them we go thither. The "Lover's Walks" are open always. They wind up among the crags, trees, shrubs, and flowers of the Hag Tors, and afford now and then the most picturesque sights imaginable of all that side of the river from which we have just come. Sometimes they lead us into hidden bowers, but not for long, and we are presently startled to find ourselves on the top of some projecting rock, giving us a glimpse of half the beauty of the Dale. There is at least one point commanding a panoramic view of all that is embraced between Masson and Harp Edge, and from which the view of Matlock Bath may be said to be complete.

And we wander on, from point to point, until at last we come to one of the most interesting views of the High Tor which can be obtained. I do not say *the* most interesting, because every aspect of that magnificent limestone-rock has some peculiar charm of its own. Nor is it altogether independent of the sky it woos for its various characters. Rising to an altitude of 360 feet from the bed of the river, belted midway with foliage and fern, draped here and there with braids of ivy, it courts acquaintance with all weathers,—frowns in one and smiles in another, as it may happen to be in shade or shine,—and whencesoever viewed, is almost always one of the most conspicuous objects in the landscape, making its own poet say—

"Thou standest in thy greatness, solemn stone!
Kingly—not solitary, yet alone."

Well, thus far, we have glanced at Matlock Dale in three of the seasons ; in the fresh green of spring, the warm flush of summer, and the golden ripeness of autumn ; but great injustice should we be doing, both to it and ourselves, were we not to say something of its wild winter charms—when every little cascade has become a column of crystal—when every waving birch and spiral larch is feathered with spotless rime—when the evergreens assert their prerogative of unfailing freshness amid the masses of rock and snow, and the holly-berry's ruddy glow gladdens the season's cheek. Above all, how grand and enchanting are some of these scenes in the silent night—when moon and stars conspire to throw over nature their soft mantle of light,—when lights from cottage and mansion, stars of domestic life and comfort, gleam along the hill-side in more genial reply ; and the river pours uninterrupted through the valley its Christmas hymn. And so, Matlock Dale ! though we could not see all seasons upon thee at once, we have tried, in fancy, to visit thee in each, and hope to pass through thee again on many a pleasant morrow.



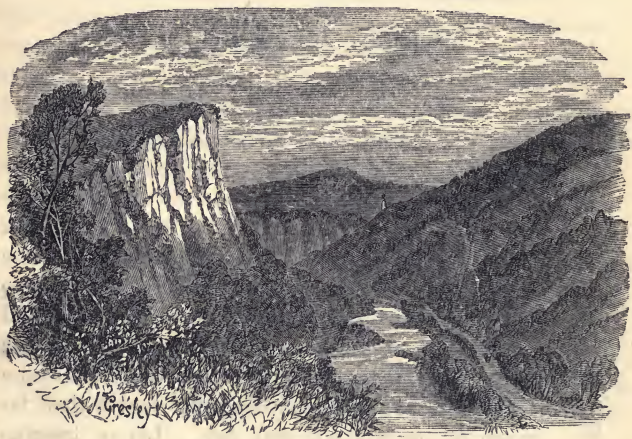


Chapter the Fifth.

MATLOCK BANK AND DARLEY DALE.

A VISITOR at Matlock Bath, having climbed the Heights of Abraham, passed along Masson-side to Upper Wood, descended thence to the Ferry, and rambled about the Lover's Walks, will, if he has given time for the scenery to make due impression upon him, be more ready for quiet repose than for much further exertion that day. Let us imagine ourselves, then, to have rested for the night, and to be ready for another excursion in the morning. Starting from one of the Hotels, or from the Museum Parade, we soon pass the Railway Station, and mark the train just threading the High Tor with its long trail of white vapour; and we linger awhile, (for who could help it?) in "the shadow of the mighty rock." Then passing on we find that though the interest of the Dale may be said to culminate at the Tor, it by no means ends there. Many a time we loiter and look back—a wise thing to do occasionally, whichever way we may happen to be wending, the converse view of any scene being often as fresh and pleasing to the eye as one altogether new. Or, better yet, we can cross over from the "the Boat House," and going up by this old foot-path, obtain that view, almost southern, of the Tor, the Heights of Abraham, the river and the road between, and

the line of rocks and hills in the distance, of which the wood-cut below may give some faint idea, though neither pencil nor pen, nor both together, can do adequate justice to such a prospect.



It would be possible to go hence over green and sunny pastures to Matlock Town or Starkholmes, or up to Riber's top. But let us rather return and walk along the turnpike to Matlock Bridge, because of the view we shall thereby obtain of the meadow and winding water from which the place takes its name, and of those most curiously waved and striated rocks, above which stands the venerable old parish church; while Matlock Bank, with its great and little Hydropathic Establishments, its tasteful villas, its scattered cottages, and aspect altogether sunny, airy and inviting, rises far up before us with a cheerful smile.

If we turn a little aside into the old village—or town, as it is generally called—we shall find it in great contrast to “the Bath,” from which we have just come. Down near the river are certainly some signs of modern change—villas, boarding-

houses, shops, and the Matlock-bridge Railway-station. But the village itself, with its ancient church, almost equally ancient houses, and aboriginal race of inhabitants, is a place altogether so different, that one might fancy it twenty miles away from the New Bath Hotel. Yet one loves to linger in such places and among such people, awhile. Manners may be homely, but genuine; life may be slow, but earnest; the affections may have but little fire, yet are they stedfast and enduring, in such places; and in a village like old Matlock, with its wakes, its fairs, its simple customs, its ancient traditions "of moving accidents by flood and field," in mine or in cave, on cliff and in quarry, the wanderer, with a mind for it, may fill memory's wallet with a pretty good store of information during a few hours' stay, and feel none the worse for his little load when departing.

And we now follow one of the several ways from the village to "the Bank." Any of them will do, so far as the pleasant views they afford are concerned. Twelve or fourteen years ago, when I sometimes wandered here, Matlock Bank was a place scarcely noted at all, but now it is acquiring—has already acquired, a history. I thought then what a healthy resort it would be for invalids, and had a notion of making it one. My attention during one visit was directed to a little unoccupied villa. It had a capital position, a good supply of water, and a most lovely prospect, but was too small for my purpose, and for several years afterwards I was far away from it in very different scenes. In the meantime a gentleman whose name has become a household word, Mr. John Smedley, was raised up to do great works in Derbyshire. Extensively known and respected as a successful manufacturer—as was his father before him—he had nothing of this world's luxuries to covet, except good wealth, which had been for so long a time withheld, as to leave him at length in all but utter despair. In a state of mind corresponding pretty much with his state of body, he resorted, as a final experiment,

to the Hydropathic Establishment of Ben Rhydding, and was restored. This gave him an entirely new set of ideas and impulses; and with Mrs. Smedley, who seems to have been perfectly united with him in all his plans, he resolved thenceforth to devote a large portion of his time, his mind, and his wealth, to the promotion of Hydropathy, and to the stirring up of religious feeling throughout the district. It is not my duty here to enquire into the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of Mr. Smedley's views, either as a therapist or a theologian. It is simply the recording of a matter of fact, when I say that the whole neighbourhood was startled, as from a long lethargy, when it saw places of worship rising in every direction at his will and cost; when a hospital for the poor was attached to his factory at Lea Bridge, whilst he went from place to place preaching to crowded audiences under a large portable tent; and when, last of all, he took the little villa at Matlock Bank to which I had given the go-by but a few years before, and added to it gradually—until now, as you there see it, it is a bulk of buildings large enough for a castle, with abundance of comforts inside if not much grace without, and fitted up for the accommodation of a great number of invalids seeking recovery by hydropathic means.

Nor is the hydropathic mode of treatment confined to Mr. Smedley's establishment. Scattered all over the Bank are other places. Down at the very bottom, near the Bridge, is that of Mr. Cash, a respectable surgeon. Up at the top is that of Mr. Frost, an experienced and kind-hearted person, who was formerly for a considerable time with Mr. Smedley. The Messrs. Davies, homely but earnest and long-experienced men, have others dotting the scene here and there; nor is it improbable that, ere this chapter is before the public, I may, myself, have added another to the number, to be conducted, with mild and genial aids, on a plan of my own. Thus the whole region has, in a few short years, grown into a sort of hydropathic colony. Nor need this be wondered at, con-

sidering what a beautiful region it is. To walk or sit under cover and watch all changes of weather in so wide and picturesque a landscape, over which every passing gleam or cloud throws a totally different character—to contrast the peaks and knolls of the hills with the pastoral slopes and winding vales—to mark church and village grey—scattered villas smiling cheerily from among their trees, or clustering hamlet or lonely farm remote—the varying phenomena of the seasons and the arrival of fresh company every day—must be, themselves, in a great degree restorative to many a poor world-worn invalid, even should there be no specific curative treatment at all. But with all the advantages of that in addition, what wonder, if those who come and derive benefit, send others to swell the number from year to year?

But it is not every invalid who needs to be confined to his bed or his chair. For, to the patient whose newly-braced body and limbs enable him to make a brisk excursion, what a treat to ascend to the very top of Ribber and gaze far, far abroad, and down upon the magnificent panorama of hills, and dales, and plains;—to visit Ribber Hall and hamlet, and stroll away in that direction to Lumsdale, or to Dethick and Lea; to go some day over Tansley Moor, as far as Ashover, or to the top of Spitewinter, and gain a view of all the vast outstretch of Scarsdale, with Bolsover, Hardwick, and Alfreton Hall on its distant rim;—or to run down by Starkholmes as far as Cromford Bridge, and back by Matlock Bath; or, as good if not better than all the rest, to wander away for a mile or two along the upland side, and look down on bonny Darley Dale!

What a lovely little realm to loiter in is Darley Dale—Wordsworth's Grasmere, only without the lake! Yet does it look as if ages ago it had one—and perhaps it had. One can easily imagine a little chain of such,—a sort of Rydal and Grasmere and Thirlmere in miniature, when *Mat-loch* was really a loch of magnitude, and this Dale another, with Oaker Hill for a sort of island—ere Nature divorced the High Tor

and the opposite Heights to make a deeper outlet for the waters. Fancy, if not geology, may be allowed to dally with such ideas, and perhaps, after all, be sometimes almost as correct as pedantic science itself, if we are to judge by the disputes of scientific men !

We spoke just now of Oaker Hill: what an interesting feature in the landscape it is, with its beautiful peak, and its coronal of trees—two trees, but at many points of vision so united that no one could for the moment imagine them two. There is a tradition associated with them which Wordsworth has recorded in this well-known sonnet :—

“ ’Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen Tree ; then, eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight that fond memorial ;—the trees grew,
And now entwine their arms ; but ne’er again
Embraced those Brothers upon earth’s wide plain ;
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity.”

Darley Church-yard, too, is noted all England over for its fine old Yew-tree, supposed to be one of the oldest standing ; the Church itself is worth a visit for its many antiquities ; and many a surrounding nook and hamlet, subsidiary dell and quiet lea, allures the tourist from the beaten track. Yorkshire has its Wensley Dale—a very beautiful valley. But Derbyshire has its Wensley Dale too, descending into this of Darley—and a sweet little retreat of Nature and of Humanity you will find it: for it has a population as well as picturesqueness, but only thinly scattered. And many are the superior

mansions, as well as lone cottages, that sun or seclude themselves in this rural realm ; but chiefly on the west of the river that of Stanton Woodhouse, a favourite retreat of the late venerated Duke of Rutland, as it still is of some of the members of his family. Not so much for the political allusion by which it is pointed, as for its fine appreciation of nature and old English feeling, do I quote Lord John Manners's graphic description of the scene from Stanton Woodhouse, knowing few if any writers with more true perception of the spirit breathing in a pastoral landscape :—

“Up Darley Dale the wanton wind
In careless measure sweeps,
And stirs the twinkling Derwent's tides,
Its shallows and its deeps.

“Upon the breeze the hallow'd sound
Of Sunday bells is borne,—
That sound which ne'er a Christian hears,
And hearing, feels forlorn.

“O'er distant Matlock's lofty Tor
A broken rainbow gleams,
While the last ray of parting day
Athwart the valley streams.

“The waving woods that crown the banks
'Bove Chatsworth's gorgeous pile
Repose in greenest gloom, nor catch
The sun's departing smile.

“Across the wooded knoll trips forth
The milkmaid with her pail
To ease the burden'd cows, that wait
Her welcome evening hail.

“From many an ancient upland grange,
Wherein old English feeling
Still lives and thrives, in faint blue wreaths
The smoke is skywards stealing.

“The simple cheer that erst sustain'd
The Patriarch Seers of old,
Still in these pastoral vallies feeds
A race of ancient mould.

“And should fell faction rear again
Her front on English ground,
Here will the latest resting-place
Of loyalty be found.”

Once on my lingering among these scenes, hospitality impersonated invited me up to the rural seat of Cowley—a place of which I had known nothing before, but where I was introduced to so much intelligence and taste, and to such a quiet hour of unexpected enjoyment, as will not easily be forgotten. It was one of those momentary halts in the journey of life that sometimes yield more pleasure than a formal visit; and should this brief mention of it ever come to the knowledge of my entertainers, may it give them as much pleasure as their welcome gave me, a stranger except in name, on that calm autumnal afternoon! My last ramble up there was in the present spring of 1861. I had been looking at Darley Hall, which stood empty, giving a glance towards Twi-dale (ridiculously corrupted into Toad-hole,) and more than a glance towards Stonecliffe, thinking of Mr. Whitworth's terrible gun—for it is in this very scene, so peaceful as to give one an idea of an eternal Sunday, that its inventor resides. Then, crossing the river by Darley Bridge, striking up by Cowley, leaving Wass's lead-mine and the view of Winster on the left, and taking the right side of the hill into the fields, I soon found myself, as it seemed, pretty “far on the road to nowhere,” a kind of truancy it is sometimes pleasant to indulge in, as one is almost sure by it to find out something fresh and interesting. And so it was on this occasion that my exploring tendency was at last rewarded, by bringing me to a place called Savin Hay, a lone farm-house, more like some of the remote and silent spots one sees in Westmoreland and Cumberland than anything I had fallen in with before in this neighbourhood—a “mountain nook,” looked down upon by Stanton Woods and Birchover Top, with a wild little clough and stream below, and pastures starred by myriads upon myriads of prim-

roses and daisies. The decent old farmer was quietly at work in his field, and cheerful eyes looked out from the homestead, where there was perhaps some wonder to see a stranger so far astray. A scramble across the clough, up to Stanton Woods and Lees, and down by Stanton Woodhouse to Rowsley, finished this happy stroll, in which the hours of boyhood seemed to have come back again, though not unmellowed by more mature associations—Stanton Woodhouse, for several reasons, awaking memories more than usually pensive. The throstle and many a bird besides, added sweet melody to the under-voice of hidden waters, as evening came softly down, and “forget-me-nots” were the flowers it seemed most appropriate to bring away.





Chapter the Sixth.

VIA GELLIA, STONNUS, AND FOX-CLOUD.



GAIN we quit Matlock Bath—this time by the south—for one of the prettiest rambles in England. In a previous chapter we mentioned Masson-mills, the Rutland Arms, and a cluster of cottages. Between those cottages and Mr. Newbold's law-offices ascends an ancient road—probably as ancient as any in the Peak, and in its days as useful. It then goes along Harp Edge, forming a fine natural gallery there ; crosses over

near to the Corn-mill, where Cromford ends in the Bonsall-road, and where it has been somewhat trespassed upon by private interests; and resumes its course through the fields towards Middleton and Wirksworth. At present we follow it only to the other side of Harp Edge, looking down, as we go, upon Masson-mills, the foaming weir, Wild Cat Tor, Willersley (which may be truly proud of being seen from this walk), Scarthing-rocks and meadows, the bridge and church of Cromford, the lovely knolls and slopes on the way to Lea and Crich, and Crich-stand and church closing the distant scene—the Derwent curving beautifully right below us, much in the form of the letter U.

Some attempts have been made to stop this road, this “old line of rural liberty,” but have not succeeded, and it is to be hoped they will never be renewed. Independently altogether of the exquisite views it commands, the road is very useful to foot-passengers, many of whom on their way to work would have to go nearly half a mile round if it were stopped. If we are to be conservative of one right, let us be equally so of another. I do not think there is a man in England who would go farther round than myself to avoid an injurious trespass. I bless God for those laws and customs which have prevented estates from being divided and subdivided, as they otherwise might have been, till there was not an ample park or open range in the whole island. I believe that one of our statesmen was greatly misunderstood, when he was ridiculed for the noted couplet in which he prayed that whatever else might perish in England, ancient rights and privileges might remain. Let them remain: but let this be remembered, that property never more safely ensures respect for its own rights than when it sets a noble example of respect for the rights of the public. An old foot-path is a right as sacred to the public as is the soil on each side of it to the private owners, and ought no more to be interrupted or unduly narrowed than the land to be invaded. And now having vindicated our “right

of way " let us use it on our ramble. As the road by Harp Edge winds along, almost every step we take gives us such a different grouping of objects as not only to startle but to entrance the gazer—presenting in one quarter of a mile a greater variety of landscape than many miles would give in the most picturesque neighbourhood I have elsewhere seen.

Descending the other side of the Edge, we have a view of the Corn-mill, with its mossy wheel and dashing water-fall; but instead of passing over thither, we turn to the right, and by a little inquiry find our way to Bow Lea-side. This Bow Lea—so named in ancient time from its form—has latterly been most illogically corrupted to "Ball-eye." Had it been "Eye-ball" there would have been less reason for criticism: there is no reason whatever in calling it "Ball-eye." But never mind the name; we will rest upon its green and flowery pasture, while the songs of birds and the wild bee's hum chime with the sweet murmur of waters coming up from below; and with a landscape so lovely, clothed as it were with a mantle of peace—that chain of bright ponds pouring one into another, and rocks and trees forming a back-ground so romantic—let us dream that we are lingering a little on our way to paradise. The most conspicuous rock before us is called Slin Tor—possibly a contraction of *Slidden* Tor—a name its appearance would somewhat justify. Half-hidden by the foliage were many romantic crags we passed on Harp Edge; and yon rocks opposite might be fancied the petrified surf of another wild wave of such scenery. Old lead-mines, with their thatched *coes* and primitive machinery, abound in each direction; the road to Bonsall winds far below us like "a mathematical line," and just by crossing the heights along the path we have described, then lingering here, the wanderer may feel himself the tenant of a little world apart, which he would be loth to leave but for the chance of some day coming again, — perhaps when the tints of autumn or the frost of winter have changed without obliterating the quiet beauty of all around.

The bridle-road we are on passes away by a group of yews, where formerly stood a dwelling called the Hermitage, and where even yet are some remains of a garden—a scene about which linger curious traditions—but we descend to the main road, and take our way by it to Bonsall, passing spots that would make a Londoner feel as if he were in a foreign land. How Swiss-like this little wooden erection by the babbling stream! Even Simons's old fashioned paper-mills and the other works we pass detract little or nothing from the wild and primitive air of the vale; while the mines and quarries considerably add to it.

And now we arrive at Bonsall Village—the sign of “The Pig of Lead,” bearing a bald picture of that plain but ponderous article, staring us in the face as we enter. It is a very homely house; but we have often had good and sweet refreshment there. Bonsall is one of those ancient little towns that boast of “once” having had a market, and the market-cross remains. A very striking and picturesque old house is standing near—no doubt a place of some note in days gone by; the Church is a pretty object with its tapering spire; mansions and several superior cottages smile from their pleasant positions as we wander about; and a rivulet flows down the street, supplying the inhabitants with water and a joke. It is said that a rustic from Bonsall being once sent to a great house in London, on some errand requiring a special messenger, the servants made game of his homely appearance and language, asking him from what part of the world *he* came; on which he replied, with an affected air of importance, “from *Bons-all*,” laying great stress upon the closing syllable. “*Bons-all?*” said they, “where is that?” “What!” he responded—“you, so clever as you are, and have never heard of *Bons-all*—a place that can boast of a hundred-and-fifty marble bridges!” Having by this piece of fun made them feel sufficiently abashed for their ignorance, he next won their goodwill and respect for his wit, by telling them of the stream that

runs down the street, crossed at almost every house by a doorstep of Derbyshire marble—thus forming his hundred-and-fifty marble bridges!

Many are the sweet rural nooks and pleasant walks about Bonsall; but we return to “the Pig of Lead” and proceed up the Via Gellia—so called from the Derbyshire family of Gell, through part of whose ancient estates it runs. It is many a year since I first traversed the Via Gellia, on an early summer morn, companion of kind, impulsive Dan Shipley, who volunteered to be my guide, and of the wild rivulet which runs down between Middleton Wood and Bonsall Leas, from Grange Mill and Ryder Point, and receives a beautiful natural waterfall from Dunsley-spring by the way. In May these haunts abound with “lilies of the valley,” which people come immense distances to see. In autumn, it is enriched with abundance of wild-fruit and foliage of every hue; and in winter with frost-work of the rarest forms,—especially at the cascade from Dunsley-spring, which throws off “angel’s wings” all along its descent from the brow of the hill to the little Swiss cottage at its foot,—for “angel’s wings” was the name my little friend, Willie Pratt, (now dead, poor boy,) bestowed on them one cold winter-day, as he tried to sketch me the scene, while a young mountain-maiden stood by and applauded his effort with her dark, speaking eyes.

On arriving at Ryder Point Toll-gate, the rambler, if he has time, may stroll on towards Grange Mill, turning off to the marvellous calcined rocks, and cave, and curiously hewn chair, on Brassington Moor; or up, through a beautifully shaded lane, to Hopton Hall and Carsington. But lacking time for that, let us wind up this steep road that leads to Middleton-by-Wirksworth, pausing often and turning to ponder on the scenery around. What bright eyes have I seen gleaming—what subdued exclamations heard—of those round whom spread the wild and thrilling prospect, as they slowly climbed this winding road! How throbs my soul as I think now of

those who last accompanied me there—two of my friends, one so artistic, the other so psychological—and above all, she of whom I have since had to sing—

The Autumn days come round again ;
The hedges redden in the lane ;
The leaves grow golden on the tree,
And golden memories glow in me.

Yes, Autumn comes, but where art thou,
My loved and loving Sarah, now ?
'Tis but twelve months since we were wed,
And three months they have call'd thee *dead*.

Yet dead thou seemest not to me,
But living still in all I see :
Ev'n Nature thy dear form doth take
And look more lovely for thy sake !

Yon lake's deep blue, that mocks the sky,
Hath caught expression from thine eye,
Where oft I 've read such depth of love
As could but come from Heaven above.

Yon hill with sunshine on its brow
Is not more noble than wert thou ;
And all the landscape borrows grace
From the sweet beauty of thy face.

And in those sounds so soft and low,
That with the light winds come and go,
It makes my drooping soul rejoice
To hear the music of thy voice.

Whence, too, these yearnings of the heart,
That form of life the truest part,
But that thy spirit comes to mine,
And upward points to joys divine ?

Much beauty have I seen on earth,
And much have known of human worth,
But human worth to me hath grown
More worthy, since I thine have known.

Then, Sarah dear, die not to me !
But live thou still in all I see,

In all I hear, or feel, or love,
Around, within, below, above—

That I may come, in that bright day
When all things false have pass'd away,
All wrongs forgiving and forgiven,
To be with Christ, and thee, in Heaven.

And now we have gained the shoulder of the hill, let us look once more around us before we quit the scene. Mine-hillocks, almost as thick as mole-hills, show how the country has been burrowed for lead in ages past, and yet are the miners burrowing and throwing out the results of their labours still. The Via Gellia winds below, and many a road winds down into it from the uplands, with such graceful curves as tell how even roads may help to beautify a rugged country. Yon waterfall, from Dunsley-spring, waves white and brightly down the opposite steep, and sends its voice to us across the deep vale. In one direction, the pastures spread away so far, as to make us feel, while they fade at last into union with the sky, the meaning of those familiar words, "the wide, wide world,"—a lone farm there, somewhere else a remnant of dusky moorland, and now and then a dash of woodland, making isles in the else universal green of the landscape. To linger here, but for one new brick house, would be like living in times far back, there is something at once "so old and yet so new" about the scenery. It seems as if the pastures could only just have been rescued from the waste; yet among the names of places are Ibol, Aldwark, and Grange, bespeaking British, Saxon, and Norman occupation. Nor is this feeling of antiquity much lessened as we come away through the large village of Middleton, with its rough-built houses, some of them in ruins, scattered among the groove-hillocks all over the hill-side. As the birth-place of my warm-hearted mother, a chapter of whose romantic history is embodied in "The Peak and the Plain," this village may probably have faster hold of my feelings than it otherwise would; but I love to linger among

its grey old homes, to climb its steep and winding lanes, to talk with the simple people about their ancient traditions and curious mining customs, and to sympathise with their regrets, their humble hopes and pleasures.

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.”

I can remember when there were scarcely half-a dozen trees in all this place, and not a single corn-patch to be seen; and as nearly all the income of the people depended on the scanty pasturage and their irregular “gets” in the mines, they had necessarily to be very simple and frugal in their lives. Yet were they peculiarly clean in their habits, honest in their dealings, and hospitable to a degree that sometimes tried their humble means to the utmost stretch. But the times have greatly changed even here. A church, several chapels, parsonage, and school, with here and there a house of a superior cast, gardens made the most of, trees waving in odd places, and now and then a small corn-field, have changed the aspect of the whole place since the old coach from Derby went through it, and across the deep Via Gellian Valley, to Manchester. How the coach ever got at all across such a rugged country, is a mystery it would require our skilful old friend Burdett to unravel—yet even he, though one of the best whips in England, once had his leg broken in driving on a much easier road since made through the Peak.

From Middleton we walk to Middle Peak, and thence look down into the peaceful valley of Wirksworth—the town clustering round its quaint and ancient Church, the pastures, dotted with mines and rural homes, spreading up to the hamlet of Bolehill and the wooded heights of Barrel Edge, (or Barrow-ledge—which ought it to be?) Returning thence, we come along the road towards Cromford—first examining the stupendous rocks, so curiously perforated by old mines, above

which Middle Peak rises. Or we can, if you prefer it, walk along the High Peak Railway, until we come to the foot of the Black Rocks, sometimes called collectively Stonnus—a corruption of Stone-house. This mass of grit-stones, viewed from any point, is very impressive—dark, ponderous and sublime. Some of its component blocks are like the hulls of large dismantled ships; many of them have a resemblance to other familiar objects, natural or artificial; the highest of them project the furthest; and the whole is picturesquely surmounted by a waving plume of old pine trees. We climb to the top, and gain one of the finest views in Derbyshire. Rhodes, in his “Peak Scenery,” seems to regard it as the finest. That is a matter of taste; but, without doubt, it is one worth going any distance to see. Rhodes says of it—“I stood on the top of Stonnis—masses of rock lay scattered at my feet—a grove of pines waved their dark branches over my head—far below, embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, one of the finest landscapes that Nature anywhere presents was spread before me. The habitations of men, some near, and others far apart, were scattered over the scene; but in the contemplation of the woods and rocks of Matlock Dale, the windings of the Derwent, the pine-crowned Heights of Abraham, and the proud hill of Masson, they were all forgotten: the structures of man seemed as nothing amidst the beauty and grandeur of the works of God.”

I once lodged for about six weeks in one of the little cottages in the fields below; and during the whole of that time never looked up in fine weather without seeing somebody on the top of Stonnus enjoying Rhodes’s prospect. But there is a sort of *little Stonnus* below, about half a mile nearer to Cromford, called Fox Cloud, which though not commanding quite so wide a prospect, seemed to me to have one equally, if not more beautiful—looking many of the prettiest objects of the landscape in the face, instead of frowning down upon their heads. Resting there and musing, the scene so

touched me on some occasions that I could not help rhyming about it. Here is the commencement of one of those little essays :—

A DAY-DREAM ON FOX-CLOUD ;

OR THE HISTORY OF A LANDSCAPE.

Warm was the day on high Fox-Cloud ;
 Bright was the blue sky o'er me ;
 Behind frown'd Stonnus dark and proud,
 And Matlock smiled before me.
 To Willersley, that, like a queen,
 Her summer state was keeping,
 The Derwent came from valleys green,
 And at her feet was weeping.

Bold Masson rear'd his royal crown
 O'er all beside to heaven ;—
 A king is Masson, looking down
 On mountains six or seven—
 Protecting well his queen below
 When wintry storms have found him—
 His girdle, clouds ; his turban, snow ;
 His guards, the wild rocks round him !

But winter lour'd not near him now :
 Its chillness all forgetting,
 The peasant upon Riber's brow
 His harvest-scythe was whetting ;
 The cottagers on Cromford Moor—
 (So named, though moor no longer,
 But pasture to the very door)—
 Ne'er felt the sunshine stronger.

Bonsall's dim spire was hid in green ;
 E'en Middleton, so hoary,
 It bleakness lost in that warm scene
 And shared the summer's glory ;—
 While river-murmurings, deep below,
 With woodland breathings blended ;
 And natural music, soft and slow,—
 A summer hymn,—ascended.

All, all was summer round me there :
 Rich summer blooms were peeping
 Among the verdure everywhere,
 With fragrance all things steeping ;
 Until the drowsed and sated sense
 Its charms no more could number,
 So in that pleasant exigence
 Resign'd itself to slumber.

Now it will happen oft that when
 The sense is most suspended,
 The spirit's ever wakeful ken
 Will farthest be extended :
 'Twas thus that mine, as there I lay
 On that sweet bed of heather,
 Went back through many a bygone day,
 And brought this dream together :—

ERA I.

The morning twilight of an early world—
 Darkness before it ebbing like a tide ;
 Great rocky mountains over mountains hurl'd,
 As though just launching on the prospect wide,
 Then poised and anchor'd by the Almighty Guide
 Where most for use and beauty they might rest ;
 While waters forth began to gush and glide,
 And vegetation strove to weave the vest ;
 With which, in length of time, the peopled scene was drest.

Thus, hill and vale, crag, river, wood and wild,
 In contrast, yet in harmony, were spread
 On every hand below, or upward piled,—
 Lessons of love, and reverence, and dread,
 By man through long, long ages to be read ;
 Till fitted for that bright and perfect day
 When—every need for types material fled—
 His soul, relit by a diviner ray,
 Itself shall symbolise the Lord to whom we pray.

ERA II.

Hunter and warrior, here he comes ! a form
 Brown'd by the sun and batter'd by the storm ;

A spear his weapon, and a skin his vest ;
 His home a cave, hewn in the mountain's breast.
 His mate, more melancholy if less wild,
 Bearing upon her back their unclad child,
 Through the woods gliding, cautiously and slow,
 They pick the scanty fruitage as they go.
 At length upon the river's brink they part,
 For, lo ! his eye tracks far the startled hart,
 And with a shout, a bound, its mazy flight
 He follows fast, and keeps it still in sight,
 As first the dale they scour, then climb the hill,
 'Neath the bright, burning noonday panting still ;
 And on the morrow he returns to tell
 How twilight and his spear together fell
 Upon his prey, remote, by some lone forest well !

While robed and bearded, on his rock sublime,
 The hoary personation of old Time,
 High-priest of Nature, with uplifted hands
 To invoke her, now a Druid stands ;
 As o'er the wide land, gathering as they go,
 His votaries meet upon the plain below ;
 And while his fires at eventide ascend,
 In one acclaim their countless voices blend,
 Then wait till morning from the horizon's verge,
 Not without spiritual meaning, may emerge—
 Eloquent emblem in that twilight age

Of holy tidings, when the world's new morn,
 Shedding its beauty over history's page,
 Should past and future with its rays adorn !

ERA III.

Next with his signals guiding far
 Proud legions on to deeds of war,
 The Roman, see, on Riber* standing
 And all the country thence commanding ;
 While Nature's children pass away,
 And leave him undisputed sway !

The hunter hies him to his grot ;
 The Druid on the rock is not,

* There are still Remains of a Roman Station on Riber.

But where his fires were wont to blaze
 Another priest, to men-made gods,
 In other language prays.

Yet, once again, a change—and lo!
 The Roman even himself, must go;
 While Dane and Saxon scatter wide
 Each remnant of his power and pride.

ERA IV.

The reign of ALFRED—England's greatest king—
 Perhaps her only one worth calling great!
 Is it not beautiful to see him bring
 A long-spoil'd country to so blest a state,
 That tyranny, and want, and fear forgot,
 Sweet peace and piety possess the cot!

The peasant in the valley tills the soil,
 His crop from all marauding feet secure;
 The miner climbeth to his upland toil,
 Knowing protection for his treasure sure;
 The maiden milks, the mother plies her wheel:
 How could they else than blest and loyal feel?

Thou grand old Monarch! Oak o'er all the trees!
 Thou Alp among the hills of history!
 Proving that, spite of battle and of breeze,
 Good ruling need not be a mystery.
 O, that mankind could only learn of thee
 How loyalty is one with liberty!

Well—thus far, or somewhat farther, I had got with my reverie, musing on the long centuries through which the district flourished much as Alfred left it—save when disturbed by the wars of the Roses and the Commonwealth, in which some of my own ancestors had won and lost. And then I dreamed of the changes wrought in turn by Arkwright and others—the former bringing a tribe of people from the Highlands of Scotland, with their household gods and some of their cattle, to settle in the valley below, as the revolutions of his spindles revolutionised the character of the whole neighbour-

hood. I thought of his standing one day watching the motion of a great wheel, and saying that every time it went round he was a guinea richer; and of his meeting some objection to his family on the score of its want of antiquity, by quietly and wittily saying that "Noah was the first *Ark-wright*." But at this stage of my dream the shriek of the railway engine, "the horse with its long white mane," as it came up the valley and shot through the tunnel on its way to Rowsley, roused me to think of the still farther progress making in all things, and that I, too, ought to be doing something better than basking there, in such busy times, spinning idle rhymes.

The walk down from the neighbourhood of these rocks, through a succession of little cottage-crofts, to Cromford, is almost as delightful as the view from their top. It is doubtful if Willersley Castle is anywhere seen more in harmony with the surrounding country than from some of the pauses on this path—showing the good judgment with which Sir Richard Arkwright removed the huge rock that pre-occupied its site, to give it a position at once distinguished and retired. And any one wishing for an idea of what was once the more general character of this region, has only to go a little farther, across the Wirksworth-road, to find himself on another hill as rugged, as barren, and as clustered over with groove-hillocks as this is now covered with luxuriant herbage and cheered with pastoral life. In the steep mile between Cromford and Middleton there must be, one would think, at least a thousand such relics of olden mineral industry.

But to me, I think, about the most picturesque object in all this landscape was my eccentric old landlady—Jenny Wildgoose—not the first name she had borne, for she had been thrice married, and was now again a widow. Poor old Jenny! on my first inquiring for her, to ask about the lodgings, she cried out, before seeing me, "Whu wants me?" A stranger, I answered, wanting lodgings. "Hech, mon! whu are ye? let's hae a look at ye!" Well, was my reply, I'm a man at

present somewhat lonely in the world, wanting a home, and a kind old mother who will be very good to me, and accept a little kindness in return : dare you take me in ? “ Hech, mon alive ! I’m ber just a puir lonely old body mysen, and know what it is both to want kindness and gie it : dun ye stay out o’ neets, and come home drunk ? ” Oh, no ! there’s not much danger of that, for I’m there or thereabout a teetotal-ler : what are your terms ? “ Six shillings a week, and find yersen, and they’re two o’th nicest rooms i’ aw Darbyshire ; and aw’ve got some ’oth’ nicest picturs in em, and th’ best collection o’ minerals yo’n e’er seen ; an aw’n got th’ front door made up to keep awth’ beggars and riff-raff out ; an th’ finest rose-tree up th’ house-end y’n ever seen ; a good garden, an’ the best milk frae th’ nicest cow i’ aw’th neighbourhood.” And I soon found myself in a room with a floor charged with chronic dampness and rheumatism ; a pile of mineral specimens on the mantel-piece, large enough for a museum, but without much arrangement ; pictures on the walls daubed by a former lodger, whom she described as one of the greatest artists ; a bad atmosphere caused by the permanent closing of the door ; and in the sturdy little old woman herself a strong opinion that she was a sort of duchess out of place, and that she was descended from one of the most ancient and distinguished families in Britain. In short, everything connected with her, immediately or remotely, had something superlative about it ; and she was wont to assert with great confidence and gravity that, if she “ had her reets,” she would be a person of very high rank and fortune, and “ able to visit Mrs. Arkwright with a carriage and four.” According to her own account, her maiden name was Talbot ; she was born at Linlithgow, and was one of the bonniest lasses in Scotland ; she had first, while very young, married a man from Cromford, a soldier in a marching regiment, “ one o’ th’ finest lads that were ever seen,” and had gone with him to Ireland where they staid some time. They afterwards came to reside here, among his native scenes,

when he had the misfortune to be killed by the machinery in one of the cotton mills. She then married another man, who according to her description must have been a strange compound of Wesleyanism and worldliness, with whom she was very unhappy, but of whom, and of the people who had tried to reform him, she had learnt abundance of religious phraseology. He in turn died, and then she was married to a very old man of the name of Wildgoose, "the kindest of them all," but who shortly left her, as I then found her, a widow once more. "Hech, mon alive!" she exclaimed, "I've had a world o' troubles—a world o' troubles!" And in what, I asked, have you found consolation through them all? "Why," she replied with the most candid tone and serious look imaginable, "in reading th' Bible and Scott's and Cooper's novels!"

I staid with the poor old woman about six weeks, occasionally rambling out, enjoying the scenery and some of the homely but intelligent society of the neighbourhood, sometimes writing and getting her—a concession of which she made much capital and interest of obligation—to let me ventilate the room by opening the front door, for she seemed to have a positive horror of ventilation. But at length the time for my departure came, nor did I leave that old cottage by "the Cloud," without regret: for, whether by sunlight or moonlight, or when the stars alone gave dim visibility to surrounding objects, it was certainly one of the loveliest spots I had ever dwelt in; and the old woman said that I should never find another equal to it. She also assured me on parting, seventy years old as she was, that she should yet arrive at her proper position and affluence, and would then be very happy to allow me to come sometimes as a visitor! Thanking her for her condescension, I left her—it was on the 3rd of August, 1849—and gave her at parting the following very simple scrap of verse:—

"Old cottage on the mountain's breast—
The widow's and the wanderer's rest!"

The wanderer leaves thee still to roam,
The widow finds thee still a home.
When all their toils and cares are past,
May both find Heaven their home at last ! ”

Well—I had left the place scarcely more than three months, when a young and friendly acquaintance with whom I had had many a kindly joke about Jenny’s eccentricities and pretensions, wrote me that she was really expected to come immediately, by the right of heirship, to immense estates, which would place her in the very position to which she had always said she was entitled ! In fact, a barrister of high standing, who had been consulted, was so sanguine as to offer her a handsome sum certain, and take all the risk of consequences, if she would give up the rest to him. But this she declined.

A few years afterwards I was going through Cromford. It was on the day of a great horticultural show at the school-room, and there among the company was poor Jenny. We were of course very pleased once more to crack a joke together, which we did on her assuring me, in her old exultant tone, that a prize had just been awarded to her for “some of the finest parsley in England.” But Jenny, said I, have you got your estates yet ? “Hech, mon alive ! no, *not quite* ! There’s only a little whipper-snapper of a child, a weakly thing of about nine years old, between me and possession ; but I think he wunna live long, an’ then I shall come to ’em ! ”

Alas, alas, for all poor Jenny’s hopes ! A few years more had passed away, and I was again on Fox Cloud with my scientific and philanthropic friend, Dr. C. T. Pearce. From the Cloud-rocks we went into the old woman’s chamber, and there she lay, with no ambition left, but calling upon the name of the Great Healer of us all, for the only consolation she could now hope to receive in a lingering death by cancer in the breast ;—while “the little boy of nine years old” had grown up to promising youth-hood, with every prospect of

enjoying the long-looked-for estates. Such, and others still more strange, were among the vicissitudes of Jenny Talbot, the soldier's lassie from Linlithgow, and who soon after that visit breathed her last, on the edge of Fox Cloud. Often, while lodging with her, I told her that some day I should write her history, when her general reply was "Hech mon alive ! it's sae wonderful, if it wor ber aw told, it' ud mak one o'th' finest bukes as ever wa' written ; but there's mony a thing in it I shanna tell you ! "





Chapter the Seventh.

RIBER, DETHICK, AND LEA.

HERE are parts of the country in which, as you ramble about them, you cannot but *feel* that they possess a history. This is especially the case about Ribber Hill. *Righ-berg*, (in modern English, *Ridge-Hill*,) I take to be the name that has been softened into *Ribber*. But long before the Saxons gave it that name, the British Druid, and afterwards the Roman Cohort, had made it his haunt if not his home. In the memory of many still living, there were remains of a druidical monument upon it, and traces of an old encampment may still be descried. My intelligent publisher was there a few days prior to the penning of this chapter, and says—"The hamlet of Ribber, with its grey old houses, is near the top of the hill, and commands a very extensive view. The Hall is a fine old Elizabethan building—though one part has been newly roofed with slate instead of stone, which somewhat impairs its harmony. From the Cliff, which is not far from the Hall, a magnificent prospect spread out beneath us, and stretched far into the distance, till the Peak hills seemed to blend with the northern sky. Tansley Moor was on our right, with the rift of Lumsdale; Matlock town and bridge, and the Hydropathic Establishment just at our feet; the winding Derwent, Darley

Dale and Oaker Hill beyond,—all basking in the clear atmosphere, and intersected with curving lines of white roads and picturesque dottings of trees. After looking in vain for the ‘Hurst Stones,’ thinking we might perchance find some small relic of these druidical monuments, and resting for a short time at the foot of the telegraphic pole, we wended down to Starkholmes. A lad from Ribber, of whom we made inquiries, told us there was still a ‘druid’s chair’ in somebody’s yard, and that ‘there had been a druid’s table, but it *get* broke,’—which was all the information he could give about the Druid-stones once so famous on Ribber.”

Should the Rambler start for Dethick and Lea from Matlock Bank, and be disposed to walk the whole distance, he can scarcely do better than go over Ribber, and down the road which leaves Horston hamlet on his right. But the easiest, as it would to many be also the pleasantest way from the Bath, is to go round by Cromford Station and along the turnpike-road, where the Derwent winds so beautifully by its side for company, and the wooded and cotted hills look down with an air so magnificent and calm as to fill the soul with wordless ecstasy. Keeping this road past the Hat-factory, so far as what is called, as may happen, Lea-wood, Lea-bridge, or Lea-works—every name being equally indicative of the place—you can then turn off, by Mr. Smedley’s mills and hydropathic hospital for Lea village. You see some lead-works on one side and presently an old school-house on the other, and at length come to an ancient corn-mill, where Lea brook crosses the road—the very road you might have come by had you started by Ribber—and a sweeter picture for a painter, should it be in the right season and weather, the whole ramble could not give him than that he may find here. How clear the little mill-pool, and how rural the mill and miller’s house and farm-yard! How finely climbs the sunny and varied wood behind, and how picturesquely rises out above all yon ancient tower! You want to know what it means, for you feel quite uncertain

what it is, till told that it is the tower of Dethick Church—an object which, whatever the point from which you see it, cannot fail to be interesting. But let me quote again some of the notes of my photographic friends, taken on the 8th of April, 1861 :—

“It is clear, bright and warm in the sun, the roads not having had time to get dusty after the late long-continued rains. The country is beginning to show signs of spring’s arrival; blushing anemonies and pale primroses abound on the banks and in the fields, and the hedge-rows and trees are all a-bud. * * * * * Took the upward road to Lea, which was pleasant and well-remembered—finishing off at Lea village. The Methodist chapel there, backed on the hill-side by a beautiful wood, is a very pretty object in the landscape. Learning from a country-lad that we could get over the fields to Dethick by a nearer and prettier walk than the road, we passed Mrs. Wasse’s house—its architecture in harmony with that of the chapel—and kept our upward way through the village, by grey and irregularly-built old houses and cottages, a deep wooded dell on our left, and the hill on our right, till we came to the Three Horse-shoes, a suitable sign for the landlord, who is also a blacksmith; but why he did not have *four* horse-shoes is a mystery. Making inquiries about the *Old Hall* at Lea, we were told it was a little further on, and now divided into two houses, and that it is about 300 years old. It was not this, but the *original* building we wanted, and found it behind the Three Horse-shoes,—a much older erection and now inhabited by a farmer. I should imagine the part remaining to be the chapel of the old Hall, which is said to have been re-built in 1478. A very aged man whom we saw there, remembers the gothic window—probably the east chapel-window—bearing that date. On the south side of the cottage is a gothic window, still in good preservation. * * * * * Retracing our steps, we descended the steep little valley which divides Lea from Dethick, casting longing looks on many bits

of scenery about the course of the brook, now full of water. This wooded dell will be a delightful retreat in another month, when the tree-leaves are expanded and the undergrowth more developed. Even now, the primroses and wood-sorrel enliven the banks with their delicate flowers; and vigorous bunches of strong leaves show where to expect a fine crop of foxgloves in due time.

“Leaving the wood behind us, and continuing our ascent through a blooming field, Dethick Church before us, we soon

come to a stand, enchanted by the view we get of the grey old tower amongst the branches of trees as old, or older—for the church was rebuilt little more than three centuries ago, and who can say when these venerable trees were planted? There is an air of antiquity about this spot, which affects us the more powerfully the nearer we advance. We enter



the graveless church-yard—graveless, because Dethick is but a chapelry to Ashover—and though there is nothing remarkable about it except the tower, it strongly reminds one, with its turret at the south-east corner, of the bell-tower in the

lower court of Haddon Hall. Over the west door, now partly bricked up and converted into a window, is a tablet inscribed 'Anno : Verbi Incarnati 1530,' and on the southern wall are sculptured the arms of the Babingtons. * * * * Descending some stone steps, we find ourselves in a farm-yard, and get a very picturesque view of the church-tower. The scenery from this place is most delightful. The eye after looking over the ruined walls, the last vestiges of ancient conventual buildings, and marking the noble yew of many centuries down the verdant slope below, wanders over the broad expanse of Riber, then follows, over the woody clough, the beautiful valley southwards, away to the dusky eminence of Barrel-Edge and pine-crowned Stonnus, which stands in bold relief against the clear blue sky. * * * We next called at the farm-house by the east end of the Church, which is built from the ruins of the old Hall of the Babingtons. We found but little of the original building, the principal part being the kitchen on the south side of the house—the enormous fire-place, with its roasting-jack, being worthy of observation. We took a view of this side of the house from the adjoining field, whence we could see the chimney with the rusted iron-work and pulleys once connected with the jack inside. This and the entrance to the cellar, on the other side and detached from the house, completed our views. The cellar-doorway is a very elegant relic, and with the ivied gable above it, forms the little picture given further on."

Thus much I have quoted, because a more accurate description of them in the same number of words could not be given. And now my reader asks if this cellar door-way is the most perfect index remaining of the once important mansion of so historical a family. It is. But as Cuvier could infer the whole organism of any animal from a single bone, may we not infer something of the magnitude and style of a mansion that could boast of such a cellar door-way? And does it tell us of nothing more than architecture—nothing

of ancient chivalry and revelry and hospitality without bound, and how it was that poor Anthony Babington, in his enthusiasm for Mary Queen of Scots, came to believe that he could liberate her, and then raise the whole country-side in her favour, instead of letting her pine in the neighbouring towers of Wingfield Manor, on which he was wont so often to gaze from the nearest hills? What a vision of the warm and young adventurer, his companions and his doings, comes upon us, as we mark these mouldering vestiges! How one fancies their nightly reconnoiterings, their secret continental missions, their more daring social meetings, the ripening of their plot, and their final betrayal and execution,—when, though unforgiven by Elizabeth after his ingenuous confession and touching plea for mercy, Babington could look undauntedly on the cutting up of Baillard, while the rest of his companions turned away in terror, and then give himself up to the same fate, calling on Jesus alone for mercy! May England never look on the like again; but may each one of the beautiful homes now rising and studding this lovely land, when it too, in its turn, shall fall to decay, tell Macaulay's New Zealander as he comes to take a sketch of its last vestiges, tales only of charity and peace, of true religion and household love!

Anything but tragic has been the career of some of the notabilities of this region already. An intelligent friend of mine, barmaster of the Crich mineral court, whose avocation necessarily brings him in contact with a great variety of character, and who is fond of all that relates to this picturesque neighbourhood, can entertain one by the hour with his narrations of genial, cheerful, and comic incident. It is quite a treat to hear him describe old Billy Bunting, a man of days gone by, who besides being clerk of Dethick Church, went about to country wakes and fairs playing a pipe and fiddle. He tells with great glee how Billy once went to keep alive the fun at Ashover feast, and how, as late night came on, fearful that, from the crowd of strangers in the public-house where he was

staying, he might not be able without timely precaution to secure himself a bed, he stole slyly away from the company and locked himself in one of the bed-rooms. Presently, on some of them coming to the door and thrusting and knocking, he demanded in loud serio-comic tones who were there and what they wanted. "Oh," said they "of course, we want to come to bed." But there is no room, said Billy, making as great a stir as possible. "Why, who have you got inside?" was the next inquiry, "Who?" cried he,

"The clerk o' Dethick, the piper o' Lea,
Old England's fiddler, Billy Bunting and me!"

On which the applicants went away quite satisfied, exclaiming that they were sure if that was the case there was no room for them—a joke which ever after made Billy more famous for his wit than his music.





From an Original Drawing.

LEA HURST, DERBYSHIRE,
THE HOME OF

Florence Nightingale.
Shewing Crich Cliff in the Distance.

Published by Richard Keme Derby.



Chapter the Eighth.

LEA HURST AND HOLLOWAY.



SHORT mile from Lea is Lea Hurst, a spot scarcely surpassed for the natural beauty surrounding it, and with which the name of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE will be associated as long as England has a history; for though her birth-place was Florence, her home during great part of her life has been here, and pilgrims from many a clime will visit it in after ages for her sake. It is at a point, too, so very easy of access from every quarter, by roads passing through such interesting scenery, as to afford a manifold attraction to the tourist and the devotee. Any one coming up from the North of England by the Midland Railway may alight at Wingfield-station, see Wingfield Manor-ruins, get the view from Crich-cliff by the way, and reach Lea Hurst in a walk of not more than four and a half miles by a very good road. From Derby it may be gained easily by a short ascent from the Whatstandwell-station; from Matlock by a converse ride via the same station; or a four miles' journey by the road, via Cromford, Lea Wood, and Nether Holloway. Or the ramble from Matlock Bridge or Bank, by way of Riber and Dethick, may be extended to it with ease, if you are so inclined. For myself, I love to go up from Whatstandwell, either by Crich Carr or by that romantic and

lonely pass through the Duke of Devonshire's stupendous stone-quarries, to a point between Cliff House and the Lead-mines, taking care to avoid falling into any of the disused shafts by the way; then walk on by Wakebridge, taking a foot-path there is along the fields and the hill-top towards Over Holloway; and thence look down over the Lea Shaws, on all that God and Nature and Art have done to gladden the eye with a landscape that rivets the soul, and causes the gazer only one regret—that all the world cannot come and see it with him.

It is but a few weeks since (in April, 1861,) I was on this walk, with Messrs. Fowler and Wells, the celebrated American phrenologists. Mr. Luke Alsop was our guide, and made every part of the view more interesting by associating with it some touch of history or personal incident, or of geology and mineralogy. That farm-house we had just passed at Wakebridge was on the site of an ancient residence of a distinguished family; beyond it were small old groove-hillocks, not unlike petrified flocks of sheep on the bleak hill-sides; the more imposing machinery of modern mining was near, by the side of a little mountain-brook; and unique and strange seemed all that eastward scene, culminating at Crich-stand which stood alone in the cloudless sky. But turning from this to the west, what a magnificent contrast spread itself before us! Deep beneath went the wooded scaur, crossed mid-way by the white line of the turnpike-road, and finishing only where the canal and the river, spanned by picturesque bridges, with the railway and the old road, run side by side for several miles,—Shining Cliff and Alderwasley Hall beyond—the latter at that time awakening some touching thoughts from the fact that the chief of the house was lying dead within. Captain Goodwin's pleasant domain of Wigwell lay farther off to the west—Wirksworth Moor, and the hills above Cromford and Matlock, embosoming Willersley Castle, more westerly still. Harmoniously were blended masses of wood, blue water-gleams, and spots of

pasture of lively green. Holloway hamlet, with its sweet old homes, its increase of new, and its two little chapels, was resting and smiling in the sabbath-sunshine, to the right. The flashing waterfall, far down the valley, sent up its voice with the river's to invite our notice of it and the cupola by its side; while the lark sent down its music from on high to win our glance from earth to heaven, if so be one might find such a trembling little speck in space as that which could thus fill it so largely with song. The anemone, primrose, and violet, nestled among the moist verdure almost close at our feet; and Nature itself seemed to rejoice that it could yield such joy to the human heart. "But what," said our American friends, "is that lovely place—that gem of the whole landscape, almost directly beneath us—that many gabled mansion with its terraces and green lawns, harmonising with, yet unlike everything else we can see?" "*That*," answered I, "is Lea Hurst, the Derbyshire home of Florence Nightingale;"—and I shall not soon forget the emotion with which they continued to regard it, taking away leaves and flowers, and even bits of stone, to treasure across the wide Atlantic as memorials of the time and scene.

It is not my intention to give a very minute description of the house of Lea Hurst, the seat of Mr. W. E. Nightingale, it has been done by so many writers, but chiefly by that ardent antiquary and *litterateur*, Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, who in his "Stroll to Lea Hurst," and by allusions in other works, has noted pretty nearly every particular. He says—"The Hall is erected in the Elizabethan style, is most enchantingly situated on an expansive sloping lawn on the outer edge of an extensive park, and is surrounded and overhung with luxuriant trees. It is built in the form of a cross, with gables at its extremities and on its sides, surmounted with hip-knobs, with ball-terminations. The windows, which open beneath the many gables, are square-headed, with dripstones and stone mullions, and the general contour of the building is much

heightened by the strongly-built clustered chimney stacks which rise from the roofs. At the extremities of the building, large bay windows stand out into the grounds, and are terminated with balustrades and battlements. The Hall, with its out-offices, gardens and shrubberies, is enclosed from the general park by a low fence, and is approached by a gateway, whose massive posts are terminated by globes of stone."

Imagine such a building in such a spot, with a landscape as varied as landscape well could be—Holloway, a populous but very clean and peaceful hamlet, near—farms and cottages scattered broad-cast, so that seclusion without solitude seems everywhere a characteristic feature—and you have one of the scenes amid which Florence Nightingale first began to develop those feelings that sought afterwards a more active field, and made her name a cherished word in almost every land. I well remember her in days gone by, visiting the cottages of the poor whenever illness was there, and doing all she could to soothe and bless the sufferers. There is one cottage by the road-side, and overlooking a good part of the Hurst and the scenery beyond, where, long before she became known to the world, a poor old relative of mine, a chronic invalid, delighted in nothing so much as talking of the way she visited and made inquiries about her without fuss or unwelcome freedom, and when any of the poor neighbours got hurt in the quarries or mines, she was always one of the first to offer them genuine help and solace. People wise in their generation, instead of imitating her, thought her rather eccentric; but the wiser people of generations to come will pass a different verdict, and think nursing an honourable calling for her sake—especially after the fame she at length gained for the part she took in the Crimean war; since good nursing was getting sadly out of fashion in many quarters, until she arose and gave it new *prestige* by her heroic example.

Holloway (commonly contracted into Howy) is a place that the wayfarer, of whatever rank, might long to loiter if not to

live in, a great portion of his days; it is so sunnily situated, so clean and quiet, and one part of it is so well supplied with pure water by an upland rill. When first I knew it the inhabitants were but few; but Mr. Sims has lately made such a great addition to the number of habitations for working people, and it is so convenient to Lea-mills as well as to the quarries and mines, that there is no wonder it should be growing into a considerable village. There was something very agreeable to me, in my boyhood, in lingering among its simple denizens and listening to their traditions and passing experiences—none of which, however, were more interesting to a psychologist than what I am now about to relate, as happening to a person still living there in Philip Spencer's cottage.

Philip and his first wife, Martha, who was a cousin of mine, having no children of their own, adopted the little daughter of a young woman who went to live at Derby. The child called them father and mother as soon as she could speak, not remembering her own parents—not even her mother. While yet very young, she one day began to cry out that there was a young woman looking at her, and wanting to come to her; and according to her description of the person it must have been her mother. As no one else saw the apparition, and the child continued for more than half an hour to be very excited, Philip took her out of the house to that of a neighbour; but the apparition kept them company, talking by the way. They then went to another house, where it accompanied them still, and seemed as though it wanted to embrace the child; but at last *vanished in the direction of Derby*—as the little girl, now a young woman, describes it—in *a flash of fire*. Derby is about fourteen miles distant from Holloway, and as in that day there was neither railway nor telegraph, communication between them was much slower than at present. As soon, however, as it was possible for intelligence to come, the news arrived that the poor child's mother had been *burnt to death*; that it happened about the time when it saw her apparition; and, in

short, that she was sorrowing and crying to be taken to the child during the whole of the time between being burnt and her expiration. This is no "idle ghost story," but a simple matter of fact, to which not only Philip, but all his old neighbours can testify; and the young woman has not only related it more than once to me, but she told it in the same artless and earnest manner to my friend, the late Dr. Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, who once called at the cottage with me,—repeating it still more clearly to Messrs. Fowler and Wells on our recent visit. Those people who ridicule all psychical phenomena they may not themselves have seen, will possibly be disposed to explain away this fact; but all we need say to such is what Shakspeare said long ago—"There are more things between heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Nor could I well quit Holloway on this occasion without recording the story.





Chapter the Ninth.

WINGFIELD MANOR.

IT was in the pensive hush of a late autumn day, that these interesting ruins first struck my young eye and filled me with wonder and admiration: for until thus becoming acquainted with them, as they presented their antique and picturesque outlines in the softened light of evening, I did not remember even having heard them named, so that they had all the charm of a new discovery. It was impossible to have contemplated them in a

more favourable aspect. The little smoking cottages below lent an excellent foil to the lofty towers and turrets rising so statesquely against the silent sky; and there was a mellow tint on the remaining foliage of the surrounding woods—a corresponding music in the voices of rooks and daws gathering to their evening repose—a tenderness in the last rural sounds from the village behind me and the outlying farms—all helping to deepen and intensify the delight that had stolen into my heart, as I thus unexpectedly found myself in the England of an olden time.

And this was Wingfield (properly Whinfield) Manor.* Of course its history soon grew familiar: for old people loved to talk about it to an inquiring lad; books came to my aid; its position between the Peak and the Plain, so near to where ran the old Roman road, awakened many speculative thoughts; the story of Mary Queen of Scots and of the battles of the Commonwealth added abundance of interest; and so it became evermore to me a romance in stone, and moss, and verdure—a beacon on the shore of time, lit with “the light of other days.”

This dignified combination of castle and mansion was, according to Camden, built by Ralph Lord Cromwell, in the time of King Henry VI; and Leland says of it that “yt far passith Sheffield Castel.” It must at all times have been an imposing feature of the landscape in which it stands, and in its original state a place of considerable importance. It is pretty well seen from Wingfield Station, approached from which by a walk through the village, it grows more imposing from every point at which it can be viewed. Its effect on the

* I cannot fall in with the modern way of spelling this place without a protest: it ought to be spelt *Whinfield*—the field of whin, furze or gorse; as a neighbouring place is called *Brackenfield*—the field of bracken; and another place not far off *Carnfield*—from being corn-growing land at the time these names were given.



From a Photograph by J. A. Warwick

Published by R. K. D. D. D.

Ruins of South Wingfield Manor House.

DERBYSHIRE.

eye and mind is very fine, after you have left the village by a shaded road, and come to the little stream winding at the base of the green eminence from which its old looped walls and hoary towers arise. There is one small portion just within the entrance occupied as a farm-house; the remainder, which of yore resounded in turn with hospitality and revelry, the captive's plaint, or the clang and thunder of battle, is now inhabited chiefly by the owl, the chough, and the raven—though the thrush and the dove are not altogether strangers there. According to Blore—"the building consists of two square courts; one of which to the north, has been built on all sides, and the south side of it forms the north side of the south court, which has also ranges of buildings on the east and west sides, and on part of the south. The latter court seems principally to have consisted of offices. The first entrance is under an arched gate-way on the east side of the south court.



The arch of this gate-way being a semi-circle must have been erected subsequently to the rest of the building. From hence the communication with the inner court is under an arched gateway in the middle of the north side of the south court. One half of the range of building to the right of the entrance into the north court seems originally to have been used as a hall, which received light through a beautiful octagon window, and through a range of gothic windows to the south now broken

away, and a corresponding range to the north. This part of the house, subsequent to its first erection, was divided and subdivided into several apartments, which have suffered the

same fate as the noble hall, whose magnificence their erection destroyed. In the other part of this range are the portal, and the remains of the chapel, and of the great state apartments, lighted through another rich gothic window. No part of the buildings on the east side of the court, (except a low wall,) now remains." From the north court is a striking view of the great tower; while (continues Blore) of "the range of buildings on the west of this court, only the outer wall and some broken turrets survive." The woodcut at the commencement of this chapter will give an idea of one portion of these imposing ruins, but only a portion: it would be impossible to give the general effect in any single picture. The "great hall" referred to must have been indeed a noble room, seventy-two feet long and thirty-two wide. The crypt beneath it is the same size, supported by pillars. Its roof is beautifully groined, with large round bosses at the centres of the groins. The carved work is in good preservation, and the effect of the whole is to awaken admiration in every visitor.

Such, in the latter part of the last century—and not much altered since in their general aspect—were the remains of a fortified mansion, in which at various times during nine years was confined, at the behest of Queen Elizabeth of England, Mary Queen of Scotland, in the custody chiefly of the Earl of Shrewsbury, husband to another redoubtable Elizabeth, subsequently the builder of Hardwick Hall. Queen Elizabeth was for more reasons than one jealous of her cousin Mary. She not only feared her as a possible rival for her throne, favoured greatly as she was by the Roman Catholics, but—vain herself of a reputation for some beauty which the poets of her reign had so profusely flattered—she disliked Mary's greater and more solid reputation for personal accomplishments and charms. This is remarkably illustrated in an anecdote that has often been told. Being one day *tete-a-tete* with Mary's ambassador, a most shrewd and canny Scot, and thinking that by her graciousness to him she had at last won him into the

mood for making an admission that would soon get bruited at all the courts of Europe, she put the question to him *point blanc*, as to which he considered the most beautiful woman of the two. His reply, exceedingly characteristic of his diplomatic office, was—"Why, if I must speak on the subject, I should say that your Majesty is the most beautiful woman in England, and Queen Mary the most beautiful woman in Scotland."

Mary's confinement at Wingfield (then spelt Winfield) is supposed to have commenced in the year 1569, in which year an attempt to liberate her was made by Leonard Dacre. Her suite of apartments, it is generally believed, was on the west side of the north court, the most beautiful part of the whole building, and communicating with the great tower, from which she could sometimes see the approach of her friends, with whom she carried on a secret correspondence that got many of them into trouble, and often aroused Elizabeth's jealousy and ire. This led at one time to the Earl of Shrewsbury being temporarily superseded as her keeper by the Earl of Huntingdon. During the nine or ten years she was in Lord Shrewsbury's custody, she was at Chatsworth, Buxton, Sheffield, Worksop, (some say Hardwick, but that is doubtful,) Tutbury, Coventry, and other places, as well as Wingfield—one night at Derby, on her way from Wingfield to Tutbury, in a house that stood near the angle formed by what is now Gower-street and Babington-lane. It is a remarkable fact, to which allusion is made by Mrs. Jameson, that every one of the numerous mansions Mary was confined at in England, is now in ruins or entirely swept away. Even the old Hall of Chatsworth, where she stayed, was afterwards burnt down, and the old Hall of Hardwick (supposing she ever was there at all) was soon afterwards a ruin. She was at last beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, of which a very small portion only is left.

Amongst those who attempted to liberate her here, besides Leonard Dacre, were a Mr. Hall, and the younger sons of the

Earl of Derby, with others. Young George Rolleston, of Lea, a pensioner of Queen Elizabeth,—a neighbour, and perhaps a spy, on Anthony Babington, from whom he lived only about half a mile,—seems to have acted the part of a detective on the occasion; and, as we have said in a previous chapter, it led to Babington's execution.

From that time we have nothing very remarkable in the history of Wingfield Manor till the days of Charles I, when it was alternately occupied by the Royalists under William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, and the Parliamentarians, under Sir John Gell, of Hopton. During that stormy period, there was much skirmishing and some hard fighting here. Prisoners of distinction were taken and retaken. One assault was commenced on the north side, where no impression could be made; but another, from Pentridge Common, directed by Sir John Gell, was successful, and Colonel Dalby, the governor, was killed during the siege, after which, June 23rd, 1646, Parliament directed the place to be dismantled. In time it came into possession of the Halton family, by one of whom it was still more reduced for materials wherewith to build a modern mansion near; but I have heard of a successor of his, in our own time, weeping because of some visiting goth having defaced a single emblazoned stone. At present every care is taken to keep the whole fabric in the best possible preservation, and strangers are admitted under regulations that secure it from further mutilation.

In ancient time the domain of Whinfield was very extensive, and had two parks, one of which embraced a thousand acres, stretching as far as Pentridge in one direction and half way to Crich in another. No one with taste and feeling can wander near it without almost feeling as if he were reading history backwards, finishing at length with the Romans and ancient Britons: for the little river Amber winding through the vale, evidently received its name from the Romans; and one half the name of *Pent*-ridge is as clearly British. Memo-

rials of the wars are frequently found in the fields,—cannon-balls and other missiles being taken home and treasured and much talked of by the people. And whether from Matlock or Cromford, by way of Lea Hurst and Crich; or, by rail and up from the Wingfield Station; the rambler will find a day spent in journeying and lingering here a day well worth remembering, whatever he may elsewhere see; though much might be enjoyed in a single hour among the ruins, should time not allow him a longer stay.





Chapter the Tenth.

A GLANCE AT SCARSDALE.



DISTRICT extending from Wingfield to the border of Yorkshire, and from the border of Nottinghamshire up beyond Chesterfield to Ashover, and including so large a portion of Derbyshire as a hundred and forty-four thousand acres or more,—giving also a title to a noble house,—cannot but embrace much that is interesting to the tourist, the naturalist, and the antiquary, though it has scarcely the fame of some other parts of the county. The rocks, or scaurs, from which it takes its name, are chiefly on its borders. Some of those near Ashover are very romantic; but scarcely less so, on the opposite borders, are those of Pleasley Vale, where beautifully winds and spreads out the little river Meden beneath overhanging woods. Coming from the dells of Skegby, where lingers the classic name of Dodsley, the clear stream hastens on through this lovely defile; and though it moves the machinery of several mills, its small lakelet and islet, as looked down upon from Mr. Hollins's mansion, are very lovely, where it pauses awhile, then winds away through opening meads into Sherwood Forest.

Keeping still along the north-eastern verge of the hundred, we come to the village of Scarcliff, where another sweet rivulet

has sources among rocks that give the place its significant name. And by further pursuing the border of the county, we reach, in the course of a few miles, Markland Grips and Cresswell Crag, where, if one theory of geology be true, the country has been *ripped* into the most romantic ravines and gorges by some great convulsion of nature in ancient days; or, according to another, and more modern hypothesis, the slow action of waters, now dwindled into a number of pretty tributaries to the Wollen, must have tried, as it has at last most richly rewarded, the patience of Time. Lonely, rugged, rifted and caverned—as I long ago described them more fully in “The Peak and the Plain,” and very finely interspersed with verdure of every shade, are both Markland Grips and Cresswell Crag, causing me to speak of them in that work as “the unobliterated footsteps of Nature, when, after superintending the erection of her sublime throne in the Peak, she passed into Nottinghamshire and planted Sherwood Forest.”

And how picturesque and delightful, as we draw nearer to Sheffield, and thence pass up through Abbey Dale, by the remains of Beauchief Abbey, towards Totley and Dore, whence descends that stream which Elliot calls “the Sheaf, that mourns in Eden!” So back by Dronfield and Chesterfield, to Ashover again, and thence down the lovely vale of the Amber once more to Wingfield—we draw a somewhat oval hem round the district, corresponding in many places to that of the Romans, who made Chesterfield, in their day, in a certain sense, its capital.

No wonder that such a region should abound with the remains of old military roads and encampments, decayed castles and modern mansions—too many to note; though one cannot pass them all without some inquiry about their names and to whom they belong or have belonged. The British road repaired by the Romans, and called Rykneld Street, coming from Little Chester to Chesterfield, passed along the ridge from Pentridge by Okerthorpe, Hallfield Gate, Higham, Stretton, (*i.e.*, the town

on the street,) Clay-cross and Tupton. There is now a turnpike road taking much the same track, and on which once ran the mail and several coaches from Derby to Chesterfield. In the days of our fathers, the Peacock Inn, at Okerthorpe, was a famous posting-house, from which a horse-post carried the London mail, by a branching road, to Alfreton, Sutton-in-Ashfield, and Mansfield. It is a great treat, in fine weather, to travel along this ridge, the Amber winding below among the greenest pastures, by Ogston Hall, (where Mr. Gladwin Turbutt has made many improvements,) and Ford House, where a genuine specimen of rural gentility I once met at an agricultural dinner, old Mr. Langhorne, enjoys his own quaint thoughts,—wooded hills rising back till their dark masses fade at last into the deep blue of the North Peak. And well would it be worth the rambler's while to diverge at Stretton, and go by Smithy-Moor Gate and Stubbin Edge to Ashover, glancing at the grey ruins of Eastwood old Hall by the way. A day round Ashover, spent on the dark rocks and sunny slopes, or among the pastoral homes and old lead-mines, would be its own reward. The valleys and surrounding hills abound with fair mansions and picturesque retreats, every one of which has a history of its own, sometimes extending far back beyond the conquest. From the time of Serlo de Plesley, who was privileged to hold a manor here under the conquerors, to that of Milnes, occur the names of families, each of which marks an era in our national development; and the names of places are also landmarks on the path of time. The family of Crich had once great possessions here, and one of the name, who died in reduced circumstances, in 1789, at the venerable age of 101, lies buried in the churchyard.—I dwelt at this place in the years 1852-3, and have given my impressions of it in the work already mentioned. It was a great pleasure to climb the country as far as the curious rock called Robin Hood's Mark—to look down on Overton Hall, where lived Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist, after his voyage round the world with

Captain Cook ; to linger about the neat old Church, with its tapering spire, and look at the interesting memorials there ; to scale the rocks called *the Fabric* and gaze far abroad, Stubbin Edge, Stubbin Court, and Wingerworth Hall, near by, and the whole basin of Scarsdale eastward, with its towns, villages, churches, and ducal halls ; or to wander away up to Kelstedge by Marsh Green, where that brave old English parson, Mr. Nodder, a few years since, defended his house and family against some burglars from Birmingham, in a manner that will make his name famous as long as an inhabitant lingers in the valley to listen to, or tell the tale.

Of Hardwick and Bolsover on the east I shall have more to say anon ; but keeping on the west side of Scarsdale for the present, a prettier day's tour could hardly be desired than to get out at Stretton station, and take the upland direction I have marked, then descend by South Stanage and Slate-pit Dale Bar towards Chesterfield, or by Deer-leap to Clay-cross station, and thence to Hardwick and Bolsover for a second day. The view from South Stanage, descending from Spite-winter, is one of the fairest among a thousand fair English scenes ; and come to it from whatever quarter you may, the walk or drive cannot but afford interest at every rise and turn. It is not more than four or five miles by the Chesterfield road from Matlock, and I suppose about the same distance from Chesterfield itself—that gathering of a spirited and intelligent population at the foot of the most crooked and singular church-spire that ever pointed from earth to heaven.

Descending the vale of the Rother, by Staveley Works to Eckington, we reach Renishaw Hall, an elegant seat of the Sitwell family, on a rise to the left ; or turn to the right, up to Barlborough, where there is a dignified Elizabethan mansion built by Sir John Rodes, and approached by one of the finest over-arching avenues of trees in this part of the country. Southgate House, the seat of the Boden family, one of whom is the present Recorder of Derby, is among the last places of

mark on the road to Worksop. Scarsdale ends a little way beyond it, at Whitwell, where the woody plain of Welbeck stretches out into Nottinghamshire.

The district called the Hundred of Scarsdale has a character of its own very different from that of the country on either side. Until leavened by the immigration drawn hither by the opening of the railways, and by the extensive operations of the powerful iron and coal companies, the population was mainly agricultural, and noted for being rather slow and sure, yet strong and hearty. Nevertheless there have been among its inhabitants many bright and quick men—scholars, poets, mechanics, and clever artizans—men of free thought and free action, who have done their country service; and I am sorry that the space to which my pen is confined, will not let me enter upon some of their biographies. The famed Stephensons, father and son, chose Tapton House, near Chesterfield, for their residence. Of those I have known, the late Mr. D'Ewes Coke of Brookhill Hall and Totley—a gentleman of great information and original talent—was a warm patron of whatever he thought useful in others; and, though not without natural failings, he wore his worst side outwards, and in his ordinary dealings, was one of the most just and independent men I ever knew in the world. There was Thomas Brown, too, of South Normanton, with whom I have so often strolled down by the pleasant old domain of Carnfield Hall, and who composed many beautiful poems as he sat at work in his stocking-frame; Samson the Potter, who travelled about with a donkey, scattering poetry broad-cast wherever he went; and my old schoolmaster, Mr. William Mountany, who still lives at Hilcote, and who might be backed for classical and mathematical lore against half the schoolmasters in the hundred; with many others, on whose modesty, because they are yet living, I must not trespass.

As for romantic legends, curious traditions, and historical incidents, Scarsdale so abounds with them that an entire volume might be filled with their briefest outlines. Topo-

graphers always love to dwell on that of the great Earl of



Devonshire and his friends meeting in a little public-house at Whittington to plan the Revolution of 1688; and Miss Costello has founded a pretty but fanciful story on an effigy of the 13th century in Scarcliffe Church, of which Mr. Bateman in his "Mediæval and Ecclesiastical Antiquities," says:—"In Scarcliffe church is a monument representing the figure of a lady in a long gown and mantle, with plaited hair, and a rich coronet on her head, which is pillowed upon a lion, while some other animal is placed at her feet. She holds a child on her left arm, whose feet rest upon a foliated crocket. On a long scroll held

by the child is the following inscription in Leonine verse, engraved in Lombardic capitals :

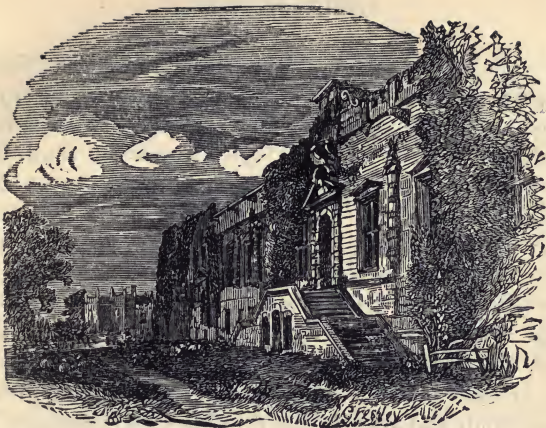
'Hic sub humo strata, mulier jacet tumulta
 Constans et grata, Constancia jure vocata
 Cu genetrice data, proles requiescit humata.
 Quamquam peccata, capita ejus sint cumulata,
 Crimine purgata, cum prole Johanne beata.
 Vivat prefata, sanctorum sede locata. Amen.'

It is most probable that this lady was one of the baronial family of Frecheville, which possessed the manor of Scarcliffe for several generations, till it was forfeited to the crown in 1275."

But, after all, though there are several places more interesting perhaps on the verge of Scarsdale, there is scarcely *within* it any spot more beautiful than Sutton. Sutton is merely another word for South-town, and it is said there are ninety-nine places of the name in England--several of them, including Sutton-in-Ashfield, not very far from this. This one is sometimes for distinction called Sutton-in-the-Dale, sometimes Sut-

ton Scarsdale. The Hall and Church are together, near the centre of a scene that might have been copied from Arcadia, presenting to the eye the finest possible foil to Bolsover Castle and Hardwick Hall, to which it looks up—not humbly as if it felt great inferiority, but rather proudly, as if to say, “you are gainers rather than losers by having such a neighbour adding its beauty to your magnificent prospect.” Yet modern as is the style of Sutton Scarsdale Hall, it stands on the site of one more ancient—so ancient as to have been given by Wulfric Spott, in the reign of the Saxon King Ethelred, to Burton Abbey. Through how many vicissitudes it has since passed there is not space for us now to record, though much might be said of the lords in whose hands it has been held, and the suffering it sustained in civil wars, till at length it came into the possession of the family of Arkwright, who have added something to it architecturally, and that without detracting from its harmonious relations to the rural and historical scenes around it.





Chapter the Eleventh.

BOLSOVER CASTLE.



IVALLING each other in their command of the landscape on which we have been already dilating—yet not dividing, but mutually adding very greatly to its charms—are Bolsover Castle and Hardwick Hall, so often mentioned together, and so often, like Haddon and Chatsworth, visited in one excursion, that we might not improperly have included them in one chapter.

Leaving the populous town of Chesterfield, with its crooked spire, and all the interest that gathers round a place which, from the time it was occupied by the Romans till now, has ever been one of great local importance, we find our way by a rough and hilly road, through Calow and Duckmanton,—glad when the marks of mineral vanish, and are succeeded almost entirely by those of rural life, and the proud Keep of Bolsover

Castle—an exact semblance, it is said, of the ancient Norman one which pre-occupied the same site—breaks on the eye so suddenly, that the effect would be startling to a wayfarer not already prepared for it. The feeling with which Hardwick is approached is very different, though Hardwick is quite as imposing in another way. The Norman part of Bolsover Castle, though much more ancient and martial in the style of its architecture, from some cause looks at once so new and old that the gazer feels himself a being of two distinct ages; while Hardwick, though built nearly half of glass, has a frame-work of stone so hoary, and is altogether so unique, as to win him almost entirely to itself, and make him forget all times but that in which it first calmly and grandly rose over the wide champaign.

There is a sound of eld in the very name of Bolsover—once spelt Belesover—carrying one back to days almost pre-historic. Wherever we find the prefix of *Bel* to the name of a place in England, unless it happens to have been given by modern whim or caprice, it indicates a spot known and occupied by the more ancient races and worshipped upon by the Druids, and many are the signs of British remains about Bolsover. The Rev. John Hamilton-Gray, vicar of the parish and resident in the Castle, very felicitously started with this idea, and noted every link which tradition, archæology and history could add to the chain of events, as the aboriginal Coritani, the Roman Cohorts, the Saxon and Scandinavian immigrants, the Norman conquerors, the Knights of chivalry, the merry men of Robin Hood, the feudal nobles and their retainers, the champions of the White and Red Roses, the courtly hosts and guests of the days which followed, the warriors of the Commonwealth, the equestrian Duke and literature-loving Duchess of Newcastle, with the more familiar men of modern times, came in procession down long centuries to the scene where he was addressing, on the subject, a social mass of the people gathered for intellectual recreation within the Castle walls, on a summer evening in the year 1861.

I was there that evening—a welcome guest. Having in the early morning left the fair plains of Surrey by rail, passed the Crystal Palace, and come through the throbbing heart of London, then across the ripe wheat-fields of Bedford and the green meads of Trent, catching sights of many a busy town and sunny village by the way, the whole face of old England seemed, as I came along, to be lit with a bright smile that day; and as at length I neared Bolsover from Chesterfield, there rested a golden light upon its castle-crowned steep, and such strains of music came forth from and died back again in its roofless halls, as might well in such circumstances, have kindled the coldest soul with poetic and patriotic fire.

The Castle now consists besides the restored Norman fortress, (which is a square mansion, with turrets, and a high tower at the north-east corner,) of the vast range of unroofed buildings where, on that calm summer eve, the members of the local Mechanics' Institution, and visitors by hundreds, had assembled under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton-Gray, to celebrate its anniversary with a sober repast and speeches, followed by music and the merry dance. There was a similar demonstration, though on a much more magnificent scale, when the late venerable Duke of Portland entered on his eighty-first year. As daylight died away and an artificial illumination followed among the ivied walls, it was a great treat to climb with my host and hostess to the top of the Norman tower and look down and listen. To me there seemed to be rising the echo of a thousand years. Often when a youth I had visited the town below, and marked the relics of old fortifications extending outside it, or the beautiful country stretching far away. The church, with its many monuments and its far-seen spire; the large disused market-place, and quaint old inns; several shops turned into private dwellings and growing grass in some of the streets, and the castle on which I now stood looking down on all,—had touched me in those days with a feeling kindred to that which comes from the reading of ancient

legends, and spoke of the contrasts there must have been when the lord of the place gave renowned hospitality to King and Court, and Ben Jonson was employed in affording them theatrical entertainment.

And now thought went still farther back, to the times of Leuric the Saxon, and the Peveril of Doomsday-book, (one of whose descendants had to forfeit the lordship for poisoning Ranulph Earl of Chester, in the year 1153); to Richard the lion-hearted conferring it on his brother John, upon his marriage in 1189; to its being left, when Richard was absent in the Holy Land, in care of Richard del Pec—a Norman rendering of Richard of the Peak; to King John, two years after his accession, appointing Geoffrey Luttrell and others to enclose a large park for him; and then while it was in possession of the insurgent barons, in 1215, to William Ferrars, Earl of Derby, raising troops and taking the castle by assault for the King, who thereupon appointed him governor. In the following year, 1216, we see Gerard de Furnival appointed by the King “to reside in it, with his wife and family, for the better preservation of peace in those parts.” Then how it came under the rule of governor after governor, in quick succession, to the Howards, Talbots, very briefly to the Byrons, and subsequently to the Cavendishes; next to John Holles, Earl of Clare; afterwards to Harley, Earl of Oxford; and finally to the Bentincks, Dukes of Portland, in whose possession it remains—and occupied not by a military governor, placed to keep the people round it in awe; but by a clergyman, as we see, who hoists the beacon of intelligence, and invites them to come and scan the notches on its long calendar of national progress.

Not the least interesting feature of the scene below, as we gaze down from this strong and lofty fabric, is the broad and solid “Bailey Wall” by which the Court is surrounded, and which in its turn was once again further guarded by a steep embankment. This rampart, ascended by flights of steps, anciently protected by a parapet, embattled and pierced with loop-holes,

through which missiles could be projected, would be no mean addition to any place of defence; and though, as Mr. Gray, in an interesting lecture he once gave on the subject, well observes, this cannot be called an *original* specimen of a Norman fortress, because of the many alterations and repairs it has undergone, it has at least the merit of giving a good idea of one, because of the care with which the old features have been preserved in its restoration, even though a few Elizabethan ones have been added by the memorable Countess of Shrewsbury and her successors.

Beyond the Bailey Wall, stands the magnificent riding-house, erected by the celebrated Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Newcastle. Its somewhat modern French physiognomy contrasts strangely, yet not unpleasantly, with the Norman Castle and the ivied ruins beyond, to which it forms a foil; and those ruins would of themselves, were there no other vestige of antiquity in the neighbourhood, be worthy of a long pilgrimage by archæologist or historian. The large gallery, 220 feet in length and 22 in width, had rooms corresponding with it to complete the suite; and now taken altogether—Castle and court, rampart, riding-house, and ruin—the whole may be said to give us such a history in stone as few places of the same extent could surpass in England.

There have been so many speculations about the dates of different parts of these erections, that I embody with great pleasure some notes kindly furnished me by the Rev. J. H. Gray himself, who says:—

“The castellated portion of Bolsover, which is still inhabited and is in perfect repair, is reared exactly on the early Norman foundations; is of the precise extent and size of the Norman castle; and is built with the ancient Norman materials. Not only are the foundations Norman, the lowest portions of the castle are original; and if the lower walls were divested of their external facings, we should find the Norman masonry. In traversing the upper shrubbery walk which winds along the

steep bank under the Bailey Wall and below the Castle, the original Norman building is plainly to be perceived far above the foundations. The Norman character, moreover, has been strictly preserved in many very remarkable peculiarities of the internal arrangements, as well as in the strong central pillars and arches which distinguish most of the rooms in the two first stories. Any one conversant with Mediæval English Architecture will, at once, perceive in the interior of the mansion, the reproduction of Norman peculiarities not belonging to Elizabethan houses.

“The more modern ruins on the terrace have given rise to many idle surmises. Some have asserted that they were not built by the Marquis of Newcastle until after the Restoration. This is sufficiently refuted by the engravings in his great work on Horsemanship, published during his exile, in which the buildings on the terrace are delineated as they at present stand. And moreover, how could the Marquis of Newcastle have entertained King Charles, Queen Henrietta Maria, their court, and the gentry of the vicinity, if his accommodations had been limited to the old castle and to the *original* dimensions of the structure on the terrace?

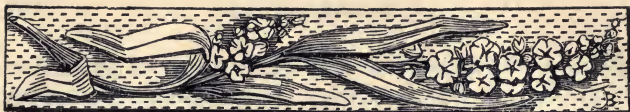
“Some persons have even carried the absurdity of their speculations so far as to doubt whether the palatial building on the terrace ever was finished! This is sufficiently refuted by the fact that Bassano in his “Church Notes” mentions the apartments in this building as furnished about the year 1710, and describes the pictures which were then in the different rooms. It may be added that the Duchess of Newcastle in some of her letters complains of the shameful way in which the Republicans had injured her Lord’s new work on the terrace.”

And now, on taking leave, let us not forget the interior as it at present appears. in the dim but appropriate evening-light. Even the servants’ hall and other rooms on the basement story are noble and lofty. In the first story, as it is explained to us, the pillars, though much more ornamented, rest so exactly over

those of the basement, that they might almost be regarded as a continuation. The arched roof of the drawing room is most beautifully carved—the central pillars being as elegant as massive, and the walnut wainscoting richly carved and gilt. The furniture of this room is chiefly Elizabethan; yet objects more modern are not wanting to indicate the affections of its present denizens, as witness that exquisite statue of their only daughter, executed in marble at Rome. The ante-room, drawing-room, and dining-room, are tastefully furnished in the style of Elizabeth and James the First's reigns. The entrance-hall is fitted up with oaken cabinets. The only large room in the mansion is the "star chamber." It is on the second story, is more than forty feet long, and is fitted up as a library and museum, including a splendid collection of Etruscan vases from Italy, and a number of interesting relics of the royal family of Stuart. And, indeed, the whole place so abounds with modern collections and adaptations of ancient things, as at almost every step to indicate the taste and research of Mr. Hamilton-Gray, who has resided in it more than thirty years.

Though furnished somewhat differently, perhaps, yet in many features just the same, must this famous place have been when the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle retired from public life, and making the most of their shattered fortunes, dwelt here—he, according to her own words "pleasing himself" with a few horse and manual exercises, whilst she devoted herself, though not without aid from him with the pen, to literature—to philosophy, poetry, and the drama—she dying in 1673, he in 1676, and both being buried in Westminster Abbey.

Such is a brief outline of this striking place and its history. It is too much regarded as a mere outpost of the county to be visited by every pilgrim of the Peak. But those who having never seen it think themselves conversant with all the attractions of Derbyshire, have still a great treat to come; and a day, or many days, at Bolsover, Hardwick, and the neighbourhood, would well repay a visit from any part of the country.



Chapter the Twelfth.

HARDWICK HALL.



AS a dark flashing eye to the human countenance, so is Hardwick to the face of the country—dark and bright at once, and glancing far and wide. Mrs. Jameson says its builder “must have had a passion for light.” What truth there may be in the popular idea that it has as many windows as there are days in the year, with as many divisions as there are hours, and as many panes as minutes, I cannot pretend to know ; but the light of the evening, as of the morning sun, is flashed back from its vast windows, as by burnished mirrors set in an ancient framework of stone, and makes it, whencesoever beheld, the cynosure of the landscape.

There are many places in England with the name of Hardwick, but this is by far the most noted of them all. Its history from the beginning is curious and interesting. At first, as appears by its name, it was a *herd-wick*, or place for the housing of the herd ; and whether it had that relation to some other place of distinction, as the neighbouring Hardwick of Kirkby had to Felley Abbey, I am not able to tell. But in early Anglo-Norman times it had become a place of importance. In the year 1203, King John granted it to Andrew de Beauchamp, and eighty-five years after, William de Stanesby (Stanesby is a hamlet hard by,) held it of John le Savage, by

the annual rendering of three pounds of cinnamon and one of pepper. For what qualities the said John was known to win him the surname of the Savage, or why he should be so fond of spices, or why a Stanesby man should be engaged to supply them, and so magnificent a return should be made, does not appear ; but the manor, after passing to William's grandson, John, in the year 1330, was in that of the Hardwicks, (a family that might well be proud to take its name from the place,) for six generations. The last of the name to whom the manor belonged, was Elizabeth, known in history and song, and in many a popular tradition, as "Bess of Hardwick." She was married while very young to a youth, Robert Barley, or Barlow, who shortly died and left her with a large addition to her already ample estates. She then married Sir William Cavendish, from whom descends the noble Duke who now owns the domain ; afterwards to Sir William St. Loe, a Captain of Queen Elizabeth's Guard ; and finally the Earl of Shrewsbury, some of whose family marrying with her own, added to and consolidated her still greater possessions, and so completed the foundation of a house represented by a most distinguished line of Earls and Dukes—the Dukes of Devonshire—of whom the present noble Lord Lieutenant of the County is seventh Duke and ninth Earl.

If Bess of Hardwick had a passion for light, she must have had at least an equal passion for building. The mansion she inherited from her forefathers was a hunting-palace of great magnificence, as its ivied ruins still standing by this more modern house still prove. But it did not content her ambitious and strongly executive spirit. Phrenology and physiognomy plainly tell us that she had abundance of constructiveness as well as destructiveness ; and she here gratified them both amazingly, though not to her heart's content—as witness Bolsover Castle and many another costly fabric which she made herself conspicuous in building or renovating. There is a well-known story of a prophecy that she would never die as

long as she continued building, and that when at length she gave up the ghost, it was because the frost had made it impossible for her workmen to proceed. But this was not while they were building the present Hall of Hardwick, in which, when completed, she could proudly sit and gaze on that of her ancestors, so capriciously dismantled and reduced to ruin; for here it still flourishes under her signature of E. S., (Elizabeth Shrewsbury,) repeated in every possible place, to show how determined she was to stamp with her own individuality whatever engaged her thought or hand.

There are many ancient roads about Hardwick, strikingly characteristic of the places from and to which they tend—some winding up among old yews and oaks, from Sherwood Forest; some through rocky and streamy hollows, by lonely clacking mills; some from the neighbouring villages and hamlets, crossed here and there by wide-swinging gates; and others, beautifully laid out—broad, ducal drives and rides, proclaiming that the scenes they lead to, though ancient, are not too old to be usefully enjoyed. If you approach it from Bolsover Castle, it may be by Palterton, Glapwell Hall, and Rowthorne, while the rich view of Scarsdale, with Sutton Hall in its centre, and the hills of the North Peak beyond it, delights you all the way. If you come from Chesterfield, why, turn down from Heath village. If from Clay Cross railway-station, go up by North Wingfield, down by Astwood, and thence along the field-path, and be as happy as I once was myself, when conducting a band of boys and telling them local traditions as we went along. If you go from Wingfield or Alfreton, find your way through Tibshelf and Harstoft; or from Mansfield, then up by Pleasley village and Newbound Mill. But if from the Sutton-in-Ashfield station, on the Erewash Valley Line, then you cannot do better than go by Skegby and Teversall, which would make a walk of about five miles for the willing pedestrian; while those not disposed to walk so far, may run by rail to Mansfield and there hire a vehicle according to choice



at the Swan inn. There is a good inn, the Devonshire Arms, (called in my young days the New Inn, though centuries old,) at the foot of the hill on the south-west side of Hardwick Park, to which carriages may be taken, and accommodation secured by those who require it.

But whatever the way by which the Hall is reached, there is great reward as, with its ample park around it, well-wooded and well stocked with deer of various kinds, it more and more wins, then commands and rivets attention. In approaching from the south-west the ruins of the old Hall seem to form one mass with the new one; nor is this illusion entirely dispelled till the place is gained. This done, the distinction is seen, and the contrast is very striking—the Elizabethan mansion, with its outposts quaint and formal, yet statesque and imposing, standing quite apart, as if ashamed to be one with, yet not altogether ashamed to own, its elder relative hard by; the latter, broken, fragmentary, pensive, and highly picturesque, lingering as though it mourned having been banished before its time into the past, or as if it still waited till the newer house, already ancient and hoary, should be like itself, a ruin—which similitude may Heaven long time forfend! The effect is very different as you approach from the north-east. From that side the new House has a dignified and solitary look, and is so little defended or encumbered by anything external, as the antlered deer graze just before its low-descending windows, that one almost marvels at the mingled air of dignity, security and freedom which reigns around it. It unmistakeably testifies to having been built in a peaceful reign; and how such a place could have escaped unscathed in the days of civil conflict and violence, when Bolsover, Sutton, Wingfield, and even Newstead, suffered so severely, speaks well for the reputation of the owner, or the deferential feeling of the belligerents for so noble a pile.

Standing on the verge of a plain, on the eastern border of the county, about seven miles from Chesterfield, six from Mansfield, and three from Bolsover Castle,—its park descend-

ing abruptly on the western side down to the there reserved waters of a little rivulet, and extending for some distance on the east in a perfect level—Hardwick Hall has great advantage of position, and is one of the finest specimens of undecayed Elizabethan architecture in the land. It commands views stretching far up into the Peak of Derbyshire and the hills of West Yorkshire; and, in a contrary direction over the woody plains of what, in the days when it was built, was Sherwood Forest. It is a building of light grey stone, to which time, the weather, and vegetation, have here and there given a slight dash of green. The east and west fronts have low piazzas, and great square towers give finish and effect to the ends. Open parapets surround the roof, distinguished by a frequent recurrence of the initials E. S. and the coronet in stone. The flower-garden, at the west front, which is entered from the park by a gate between octagonal lodges, is laid out in keeping with the style of the building; and horticulture, like architecture, is made to do homage to the memory of "E. S.," the date of the building being also preserved with the initials, in carefully cultivated verdure and flowers.

You enter the great hall, and find most things there in keeping with the external aspect—much as the proud daughter of an ancient race of hunters left it. The dark wainscoting, the heavy gallery with its oaken balustrade, and a magnificent pair of elk's horns, branching out to a width of nine feet, all strike the eye, and modern taste also asserts its sway in a fine statue in Maltese stone, of Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott, on a pedestal of variegated stone in front of which is inscribed—"Maria Regina Scotorum, Nata 1542; a suis in exilium acta, 1568; ab hospitâ neci data, 1587."—You pass up to the chapel and note its rare altar-cloth, and the pictures of saints under canopies of wrought needle work, hung round the rails. You see the great dining room on the same floor, over the chimney-piece of which is the date of 1597—the year in which it is supposed the edifice was completed. Then



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Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire.

Photographed by J. A. Warwick.

there is the state-room of audience, nearly sixty-five feet long, by thirty-three wide, and more than twenty-six high. At one end is a state canopy, and in another place a bed with most ancient hangings. The story of Ulysses is represented on the rich tapestry with which this room is hung, and plaster figures in *bas relief* add their mythical tale.

On the same floor is the famous Portrait Gallery, a hundred and seventy feet long and twenty-six wide, containing tapestry probably brought from the old house, or from Chatsworth, and bearing the date of 1478; and though many of the portraits are copies, some of them have great interest. There is nothing more invidious than, in a flying sketch, to specify a few in so great a number and leave the rest unnoticed; yet are there some, not only in this gallery but in other parts of the house, one does not wish to forget—historical as well as family portraits. Queen Elizabeth is there in her well-known costume; Mary Queen of Scots, her beauty paling; and gentle, sedate and sweet, the Lady Jane Grey. The Countess of Shrewsbury, the builder of the mansion, of course is there, and many members or connections of the Cavendish family distinguished both in earlier and later times. And there is one portrait which, while kings and queens, gallant lords and ladies fair, are unnamed, is always noticed by the well-read class of visitors—that of Thomas Hobbes, “the philosopher of Malmesbury,” who lived some time as a tutor in the family, and of whom several curious anecdotes are related. One of them is, that every evening, when his duties of tutor had ceased and those of student commenced, that nothing might interrupt him, he was wont to have five or six pipes charged with tobacco and laid parallel on the table before him; then taking them up to smoke in the order in which they lay, and lighting each one in its turn as its precursor was finished, as soon as the last was burnt out he would quit his studies for the night and retire. He died in the ninety-second year of his age, and his remains are interred at the neighbouring parish church of

Ault Hucknall, where also repose the ashes of some of the Family.

It would require much more space than this little book will afford me, to describe all the tapestries with their stories, the historical relics, and the pictures that abound, or even the rooms that contain them, as they ought to be described. And indeed Mrs. Jameson, William Howitt, and other favorite writers, have rendered it needless here to make the attempt. Nor need I revive the old question as to whether Mary Queen of Scots was ever confined here or no. She might possibly have been in the old house, on a brief visit or call, while in custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but the new house was not built before her death. It is true that over a door of one of the bedrooms are her arms and cypher, and in another room are memorials of the needle-work she is said to have done for the beguilement of her captivity—including a bed, a set of hangings and some chairs. But it is pretty certain that these must have been brought from Chatsworth, or other places, since she was very long in the custody of the Earl, and at many places; while nothing would be more natural than that, after her death, as many of her things as could be collected would be brought to one place as to a sort of reliquary; and where so likely, after the old house of Chatsworth was burnt and that of Hardwick dismantled, as here?

There is no need to resort to fiction or fable to render Hardwick, old or new, interesting: it has an interest of its own surpassing all coined romance—a charm felt by every visitor but which it is impossible to convey in words. Go in whatever season, or approach it from whatever quarter we may, there is about it an air of its own—an unborrowed grandeur—that not many other houses, if any, of the same rank and age can boast. And passing on from the new to the ruins of the old house which has one room left entire, as an index to the amplitude and magnificence of its prime, what a day-dream might not the antiquary, the archaeologist, the painter, or the poet, enjoy!

That old room, fifty-five feet six inches long, by thirty feet six inches wide, and twenty-four feet six inches high, is said to have been a model for the large room at Blenheim ; and when one looks at the emblematic devices in plaster which still line its walls, and think of the noble landscapes the views from its windows commanded, it gives one more faith in the taste of other days than modern scepticism accords, and wins deep respect for the spirit that now delights in preserving it as much as possible from further decay.





Chapter the Thirteenth.

OVER THE MOORS.

NEXT to sky and sea, what can be more sublime than the mountain-moorlands—so subdued in their grandeur, so calm in their wildness, so like in their general character, yet in particulars so various! With rocks picturesque and towering here and there, and now and then cheerful islands of richer and livelier green, how solemnly they undulate beneath the vast expanse of sky, like an ocean arrested in its motion—its billows suspended, and its spray suddenly changed into blossoms of purple, with occasional sprinklings too of silver and gold!

Having already, in my former work, "The Peak and the Plain—Scenes in Woodland, Field, and Mountain," said so much of the moorland portion of the county, I now feel some diffidence in approaching it again. Yet why should it be so, with a theme so exhaustless that it can never die till the heather's bloom, the moorfowl's "whir-r," and the poet's love of unsophisticated nature, have ceased for ever? Come away with me once again, and let us have at least one more breathing, where you may get any amount of pure air without help of sanitary commissioners; laugh, shout, or sing, as loudly as you like, without offence to decorum or injury to your neighbour's nerves; or be silent, if you prefer, without risk of dis-

courtesy ; where a wide-awake hat and a free-and-easy coat will be in the height of fashion ; and where, as long as you avoid setting up for what you are not, and taking liberties off the many roads without leave, or wantonly disturbing that which does not concern you at all, you may enjoy the poet's, painter's, naturalist's or gipsy's share, to your heart's content. And more than that. You will be able to return home with thankfulness that "the lungs of Old England," as William Howitt somewhere calls them, have not yet entirely collapsed ; but that there is space for breathing, as well as for gazing around you on scenes that contrast so strikingly with those of the tame but toilsome world you ordinarily inhabit, as to give a most delicious holiday to the faculties you have over-strained, by calling into full play many that are usually too latent : since mind and body alike are rested by change of occupation, and nothing more expands the one or invigorates the other than a free ramble—whether alone or with some warm-hearted and tasteful friend—where the air is fresh and elastic, the natural spirits untrammelled, and the vision as unconfined as possible.

Were you in the neighbourhood of Buxton I should advise you to climb to the top of Axe-Edge—so called from its shape as it seems to cleave the sky—and while to the south you had a most extensive and beautiful view of more pastoral if not more cultivated lands, you would have a northern, or rather north-eastern prospect of dusky moorlands stretching away, to use the country phrase, "as far as your eye could carry you." On the other hand, if you started from the neighbourhood of Matlock, and rose out of Darley Dale to the right—or from Rowsley, and over Beeley Hill-top—a short walk from either would bring you on to the great belt extending behind Chatsworth, Baslow, Curbar (a corruption of *Carberg*, the rocky hill,) and Froggatt Edge, to Longshaw, Burbage, and North Stanage, and ultimately fading far away in the neighbouring counties. There are other large tracts, some of them adjoining these and others isolated. Indeed there was a time when almost every

parish, in the upper part of the county, had its “patch of moor.” But so much is now enclosed, or intersected by cultivated land, that what are at present commonly spoken of as “the Derbyshire Moors,” may be said to lie chiefly on the east side of the Derwent and about its sources—culminating, perhaps, between Hathersage and Sheffield, where the dark rocks of Caelswark and Higgar give a picturesque coronal to the



landscape, and near which is the Duke of Rutland's favourite and famous shooting-lodge of Longshaw.

Let us go up to these scenes with Ebenezer Elliott, in his “Village Patriarch,” commencing near Sheffield, where

“Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
Flung from black mountains, mingle and are one,
Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand,
And eldest forests, o'er the sylvan Don,
Bid their immortal brother journey on,
A stately pilgrim, watch'd by all the hills.

“The moors! All hail, ye changeless, ye sublime,
That seldom hear a voice, save that of Heaven!
Scorners of chance, and fate, and death, and time,
But not of Him whose viewless hand hath riven
The chasm through which the mountain stream is driven!

How like a prostrate giant—not in sleep,
 But listening to his beating heart—ye lie!
 With winds and clouds dread harmony ye keep;
 Ye seem alone beneath the boundless sky;
 Ye speak, are mute—and there is no reply.
 Here all is sapphire light and glowing land,
 Blue, brilliant sky, above a sable sea
 Of hills like chaos, ere the first command,
 ‘Let there be light!’ bade light and beauty be.

* * * * *

This scene is ancient, Enoch must allow.
 Marble is less enduring than the flower
 That wither’d ages hence, and withers now,
 Where, black as night, th’ unaltered mountains tower,
 And baffled Time sees things that mock his power.
 I thank ye, billows of a granite sea,
 That the bribed plough, defeated, halts below!
 And thanks, majestic barrenness! to thee.

* * * * *

Hail to the tempest’s throne, the cloud’s high road,
 Lone as the aged sky, and hoary main!
 The path we tread the ancient outlaws trode;
 Where no man bideth Locksley’s band abode,
 And urged the salient roe through bog and brake.

* * * * *

These are not common moments, nor is this
 A common scene. Hark, how the coming wind
 Booms, like the coming dirge of woe and bliss,
 And life, and form, and mind, and all that is!
 How like the wafture of a world-wide wing
 It sounds and sinks—and all is hushed again.

* * * * *

Hail! silence of the desert!—I speak low
 In reverence—here the falcon’s wing is awed,
 As o’er the deep repose, sublimely slow,
 He wheels in conscious majesty abroad.
 Spirits should make the desert their abode.
 The meekest, purest, mightiest that e’er wore
 Dust as a garment, stole from crowds unblest
 To sea-like forests, or the sea-beat shore,
 And utter’d on the star-sought mountain’s breast
 The holiest precepts e’er to dust address’d.”

One of the most remarkable accompaniments of the savage wildness of the moors, is the loveliness of the country which everywhere forms their selva. From no quarter can they be approached but through lands of the richest beauty. Trace any of the rivulets converging at Sheffield to its source—from “the Sheaf that mourns in Eden” to the “trilling Yewden”—and by the time you get to “the stream’s mother-house,” as the German’s call a mountain-well, looking back occasionally in the ascent, not a little will be your amazement at the luxuriance of the landscapes around and below you. And yet even more luxuriant still is much of the country bordering their western side. Stanton and Darley Dale; Chatsworth in all its ducal pride; Haddon in its more venerable grandeur; and further up, beyond Stoke into Hathersage (*i. e.* the Edge of the Heather,) and Hope Dale and Edale, Brookfield and North Lees—with their wooded slopes and terraces, meadow-farms, and winding streams—England scarcely boasts anywhere richer or sunnier scenes of verdure and fruitfulness. Yet are these the places from which you may gain by a few minutes’ ride or ramble the shores of those waving seas of heather, that swell and sink before the eye to its remotest ken—specked occasionally, as we have already said, by some pastoral isle; beacons here and there by some lonely watch-tower of a keeper’s dwelling, or cromlech-like tor—or, just once and away, an ancient, storm-bowed tree, solitary and distant as an ocean sail. Sometimes, it is true, but very seldom, you catch sight of a modern plantation of pines and larches—more frequently of a strange and unaccountable scattering or assemblage of hoary rocks—perhaps, in the distance, not unlike a caravan of the desert at halt; and near to these again another, not unlike the city to which they might be bound, with its ruined bastions and towers—its pinnacles and its turrets—its altars and shrines. And, indeed, judging by the druidical circles, the barrows and other relics near, it is not improbable that some of them were actually for purposes of defence, or worship,

or both, the familiar haunts of our aboriginal forefathers and their druid-teachers.

One can well imagine the motives such primitive people had for gathering in such localities at certain times of the year. If the bilberry and cranberry abounded then, as now, and the blackgame came, as now, to batten on them ; while hares had their runs and conies their little dens below, and the rivers in the vallies furnished fish in plenty ; a variety of edibles could be thus obtained which even a modern gourmand might smack his lips at and covet. Nor was this all. There are many proofs that bleak though these moorlands are at present, there was a time when they abounded, in places, with valuable timber for shelter and with under-wood for fuel. And then, the sweet natural fountains and brooks, for water ! All things considered, it needs no great stretch of credulity to suppose a time when these now wide solitudes were peopled by a free and happy race—ere the Romans encamped on Mam Tor and Ribber, or at Brough and Chesterfield, to hold them in subjection and awe.

A word we have just said about the springs and brooks, some of which are so beautiful and wild that one scarcely wonders at Elliott, while gazing on one of them, exclaiming—

“ Would that I were a river
To wander all alone,
Through some sweet Eden of the wild,
In music of my own ;
And bathed in bliss, and fed with dew,
Distill'd o'er mountains hoary,
Return unto my home in heaven
On wings of joy and glory ! ”

Taken for all in all, I doubt if any of them surpass those that descend to Sheffield—having their birth in Derbyshire, but falling soon into Yorkshire—unless we except the Burbage-brook, descending eastward of Higgartor and Caelswark, down past Longshaw, and through Yarncliff Woods to Padley Mill

and the Derwent, near Grindleford Bridge. Even as you cross it by the bridge on the Sheffield and Castleton road, between Fox House and Millstone Edge, its voice meets you, as it



hurries away, among the scattered stone and heather, into the woods below, where crossed by little Swiss bridges and forming a series of natural cascades, it presents, with its wild accompaniments of rock and wood and fern, as many exquisite little pictures in one short mile as might not unworthily fill an artist's portfolio.

To him who may have crossed the moors in various directions, and in all seasons and weathers, as I have done, the lines from Elliott's "Village Patriarch" will come home with great significance and power. Yet not entirely "changeless"

are their aspects in any season, or on any day, between the hour

“When misty morning calleth up
Her mountains one by one,”

And that when

“Twilight grey
Foldeth *her* misty skirts and hies away.”

On some days I have seen nearly as many changes on the face of the moors as could have occurred in the same time on the face of the ocean, or of the heavens above it. The misty morn—the bright forenoon—the mid-day haze of intense sunshine—the thunder-cloud of afternoon, and the bursting storm—with the bright and sweet evening-calm into which all nature subsided when it was over—have each, in turn, produced such a magical change in these landscapes, as to make the staying in one place as interesting as, in other circumstances, would have been so many changes of country. To shelter at Owler Bar Inn, and gaze over the country thence seen in alternate shower and shine; or to linger at Fox House when the lightnings are playing about the sombre summits of Higgar and Caelswark; and afterwards to wander out while the glittering rain-drops, in millions of millions, still bead the blooming heather, and then descend to Hathersage by Millstone Edge, or ride down to Baslow and Edensor, and across Chatsworth Park to Rowsley, in the delicious sunset hour, is a treat I have more than once enjoyed; nor do I expect much higher enjoyment of the same kind ever again in this world. “Sunset on the Derbyshire Moors,” by Lord John Manners—how different from the poetry I have quoted from the Corn Law Rhymers! yet not less beautiful is it in another way, and not less truthful to another mood and time, when his lordship says:—

“Upon the distant mountain crests
Lie Alps of snow-white clouds;
Softening the Westering sunbeam’s blaze,
A haze all Nature shrouds.

" In changeful shapes the shadows fall
On rugged Higger Tor,
A mellow'd glory fills the dell,
And gilds each darksome scaur.

" Red berries deck each craggy nook,
And the ever-daring fern
Peeps through the yawning rents of rock,
And waves on masses stern.

" That western haze is ruffled awhile,
And the leaves on the alder trees
Which girdle the brook new tints reveal
Beneath the low whispering breeze.

" The breeze has pass'd and the leaves return
To their wonted tints again,
As through the blaze of the sun's last rays
Struggle scant drops of rain.

" With a merry splash and a sparkling grace
On the thirsty rocks they fall,
Then are seen no more as the Rainbow comes
Obedient at their call.

" The throstle chaunts his even-song,
And the moorbird's shrilly note,
And the bleatings wild of the mountain sheep,
In magic cadence float.

" Sweet odours rise from the moisten'd earth
As incense with that song ;
And the Poet sighs for the Prophet's power
Such daylight to prolong.

" But the sun has sunk o'er Hazelbach,
Dark is each western height,
Gone are the rainbow hues : fair scenes
And fairer hopes—Good night ! "



Chapter the Fourteenth.

DOWN THE DERWENT.

TAKELESS, yet not waterless, but abounding in beautiful rivers and rivulets, that give life and freshness to its winding vales, it is no wonder that Derbyshire should have been from immemorial time a favourite resort of the angler and the naturalist, as well as of the painter and the poet. Trickling from ferny and mossy dells, purling from crystal caves and mountain-wells,—now coming down in little cascades like waving chains of silver, and anon islanded with tiny rocklets as their currents expand and catch the blue tint of heaven or reflect the dark green of overshadowing cliffs and woods,—the nameless and numberless runnels that conspire to form our main streams are nearly all them worthy of exploration to their very springs; for their music is often as sweet as their waters are pure, and the scenery through which they pour is everywhere so gladdened by their falls, their loiterings, or their gentle glide.

Behold the Derwent! What a thoroughly Derbyshire river! True, it has not the majesty of the Trent, the wildness of the Dove, or the transparency throughout of some of the minor streams; yet has it sometimes a graceful and dignified sweep through expanding meads; a loud and foaming rush among crags that lift their heads sublimely to the skies; or a course through winding glades, where light and shadow in succession,

play with its ripples and arrowy waves,—its murmurs below blending harmoniously with the rustlings of the foliage above, and forming a fine under-current of soft sound to the singing of birds and all the other glad voices that sooth the wanderer on his way or enliven the angler in his more stationary retreat.

Yet to how many lesser rivers and rivulets of very different character is it indebted for its ample and sweeping current! From what numbers of little mountain cloughs and mossy springs do those waters converge, and run down from the Yorkshire border to the grey and quiet village that shares its name of Derwent! And then the Ashop, a similar gathering from the cloughs and springs of Kinderscout,—how blithely it comes through “the Woodlands,” to add to its waters near Ashopton; while Ladybower-brook comes pouring in from the opposite side, almost as if to meet and greet it. From this time the Derwent becomes an important stream. Through Bamford Vale it pours along, there turning some cotton mills, and where it sweeps round into Hope Dale it receives the Nowe, or Nough, from the neighbourhood of Castleton, and grows more river-like still every mile it goes.

And let us here say a special word or two of the Nough and its aids; for its origin and course are very remarkable. Its furthest feeder is a brook, rising in the midst of a wild, pastoral and hilly country several miles above Castleton, and through which passes the road to Chapel-in-Frith and Buxton. Up there, near to the road-side, is a place called “the Swallow Holes,” where the waters of the brook are all swallowed up by some little caverns, and disappear from human observation, until they form a deep cascade in the Speedwell Mine, after which they are again lost until they emerge at last into daylight at the foot of the rock on which stand the remains of Peveril Castle, over the great Peak Cavern, at Castleton. The identity of the stream throughout this subterranean game at “hide and seek” is proved by floating materials, thrown in at the Swallow Holes, or in the Speedwell Mine, finding their

way out again with the water at Castleton. The Swallow Holes are near the foot of a very lofty hill, from which to the north there is a considerable spread of less mountainous country; yet little hillocks abound, and some of these on the bank of the brook are very curious, leaving the tourist rather uncertain as to whether they are natural or artificial. There are a few farm-houses and a cottage very near; and from one of these I one day saw a fine old farmer walking forth. His look was dignified and patriarchal. He wore a somewhat broad hat, slightly turned up behind, and a long coat of antique cut, that made him an impersonation of times far back. Wishing to know such a man's opinion of the scenes among which he dwelt, I quietly asked him if he or his neighbours knew anything of those mounds, and how they came into existence. Deliberately placing his open hand behind his ear, he replied in a manly tone, but with the peculiar expression of people hard of hearing—"I'm very deaf, sir, and am na' quite sure that I understand exactly what you say'n." So I reiterated more loudly—"Do the people about here know anything of those mounds—whether they are natural, or were they made or altered by man, and, if so, for what purpose?" On which, still keeping his hand behind his ear, and looking reverently up at the hills and the sky, then down again on the stream and the little mounds, he replied in a tone of awe that gave double interest to what he said, "Well, I amna' sure that ony on 'em knows much about it: *please God, sir, they were left by the flood!*" The reader may smile, and justly so, at such a reply; but the scene, the time, the man, his manner, and sentiment, touched my own soul with a feeling of reverence that lasted for hours, as I wandered about in a country which impresses one, in some sense, with the mystery and wonder of all creation.

Well, as before said, the Nough coming down by its subterranean channel to Castleton, and then flowing forth through the village street, it receives the Bradwell Brook from the south, near Brough, and the Ea, from Edale, as it flows along. The

Bradwell Brook comes through Bradwell village, from the country between Castleton and Eyam; it is a clear and beautiful stream. The Ea comes from a nook within a nook, called Grinesbrook, and winds sweetly through Edale, where we shall come again anon: so now that the Derwent has received all these joyous outpourings of yon western hills and caves, let us follow it on through this poet's paradise, which still for some miles bears the name of Hope Dale—one of the loveliest dales in Derbyshire—perhaps one of the loveliest in all England.

It would be impossible to describe every stream that comes headlong down from the moors, or glides in gentle beauty from the meadows into the Derwent, as it speeds away through the valley below and beyond Hathersage Booths. There is one that hurries down to it, through Dunge Clough, from Highlow, and another from the woods and lawns of Leam soon after. These are on its western side; and on its eastern side comes in the Hay-brook, from Brookfield Dale at Hathersage, and afterwards the Burbage Brook not far from Grindleford Bridge; and beyond that its course is very beautiful through the pleasaunces of Stoke Hall, on leaving which it receives contributions from Eyam Dell and Middleton (Stony Middleton) Dale, near where it moves the machinery of Calver Mills. At Baslow falls in a fine moorland stream from the east, coming nearly parallel for some distance with the road from Owler Bar; and from Baslow it bears away through Chatsworth with increased amplitude, in keeping with the new scenes it helps to enliven in that magnificent domain.

Leaving Chatsworth Park, and descending through some low and verdant meadows by Beeley to Rowsley, it is there joined by the united waters of the Wye and Lathkil, which we shall have to return to and explore ere long, and then enters Darley Dale, where we have already watched its windings by Matlock Village into Matlock Dale—its lavings there of the feet of the High Tor and the Hag Rocks—its rush over the weir at Masson Mills, and its lapse along the foot of Willersley slopes,

through Scarthing Meadows, and round by Wood End, under Lea Hurst, and by Whatstandwell Bridge to Amber Gate,—looked down upon in all that route by picturesque rocks and wooded hills, and joined now and then by copious brooks and gushing fountains,—as by the Bonsall and Via-Gellian brook at Cromford, and the outlet of Wirksworth Moor Sough, which is the drain of a great lead-mine, near Alderwasley.

The Amber coming from Kelstedge and Ashover, by Ogston, Ford, Amber Mills, Wingfield, and Buckland Hollow, with many beautiful windings, falls in very near to Amber Gate, after which the Derwent journeys on, sometimes almost resting as if to form a lake, then turning Belper and Milford Mills,* then receiving the Ecclesbourne, which comes down from near Wirksworth, by Alton, Windley, and Farnah Meadows to Duffield, and so bearing down, with all its accumulated power, and with a grace quite equal to its growing force, by Allestree and Darley Abbey and Mills to Derby. And let us here linger awhile and speak more of the scenes in this part of its course, since lying somewhat off the road, and not seen thence so clearly even as many objects at a greater distance, they were scarcely glanced at in our chapter of a “Journey to Matlock,” though nowhere, perhaps, can the river lay claim to more interesting historical and social relations.

Not far from this Darley, near Derby, (which the remote reader must not confound with Darley-in-the-Dale, being somewhere about twenty miles below it,) there are, to this day, slight remnants of a bridge by which the Romans, when they occupied the present site of Little Chester, crossed to and from the western bank, where yet linger the remains of a monastery

* Between Duffield and Milford, on the eastern bank, is Makeney old Hall, now a farm-house, but remarkable as the birth-place of John Bradshaw, president of the council which passed sentence on King Charles I.—a very different house from the New Hall, the larger residence of Mr. Anthony Strutt, or Makeney Lodge, the cheery modern residence of Mr. Alfred Holmes—both of which are near it.

founded in the reign of Henry I, incorporated with some dwelling-houses, and strikingly contrasting with the works of modern enterprise and munificence that surround them, owing their rise to the family of Evans, various members of which have done much, in many ways, to enrich and advance the neighbourhood and make their own prosperity a blessing to the people they employ. Both cotton and paper are extensively manufactured there; and you might travel far without finding a more complete association of past and present, or a more convenient and orderly location of factories and work-people's homes, in relation to proprietary residences, schools, and the church—evincing something like the compactness of an ancient feudality, only not feudal at all, but peaceful, and accordant with the advancing spirit of the age. This village is noted for having a very large school-room, no public house, and a very small lock-up.

From Darley to Derby, the Derwent is wide, calm, and deep enough, not only for some ordinary purposes of navigation, but for well arranged regattas on a scale of which broader rivers might well be proud; and soon after it is made to move the works of foundries and factories—one of the latter being the first silk mill that was erected in England, minutely described in worthy William Hutton's History of Derby, as one of the marvels of his day, but now surpassed in size by some of the more modern erections in its neighbourhood. Almost the Derwent's last work before taking leave of the town of Derby, is to send off, by a side-sluiice, such waters as do not foam over a large weir or feed the Canal, to turn the machinery of Pegg, Harper and Co.'s celebrated colour-works, where move about numbers of men, who, from the nature of their occupation, have skins of so many hues that you might almost fancy them the representatives of all "the coloured races" of the earth.

And now away it finally sweeps through the broad and level meadows, but with many graceful curves, to join the Trent, at Wilne—smiled upon by Elvaston Castle, and sometimes adding

the useful to the beautiful, as at Borrowash Mills. Near to those works is a long and shady walk, formed by the late venerable John Towle, on the river-side, and a fine old salmon-leap, where the falling waters, the over-arching trees, and a variety of subordinate objects in harmonious keeping, make altogether a lovely vignette, to be borne away and treasured in the memory of every visitor for whom the quiet and unpretending aid which the taste of man sometimes lends to nature has any charm.

I can scarcely imagine a finer treat of its kind, for any person who had the leisure, than to trace the Derwent upwards from its estuary, and to make detours up its principal feeders, and look thence down on its main course from the hills that give those tributaries birth. Or, should he happen to start from the northern side of the county, what more exhilarating pastime, than to descend by one tributary, turn back by another, and descend again by a third—as might be done with the Nough from Castleton, the Ea up to Grinesbrook, and the Ashop down to Ashopton—thence following the course of the Derwent itself—towards Derby? How pleasant it would be to do so, lingering at Hathersage, Leam, Padley Wood, Baslow, Edensor, Chatsworth, Rowsley, Darley Dale, Matlock, Willersley, and Whatstandwell, by the way;—or make diversions up the Burbage Brook to Caelswark and Higgarr, and the stream that comes from Stoney Middleton and Eyam; the Amber, up by Wingfield and Ogston to Ashover; or the Ecclesbourne from Duffield up by “The Puss in Boots” towards Ideridgehay and Wirksworth! Few rivers are characterised by prettier “reaches,”—beautiful water-glades through groves of bending trees and aisles of towering rock,—with now and then an opening out into the most fruitful or pastoral scenes, where picturesque bridges, clustering villages, scattered dairy-farms, and an occasional patrician mansion, tell the rural history of England in language infinitely more eloquent than that of books, and kindle feelings of patriotism more powerful than the most

studied oratory could inspire ! I could hardly own any man for an Englishman who should wander through a Derbyshire Dale, or look along it from the heights by which it is skirted, without an increasing love of country, of nature, and of nature's God, as the result of such experience, and an increasing desire to do those deeds which correspond in their spirit to a country so ennobled and so blest.

Of all the rivers of England there is perhaps not one so noted for the sudden rise and lapse of its waters, on the melting of the snows or the occurrence of summer storms. Even no higher up the stream than Chatsworth, there is an annual average of thirteen inches more rain than at Derby, and further up the country a higher average still. For this, and for all the ordinary supply, such rapid descent is afforded by the steep cloughs and gullies and mountain roads, that whenever a sudden thaw or unusual down-pouring occurs, the normal channel of the river is very soon overfilled, and on rushes the swelling and boiling torrent till it becomes majestic—almost terrific—as it breaks at last from the confines of the mountain-gorges into the plain. It is sometimes easy to tell as low down as Derby, by the colour of the water, over which of the tributaries an up-country storm has broken. If out on the heather-side, about the Yorkshire border or the Longshaw and Chatsworth moors, down comes the deluge somewhat the colour of good coffee ; if from the limestone districts, almost the colour of cream to it ; and in the proportion in which both colours happen to be blended you may calculate pretty nearly how far the storm has been partial or general. Some fine morning, you may walk as far as Derwent Bank or Darley Abbey, and see the river winding quietly along, with its wonted grace and its usual flow. At noon you look again, and on it comes with the force of a little Niagara through the open flood-gates and over the great weir of Darley Mills, and thence spreads out until the meadows, as far as the Trent, form a series of lakes, which, if that river be also full, soon extend as far or farther

down than Nottingham. And in the evening, on walking forth again, you may not impossibly find it subsiding to its ordinary volume, and discern only by the drift and water-mark left on the shore that there has been a great flood at all—save for the pools and lakelets that still linger here and there down the distant meadows. Thus, as says John Allen—

“From dusky moors the varied stream descends,
Darts from the hills, and through the valleys bends,
Skirts the wild mountain, glances by the glade,
And leaps in passionate foam the steep cascade ;
Dilates and lingers, verdant banks between,
As proud to grace, and loth to quit the scene,
Where much that Nature grand and lovely shows,
Is join'd with all that Wealth or Art bestows.”

But let us now leave the Derwent and go up the Wye.





Chapter the Fifteenth.

UP THE WYE.

IF all the waters that devote themselves to the Derwent, there is none more lovely than the winding Wye—none more copious, limpid, or swift—or the more picturesque parts of which you may reach with greater facility—especially when the railway now forming by its side shall be completed. How far the railway may interfere with its beauty or its quietude is of course a question. But, happen what may, there are some of its more peculiar natural features which will bid defiance to all that is likely to be wrought by art or artifice to mar them, and bear to future ages memorial-glimpses of what this sweet Derbyshire valley could boast in ante-railway days.

Climb with me from Rowsley to Stanton Hill-side, and look down. See with what a serpentine course the Wye comes gleaming along the meadowy vale from the north, while that other clear stream, the Lathkill, comes as rapidly from the west, as though it were a race as to which could first reach the Derwent; then falling in love with each other by the way, and so being united, they glide into that river as one, and become instantly lost in the beauty of Darley Dale.

But let us first trace the Wye, as it unfolds its successive gleams along the meadows, by where Haddon Hall is enjoying its ancient repose in the sun, and where it is watched too by

fair mansions of modern aspect from where the homes of Bakewell are seen gathering round yon spire. What a primitive calm rests on that landscape, but with what a steady pulsation of useful life! If we go down and explore, we shall find, near Haddon, a little isolated rock between the road and the river, on which most curiously grows an old yet-leaving tree—index to some far-off time when utility respected nature; for the spot is surrounded by rich signs of olden cultivation. In truth, the vale of Bakewell, from Rowsley up to Ashford, is not unfrequently called “the Garden of the Peak;” and though the country about Chatsworth and many another fair locality might now contest that honour, there can be no doubt that in times gone by such a title was not unworthily given.

Famous as resorts for anglers are Rowsley and Bakewell, where inns with all the comfort of country homes and with the ease and freedom of London club-houses, afford good refreshment by day and the snuggest rest at night. For the first two miles above Bakewell-bridge, the Wye has fewer windings than for the same distance below; but it is not without its compensating charms. Where the mansion of Castle Hill looks upon it as it comes down the meadow and reaches the bridge, it is broad and river-like, lending life and beauty to all through which it flows. Above Lumsford Mills its waters are reserved, and it has necessarily some artificial associations; but as we proceed upwards we find it, in front of Lord Cavenish’s elegant seat of Ashford Hall, forming or feeding an expanse of water sufficiently ample and lovely to make us half-regret having said before that Derbyshire could boast no lakes; and from this point the higher we ramble the more romantic and interesting we find its course.

Ah, who can tell thy charms, sweet Monsal Dale! Leaving the truly old English village of Ashford-in-the-Water, its clean little inn, and its pleasant river and road-side villas; we mark the Wye coming down on our left, and somewhat beyond, among the quarried hills, the marble-mines for which the

neighbourhood is so noted. Further on we come to little ponds of the most limpid water, and presently arrive at a bridge, near the entrance to the rocky pass of Taddington Dale. Up to the right from this bridge winds Monsal Dale, between wild wooded hills and the most smooth and lovely slopes; and here the Derbyshire Wye may be said in some degree to rival its famous namesake of the west in romantic beauty. True, its banks are not so lofty as to be called sublime; there is no Chepstow Castle or Wind-cliff looking down upon it, nor is there any venerable ruin like Tintern Abbey by its side. Yet might many passages of Wordsworth's favourite poem on the View near Tintern find fit application here; for the jutting rocks, the woods of various hue, the pastoral farms, the lowly cottages, the up-curling smoke, the sunny stream, the rippling rapids, the familiar stepping stones and lovely maiden crossing them, the kine knee-deep at the river's bend, the lone figure of the distant angler, and the swallows at play, with the soothing accompaniment of "a sweet inland murmur" through all the vale, are worthy of the most truthful poet's exultant strain.

Some distance up Monsal Dale comes in the Cressbrook, at the junction of which with the Wye are Messrs. McConnell's cotton-mills. A popular topographer has well described this scene in the fewest words when he says, "it is situated in a romantic glen, the picturesque beauties of which are greatly increased by neat Elizabethan and Swiss cottages erected for the work-people on the brow of a lofty hill clothed with luxuriant plantations. A beautiful mansion, standing near the mill, appears to be shut up on all sides by lofty hills, and might have remained a profound solitude to the present day but for the enterprising spirit of the British capitalist." Yet we must not pass on without saying how beneath that mansion the Wye forms a broad, deep, far-reaching "loch," which adds greatly to the interest of the scene, and makes one think how naturally a tasteful Scotsman might fix upon it, because of its resem-

blance to some lovely spot of his native country. The Rambler up Monsal Dale ought to make a detour of Cressbrook Dale—wild, rocky, watery, and yet not altogether a solitude, the people's cottages looking down into it here and there, as do also two majestic cliffs, known as Bull Tor and Eagle Tor.

At the upper end of the "deep and silent loch" on the Wye, above McConnell's, are Mr. Newton's mills—further on a corn-mill and a little hamlet—and further yet Miller's Dale, not nearly so extensive as some, but for loveliness and freshness of scenery of its kind unsurpassed by any of the neighbouring dales. From a slight elevation at the lower end of this dale, while you look up the water, as it comes with its sweet "ribble-bibble" through the over-arching foliage, it makes one of the prettiest little vignettes to be found in Derbyshire. But I am speaking of appearances before the commencement of the railway: how that may tend to change them, or whether it will affect them at all, only time can tell. It was near this place that the fatal fight occurred a few years back, between Mr. Bagshaw, of Wormhill Hall, with his retainers, and a number of poachers. The most savage part of the fight occurred in the river, where Mr. Bagshaw himself received his death-blow. I saw the poachers afterwards tried at Derby, before Mr. Justice Maule, and acquitted. One of them, "Big Ben," was a man not soon to be forgotten.

A little above Miller's Dale are some springs from which the Wye receives considerable addition to its force, as it emerges from one of the most remarkable glens in Britain—a glen formed by Chee Tor, that mighty limestone rock, rising apparently in one great block to a height of about a hundred-and-twenty yards, (somewhat in the shape of a half-moon battery,) and a magnificent rocky crescent opposite, variegated with abundance of pendent foliage, and hanging over the river as if to shield it from the frown of the giant Chee. The two ends of this curious strait are so narrow as scarcely to allow more than a passage for the waters, which few tourists will have the teme-

urity to wade. I think this was the place, or another difficult passage of the stream a little higher, which I once heard a native of the neighbourhood call "the Dropping Leuch," a name that must have come from far off times—*leuch* probably being a mere dialectic alteration of the Celtic *loch*.

If the tourist passes over the back of Chee Tor to the Buxton road, beyond Taddington, and wanders on towards Topley Pike, (a lofty hill which any of the natives will point out to him,) he will see the Wye winding far below him—a much diminished yet beautiful stream, and a short hour's walk will bring him again to its side in Ashwood Dale. Or instead of going on that side the river, he might turn up through Wormhill, and then descend into the valley again and cross near Blackwell Mill,—as I saw it last, a little ruined water-mill, not very far below the foot of Topley Pike,—and then strike up to the road once more. Whichever course he take, the scenery will reward him; and in his progress up to Buxton he will see the stream growing gradually less, but everywhere forming beautiful little lins and trout-pools, and overhung by sublime and romantic rocks, some of them assuming shapes to which the country people have given the most fantastic names. One, taken at the right point, is declared to be exactly like a lion couchant; others resemble the ruins of ancient castles, not unlike the Hag Tors in Matlock Dale; and most of them are so richly festooned with ivy, yew, mountain ash, and other vegetation, as to present an appearance not less beautiful than wild and grand in every season.

So sauntering on, we come in due time to Buxton, where art and economy have done much to make the little river interesting from its very outset. How tastefully it keeps company with the shaded serpentine walks, refreshing with its flow and soothing with its murmur the invalids who seek restoration there! And last of all, if we must come to its source, where is it? It seems to come from a spring at the foot of a green hill; but you may have acquaintance with it even prior to

its reaching that spot, if you will only penetrate the great cavern called Poole's Hole : for there, long ere it sees any light save that of your guide's candle or your own, you may hear the tinkling and see the twinkling of the infant Wye before it is born !





Chapter the Sixteenth.

TOUR OF THE DOVE.



WHILE the Ayr and Doon have had a Burns, the Lakes a Wordsworth, and the rivers of every clime from the Helicon of the Greeks to Elliott's Ribblesdin, have been objects of poetic admiration—sometimes of adoration—it would be strange indeed if the wild and lovely Dove had never found a laureate. It was written of by Walton and Cotton nearly two centuries ago, not so much perhaps for its romantic beauty as for its abundance of fine fishing; yet did they and others of their gentle and abstract tribe much love it too for its magnificent scenery. And much has there been said about it since their time, both in poetic prose and prosaic verse; and painters and photographers, as well as fishermen and tourists, have severally had great share in extending its fame. But few, if any, have done more justice to its many charms than John Edwards, in a Spenserian poem entitled “The Tour of the Dove.”

Edwards's motive for writing is well stated in one of his prefaces. He says that having had various opportunities of visiting most of the places in the Peak celebrated for their beautiful or romantic scenery, it seemed to him matter of regret that there should exist so little good local poetry, claiming for its birth-place some of those interesting valleys. Taking his

individual experience as a standard by which to estimate the feelings of other tourists, he says that "an impulse of pleasurable sensations is excited by the extraordinary exhibitions of material nature, that calls for a correspondent exertion of the loftier faculties of the mind. When contemplating the sublime or beautiful in the scenery around us, we feel ourselves translated from the world of common life: the elysium in which we are then placed becomes to us an imaginative region, the peculiar province of poetry; and the soul yearns for some breathings of immortal verse, that she can identify with the objects around her." In the poem in question he endeavoured to satisfy these yearnings. His first idea was to describe the Dove to its source, then descend the Wye to the Derwent, and follow that river to the Trent; but this he gave up as being too comprehensive, and confined himself chiefly to the Dove and its tributaries. Let us go with him, or rather with his book, for it will not be bad company. And he was just the man to have enjoyed such a ramble with personally, had he been still alive. It was my privilege to know him in his latter years, and to be classed among his friends—a list in which one might feel happy to find inclusion, as it boasted of men like Wordsworth, James Montgomery and Richard Howitt. He was a venerable man, with a fine cranial dome, and great earnestness of speech, but of gentle manners. He was not a native of the county, though he resided in Derby many years—his place of business being in Irongate. Though by trade a liquor-merchant, his apostrophe to Water would have done honour to an inspired teetotaller. Listen to it:—

"Thou eldest of the elements that sprang
From underneath the spirit's brooding wings,
When chaos heard that potent voice which rang,
Commanding life and being to all things,—
Hail, Water! beautiful thy gushing springs,
Thy lakes and rivers;—shrined in clouds or dew;
In ice or snow; or where the rainbow flings
Its radiant arch;—in every form and hue,
Thou, glorious element, art ever fair and new!"

This eloquent utterance is supposed to be near where the Dove falls into the Trent, after leaving the fair domain of Eggington ; and then he tells of its having

“ Sprung from mountain-thrones
Beyond fair Longnor’s hills of pine and larch ;
Dovedale’s rock-spires and caves, and rock-built arch ; ”

While

“ Ashbourn’s blue smoke, Uttoxeter’s bright gleam,
And Burton’s joyous bells announce its march.”

He also tells how,

“ By Alton’s castle-den,
The Churnet hither trails her willow locks ; ”

As well as how the Hamps and Manifold, winding round the moors, leaping from ledge to ledge, and roaring beneath the awful portal of Thor’s Cave, become hidden awhile underground, and find the light again near Ilam Hall—a scene upon which he thus tastefully touches:—

“ I know thy meadows, Trent, are rich and green ;
Thy swelling-slopes are gay with lawn and wood ;
But couldst thou visit Ilam’s sylvan scene,
Where grotto, cliff, and groves of various bud,
O’erhang each rising river’s fountain flood,—
As cool and crystal-clear it springs to air,
And deeply drinks the light as ’twere life-blood ;—
It well might show that some enchantment rare
Had scooped that mountain nook and formed those rivers fair.”

Having glanced at the grace which the river lends to the landscape near the skirt of what once was Needwood Forest, and where it is looked down upon by the ruins of Tutbury Castle and the heights of Hanbury, as it glides through “ Sudbury’s delightful plain,” he thus exclaims :—

“ Whoe’er has trod the slopes of Doveridge Park,
Where like a crescent winds the ‘ horned flood ;’
Or with the morning and the early lark
Has climbed to Eaton’s high o’erhanging wood,

And seen the landscape stretching many a rood,
 Silver'd with mists and streams,—if he could find
 In all this prospect of the fair and good
 Nothing attractive, let him stay behind.

* * * * *

Lo, the round Weaver hills, that bound the sight,
 Hang like a bed of clouds in sombre blue—
 But not o'er Dove ; beneath the smiling height
 Of Calwich sweeps her graceful avenue.
 And now at Hanging Bridge I bid adieu,
 Fair Hundred of the Apple Tree, to thee ;
 A bolder district bursts upon the view ;
 The rocky parapets of Peak I see,
 And in those mountain holds my spirit pants to be."

When Edwards wrote the foregoing he dreamed not of the rail-road that would one day run through that landscape, almost parallel with the river—dividing, (one branch to the south and another to the west,) at Uttoxeter, where was born Life's sweet songstress, Mary Howitt ; then branching off again at Rocester, and passing up by Mayfield, where Moore wrote "Lalla Rookh," and so on to Ashbourn, where the rail at present terminates, while the river bends to the west, to Hanging Bridge, a few miles above which what is generally known as Dove Dale commences. But ere he proceeds, the tourist may spend a not unprofitable hour at Ashbourn. Its Church is an object of much interest—and in the church one monument especially. It was chiselled from Carrara marble, by *Banks*, to the memory of Penelope, only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart, who died in 1791, at the age of five years. The recumbent figure of the child is so beautiful and chaste in execution, and so tender in its effects on the soul of the beholder, one cannot say, as is usual in such cases, that it needs only to breathe to live, for it seems to live beyond the need of breath. Beneath the figure is this touching inscription :—

"She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total." But for all that is worthy of being known about Ashbourn, the

reader should lap himself in the luxury of a few hours' reading of Mr. Hobson's History.

The way from Ashbourn to the entrance of Dove Dale, near Thorpe and Ilam, is interesting either as a walk or as a ride, affording sights of pleasant rural seats, old farms and woods, pasture-slopes and corn-fields, with wilder scenery in the distance inviting the tourist on. Passing from Mappleton, near Okeover Hall, an elegant place worthily noted for its connection with literature as well as with local history—where for some time resided the author of "Tremaine," and where an ancient and honourable race is now represented by one of the tallest gentlemen in the two counties—we come in a short time to a small road-side inn, the "Dog and Partridge," from which there is one road going to the right, by Tissington, to the Via Gellia, (through which we should have come had we started from Matlock,) and another down to the left for Thorpe—Thorpe Cloud, "like a great everlasting pyramid." being now the most marked and picturesque object in the landscape. A little off this descending road, in the most inviting spot imaginable, is a neat and comfortable hotel, "the Peveril;" and if you have a horse it may be as well to leave it there, unless you prefer going on to the "Izaak Walton," which is convenient alike to Dove Dale and Ilam. During this ride or walk, whichever it may be, you will have had an occasional sight of pretty river-gleams down in the vale; and now, having left Thorpe village, with its old ivied church and rural homes, you come to Dove Dale proper, of which Thorpe Cloud and Bunster Hill are sentinels. But let us here read Edwards:

"Hail thou Cloud-mountain, on whose veteran front
The storms that move at winter's stern behest
Have beat for ages! Thou endurest the brunt,
Guarding, like knighthood of unshaken test,
Dovedale's rock-gardens and her caves of rest.
Bound on a pilgrimage to nature vowed,
Hither I come with no ungracious quest:—
Then lift thy battle-axe, O blue Thorpe Cloud!
And answer to my hail with clash of echoes loud!

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But soon the alpine vista, lengthening on,
 Disturbs me by its grandeur from my seat.
 What wondrous region do I gaze upon?
 Rocks striding up the hills,—where not the fleet
 High-bounding goat, nor coney's nimble feet
 Might venture;—opposite a rude display
 Of piles romantic, such as erst did greet
 Perchance some paladin at break of day;
 Dark ivy-mantled towers, and spires and turrets grey.

“How fair the limpid Dove! whose waving line
 Gives life and freshness to each sloping mound.
 There to the bee her bank's wild eglantine
 Shews its sweet rose reflected; floret-crown'd,
 Her plants diffuse their sea-green tresses round;
 With starry water-breaks her surface gleams;
 And far above by shadows part embrowned,
 Part bathed in golden light of orient beams,
 A wilderness of woods looks down upon her streams.”

Having already elsewhere expended my best language in writing about these scenes, I prefer on the present occasion to quote the impression of such writers as William Howitt and Rhodes. Proceeding from the point to which the last stanza we have quoted from John Edwards refers, the former says—“You are here transported into a land of enchantment; every object that surrounds you, though you have but just left the other most striking scenes of the Peak is strange, and wild, and wondrously unlike all other features of creation. If the man who enters it possesses the least latent admiration of nature,—if he have a soul capable of being moved in any degree by an assemblage of the most wild, awful, and sublime images, he will not see it without emotion. But to warm the heart and the vivid imagination—it is a world in itself!” Rhodes, speaking of the upper end of the Dale, says:—“A mighty pillar of insulated rock which has its base in the stream, rises from the left bank of the river; a bold mass of rock, whose conical summit penetrates the clouds, occupies

the right;* between those huge portals flows the river Dove. Through this contracted space some flat meadows clothed with verdure appear, and still farther in the distance, bold swelling hills close in the prospect. The effect of this scene is truly magical; it is an interesting transition from one description of landscape to another that excites surprise by its suddenness and charms by its beauty."

Names, some of them very significant and others very fanciful, have been given to the different objects which, whether singly or in groups, amaze and delight the wanderer as he ascends the Dale. One curious array of tors is called "Tis-sington Spires," forming a species of portals to the entrance of some minor dells; while nearly opposite, striking up from a mass of varied foliage, is "Dovedale Church," of which Edwards sings:—

"I glance along the Dale from right to left;
It seems as Paradise were passing by,
And I beheld it from this secret cleft:
Flowers yield their fragrance, trees luxuriant, high
Climb the rude rocks, and in the orient sky,
O'er yonder peak, the sun reveals his fires:
The sparkling stream of Dove hath caught his eye;
His glory lightens all the cliffs and spires;
And at the sight my soul breaks forth in rapt desires.

O! hither bring the harp from Judah's palms,
With psaltery, sackbut, dulcimer, and lute;
The music tuned of old to golden psalms
This crag-built church, those rocky aisles, will suit;
They come! The wilderness no more is mute;
The winds have brought the harpings of the sky;
Dove breathes its dulcet tones, the lark his flute;
The psaltery, trees—the sackbut, caves—supply,
And one harmonious voice of praise ascends on high!"

Further on is "Reynard's Cave," with its "hall" and "kitchen."

* Edwards says of this column that it is

"Like Nature's finger pointing to the Great First Cause."

Then comes "the Strait," leaving room only for the passing stream and a scanty foot-path; and in the distance the "portals" described by Rhodes, and not very far a strange group of stones, of which it might be imagined Nature first aimed at making cones, but that tiring of the work or liking some other better, she left them incomplete as a foil to her more finished labours. A lofty, out-hanging rock, called from its position "the Watch-box," and which seems ever threatening to fall, also strikes the eye; and at length, the two caverns called "Dove Holes," where the Dale as generally seen by hasty visitors may be said to end,—though much of beauty and some strokes of grandeur still characterise the upward vale. The "Iron Tors" in Narrow Dale; "the meads near Beresford's enchanting glen;" the scenery about "Pike Pool;" the home scenery near Hartington; and the striking aspects of Croom and Pikeous Hill,—one so massive and round, and the other cleaving the air so curiously, where the Dove though still a lovely stream is small enough for a strong man to leap or a child to wade it,—are all well worth the glance of a poet's eye. From near the foot of Pikeous Hill the river's course may be defined almost at a glance to its sources among the springs of Axe-Edge, the highest hill, saving Kinderscout, in Derbyshire, and from which also in their several directions flow the Dane, Goyt, and Wye.

But it is not alone to the scenery through which it flows that the Dove owes its charms for the poet and the painter. The clear stream itself is one of indescribable loveliness—playing round its little isles, some of them formed of stones that Nature cast down long, long ages back, and which time has silently clothed with moss and flowers; or passing along for some space with a deep, transparent glide, and then sparkling and making murmured music over a succession of cascades;—oft loitering and playing sweetest pranks with the rushes and aquatic plants, as if it would toy with them all summer long, then impetuously rushing away, like a maiden who has sud-

denly bethought herself of lingering too long on an errand, yet pausing soon again, as if again beguiled by some new attraction.

Dovedale, so romantic in itself, abounds not in romantic legends. Yet, could its rocks and bowers speak human language, what tales might they not tell us of the human thought and joy they have inspired; of the interchange of bright ideas and sweet communings of heart with heart! So much has been written and said about good old Izaak Walton, the London linen draper, angler, and biographer, who, even to his eighty-third year was wont to haunt this region, the welcome guest of his friend Charles Cotton, at Beresford; and so often has been described their Fishing House on the bank of the river, where the initials of their names are entwined in one cypher, that one scarcely ventures now to re-touch the theme, except to name it. Yet it is a spot that will for their sakes be ever dear to tasteful minds, as for nearly two centuries it has been,—because a fit monument of their friendship, their conversations and musings. Though not myself much of an angler I love old Izaak and his books—particularly some portions of that which is in the joint name of himself and friend. There is scarcely anything in the English language more worthy of being printed in gold and hung on the walls of every home, than his rich and glowing disquisition on the worth and advantages of a thankful spirit, in the “Complete Angler.”

One sad incident there is recorded—of Dean Langton proposing to ascend an eminence between three and four hundred feet high, near Reynard’s Cave, on horseback, and of Miss La Roche, a brave and beautiful woman, being permitted at her own request to ride behind him. But when they had climbed a considerable way, down came rolling both horse and riders—the Dean being killed, the young lady severely injured, but slowly recovering, and (wonderful to tell) the horse being scarcely hurt at all. This happened as long ago as the year 1761; but though a century old, it is not worn out as a solemn warning.

Walton and Cotton joined their names, among these scenes, in friendship; but Jean Jaques Rosseau preferred wandering here in solitude. And many curious people have been here since Walton's day. A story is told in "Hone's Everyday Book," of its writer once inquiring of a venerable angler in the Dove if he knew anything about Izaak Walton. "Izaak Walton—who was he?" The inquirer gave as good a description of the old worthy as he could, but it answered so well to another man the angler had personally known, that he cried out, "Ah, to be sure! I knew the mon yo spoken of very weel; but his name wasna' Izaak Walton; it wor old Dannel Hastings!"

But not to ancient friendships or ancient incidents merely, does Dovedale owe all human interest. Within how few years have I seen its knolls and pathways trod by some of the sweetest and happiest spirits that earth might wish to gladden on their way to heaven! It is not pleasant to see the pouring in, from a special train, of people who have no interest in such scenes beyond that of annoying their companions who could better enjoy them more quietly; though every well-behaved member of a crowd has as much right there as you or I have; nor are "bazaars" for whatever object, in keeping with that lovely yet solemn realm: they put one in fear of the ultimate tea-garden and beer-shop, and ought to be discouraged. But the free and gipsy-like pic-nics of little groups for whom the natural scenes themselves are sufficient attraction; a pair of modest lovers, or two friends with their wallets and walking-sticks; or artists with their apparatus, who, when their pictures are taken,

"Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And like them pass away;"

these, and similar, add appropriate figures to the landscape, and make one wish that the tasteful tourist might there never find anything more out of keeping.

There are two places not very far from the southern entrance, which should be visited by all pilgrims to Dove Dale who have leisure and taste. They are strongly in contrast, yet both very interesting. One is Tissington, the other Ilam; and Thorpe, another most pleasant and scattered old English village, with its ivied church, is about midway between them, near the feet of Thorpe Cloud and Bunster Hill. Tissington is an ancient place, long a favourite seat of the family of Fitzherbert, whose grey old mansion, shaded by its "ancestral trees," smiles out on the village homes extending on either hand from its gates; and the village itself, so neat and clean and quiet, and so worthy to be famed for its annual "Well Dressings," when every fountain—it being Holy Thursday—is engarbed with such flowers as are in season, and that in the most beautiful devices, symbolisations and inscriptions, harmonises in almost every feature with such a mansion. It is on the direct road from Matlock to Dovedale by the Via-Gellian route.

Ilam, as already intimated, is a place altogether different, yet equally lovely in another way, and is on the Staffordshire side of the river. Its church has an ancient aspect, but the Hall, the seat of Mr. Watts Russell, which rises near, is one of the most beautiful and tasteful modern structures of its class in England, and the architectural style of most of the village has been made to accord with it. In the church is a fine marble monument to Mr. Watts Russell's father, by Chantrey; and in the centre of the village is another monument—beautifully constructed of buff stone—to the memory of Mrs. Watts Russell. The rivers Hamps and Manifold, after pursuing for some distance a subterranean course, break forth again into daylight here, and shortly afterwards pour their united waters into the Dove.

Not far from Ilam, on one of the banks of the Manifold—and the road to it by Clamp's Valley and Beeston Rocks is a very delightful one—is *Thor's House*, a large cave, which in

ancient times was a temple dedicated to the Scandinavian god, Thor. It is a wonderful and somewhat fearful scene, one which can never be visited without exciting the deepest interest, not only in its extraordinary position, being very high and all but inaccessible above the rushing stream, but in its remarkable form and mysterious history. Thor's House may be also easily reached in a walk by Alstonefield and Wetton, from the upper end of Dove-dale, though the road to it in that direction is not so picturesque as by Ilam. Every lover of Nature who can should add the "Tour of the Manifold"—a river so named from its many windings—to the "Tour of the Dove," where "Nature, who never did betray the heart that loved her," will well requite him.

But once more we revert to the Dove, and to the scenes round Hartington, especially to Walton and Cotton's Fishing-house, near Beresford old Hall. Hartington is in itself a very interesting rural town, with many relics of ancient times lingering in its vicinity. The parish is very extensive and includes



many places of note, with which the tourist or loiterer who had a few days to spare could make pleasant acquaintance. Of Beresford Hall, the ancient seat of the family of that name, and in Izaak Walton's time of his friend Charles Cotton, little now remains. It was recently pulled down, but not entirely, before Messrs. Warwick and Keene had secured some excellent photographs of several parts of it. The annexed wood-cut represents the fire-place of one small room

which it is not improbable was Cotton's study, and where with his gentle and intelligent frere he may have had many a cozy hour's converse, as he must also have had at the since

famous little Fishing-house, on the river's bank—a cool and shady retreat which time and taste consent to regard as a monument sacred to their friendship, from the way in which it bears the initials of their names entwined, in a cypher, over the door, under the words “Piscatoribus Sacrum.” Though touched by time, its old outlines are preserved. The following is a description of its interior, as it appeared in 1748 :—“It is of stone, and the room inside a cube of fifteen feet; it is paved with black and white marble, and in the middle is a square black marble table, supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscoted, with curious mouldings that divide the panels up to the ceiling. In the larger panels are represented, in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the farther corner, on the left, is a fire-place with a chimney; on the right, a large beaufet, with folding-doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr. Cotton, with a boy servant, and Walton, in the dress of the time. Underneath is a cupboard; on the door whereof the figures of a trout and a grayling are well portrayed. The edifice is at this time (1748) in but indifferent condition; the paintings, and even the wainscoting, in many places, being much decayed.”





Chapter the Seventeenth.

THE LATHKIL AND BRADFORD-BROOK.

THE first time I saw the Lathkil was in mid-winter, while crossing the country from Over Haddon to Youlgreave. It was in a great frost, and under a gloomy sky. All the landscape was hidden, saving the proximate part of that wild and rocky dale and the now rushing, now loitering little river. Yet dark as was the weather, methought I had never before seen water so pure as that which foamed over the numerous dam-heads and filled the deep pools, where sported hundreds of fine trout as cheerily and “at home” as if it had been the brightest summer day—more so perhaps from having forgotten the disturbing visits of the summer angler. Nor was this all; the water, pure as it was, being considerably charged with lime, had in many places played the curious prank of “petrifying” its own cresses and other vegetation, until the cumulative incrustations had done almost as much naturally as man had done artificially to form that fine succession of weirs and deep pools,—and indeed, made one think that man might have taken the first hint on the subject from them.

Now, thought I, if that scene is so beautiful in a gloomy winter day like this, what must it be in sweet summer or autumn time? If my life be spared, I will certainly one day

come and give the whole dale an exploration. And so in the course of a few years it happened, in the company of two friends as is already told in another work. But there was a later and sunnier occasion than that, on which with other two friends the experiment was repeated, on a day so lovely that it could not but remain in our memory "a pearl of days." We had left Derby for Rowsley by the morning train—had taken refreshment and some kindly directions at the Peacock Inn from the obliging people there—and had botanised and entomologised as well as geologised by the way, till we came to Alport, the Lathkil meanwhile seen only by occasional glimpses in the road-side meadows, while Mr. Pole Thornhill's finely seated mansion of Stanton Hall, with the pretty church spire for neighbour, both well backed and flanked by its noble woods, gave us something worthy of glancing at, for change, as we went along. The water being guarded for the preservation of trout, it was only by permission we could take the whole length of the path up the river-side; but, known to intend no damage, we met with no difficulty there, and so sauntered on from pool to pool, from fall to fall; or turned aside sometimes to contemplate the picturesque rocks or the ruined works of the disused lead-mines, all which conspire to give a character to that little solitude so unique and strange, that the Rambler feels, while loitering among them, as if he had got far away into some wild and almost unheard-of country, the inhabitants of which had mysteriously passed away, leaving traces of worn-out industry and enterprise for monuments amid scenes of the most primitive, romantic and pastoral character that Nature could contrive or the mind of her most enthusiastic devotee conceive.

How pleasant it was literally to "scrape acquaintance" with those old, fantastic rocks; to see how the sheep and lambs climbed around them with almost the tenacity if not the agility of wild-goats; to mark "the swallows wheeling capriciously at play;" to look down into the deep pools, some of them as deep as draw-wells, filled with water so pure as to reflect the sunshine

from their very depths, and showing abundance of speckled trout, also as “capriciously at play” as were the swallows in their more ethereal element; and to dream of the recondite way in which the river was everywhere coaxing its vegetation to flourish, that it might in turn fix and harden it, and thus establish a monus ment of its own action, to remain through those far-off ages when the whole scene may perhaps be altered, but when future geologists may delve, and record that in these interesting formations, “there *once* flowed a river abounding with cress and trout, which were not unknown to men, since these relics of little artificial reservoirs mingled with nature’s works show that they co-operated in leaving this testimony to their mutual labour.” But the grandest view I have ever seen of Lathkil Dale was shown me one evening by Mr. James Newbold, an intelligent farmer, who as much enjoyed the prospect as myself, from the far corner of his thirty-acre field, called Cow Close, at Over Haddon. It was an imposing sight—the river thrown into a long chain of trout-pools, by art that disturbed not nature, as it stretched far to the west under the bloomy light of sunset, between the deep rocks and shadowy mountains. If ever you go to Over Haddon village, ask some one to guide you past where once stood the Old Hall there, and where some of its trees yet stand, to the edge of the Dale, about two fields down. Then turn you round, look up the stream, and the picture will be a rich treasure for you as long as you live.

There are several sources of this interesting stream—some of them in caverns, cells, or “kils,” from which perchance its name may be derived. The principal one, though it has a very narrow outlet, is very large, and has most curious and extensive windings within, abounding in beautiful spar and other calcareous formations, deposits of the waters as they gush and pulse along on their way to daylight. A shepherd’s dog from One Ash Grange once entered this cavern after a rabbit, was lost in its intricate windings, and did not find its way back for three

days. As I am writing, a friend informs me that Mr. Bowman (whose family have resided at the Grange for several generations) once attempted to explore it, unwinding a large ball of twine from the entrance by which to guide himself back. Having drawn out the twine as far as it would extend, he then placed a candle on the rock and proceeded yet further, but without coming to the end of the cavern. In truth, as my informant says, he found so many ramifications, and was so fearful of getting lost, as to make any further risk not very desirable. One Ash Grange was in ancient time a possession of Roche Abbey, from which place refractory monks were banished as a sort of penalty, because of its solitude amid scenes so wild. How the times are changed ! There are few places now to which the over-toiled citizen would rather prefer to be sent awhile for rural rest and reward !

Besides the streams thus issuing from the rocks, there is a sandy brook coming down the glen, from beyond the ruins of the farthest lead-works. From this, on the day of our ramble, my friends and I ascended by a steep wooded bank, and found our way among rich and ample dairy farms to Youldgreave village, where at a homely but decent little inn, we found, in the words of old Thomas Brown—

“How charming is a cup of tea,
Enjoy'd in soberness and quiet;
Though some, with scoff and raillery,
Pronounce it but old women's diet !”

Refreshed by this, and obliged by the loan of a light vehicle, we came away—catching a fine view of the dale of the Bradford-brook, which comes from Smerrill-grange, near Elton and Middleton; is looked down upon from Lomberdale House, where is stored the rare and interesting gathering of anti-quarian remains by the late distinguished and lamented Mr. Thomas Bateman; and passing a sentry of beautiful and picturesque though not very lofty rocks, falls into the Lathkil at Alport.

Ascending from Alport we came over the breast of the hill by Stanton village—gazing whence with delight we saw the windings of the Wye up to Bakewell; and could tell by the curves among the blue hills where its waters were hidden from us for many a mile beyond that town. But nearer to us, how beautifully were they flashing back the light, where old Had-don enjoys its solemn repose by their side, while they glide on to join the Lathkil, as our previous chapter tells, in Rowsley's formerly most retired but hereafter most frequented vale, which we reached in time to return by the last evening train.

Reader! if ever you go with an inconsiderate and tasteless crowd, to disturb the quiet of those wild and lovely scenes, I trust some sturdy gamekeeper may drive you back or put you in the nearest lock-up; but if you be one of a tasteful party of not more than three or four, may he not only facilitate your ramble, but help you by kindly directions to enjoy it as such an excursion ought to be enjoyed!





Chapter the Eighteenth.

HADDON HALL.

SEE where it stands, by the meandering Wye, an architectural memorial of olden chivalry and renowned hospitality! Though no Vesuvian lava or Alpine avalanche ever buried and preserved it from the corrosions of time, to be again opened to view as we now see it in the passing day; nor shock nor threat of war drove its inhabitants by fear to leave it thus, while in perfection, a solemn solitude; yet not more complete ideas are given us by Herculaneum or Pompeii of ancient Italian life, than those of old English life furnished by a ramble through Haddon Hall. For, remarkably enough, when many another less noted and conspicuous place suffered in rebellion or war, this, like Hardwick, as by some protective charm, was ever left unscathed. How, then, thus came it to stand on the horizon between preservation and desertion, braving at once the roar of the storm and the silent but not less insidious assaults of age—a mausoleum of old customs—a hieroglyph of old thoughts and feelings—a bequest from the venerable Past to the admiring Present and the waiting Future—a place where the Muse of Antiquity might fitly find a dwelling, and where greybeard History himself, with his venerable cap, russet gown, and easy slippers, might, pen

in hand, luxuriate in one of its many famous recesses, an appropriate and welcome guest? Strange! that a place which grew up in feudal times, and so castellated in form, should be altogether so unfitted for military defence; whilst Belvoir, (which though built on ancient foundations is a modern fabric,) should have so many of the attributes of an ancient fortress!

Haddon and Belvoir belong alike to the same noble and long-counted baronial and ducal house. There are weak men who pretend to sneer at genealogy. Let them. I scarcely ever knew one of them who was not vain of himself, and desirous of being thought somebody by his own descendants, if he had any. It is quite true, if we reckon back, doubling the number each generation, that every one of us may boast of as many ancestors in a thousand years as there are now people in the whole of the British Isles; and among such a number there must needs have been people of almost every rank. But equally true is it, and much more remarkable, that there are some who can single out, from that immense number, the links forming a *direct line* of their own progenitors for nearly the whole of the time; and I dare say this could be done for eight centuries at least by the distinguished owners of Haddon and Chatsworth. And when one considers how much of a man's character and natural tendencies are inherited with his organization, who would not like to know, if it were possible, what sort of person his progenitor, in the direct line, a thousand years ago, might be? Thus, though there is not space here to recount, in their order, all the marriages and other incidents which occurred to make the family of the present noble Duke of Rutland heirs and possessors of Haddon, the lover of genealogy and heraldry would have ample scope and enjoyment in doing so, through the house of Manners on one side and the Vernons and Avenels on the other, to the highest period of Anglo-Norman history.

All England over, *don* is an old British synonyme for *hill*—as Bree-*don*, Bard-*don*, Bali-*don*, etc. *Ea* and *hey*, or *ha*, (in French *eau*), are old synonymes for *water*. Both Haddon Hall

and Over Haddon village are on hills rising from the sides of considerable streams. May it not therefore be just possible that from this fact, in each case, is derived the name? I am disposed to think it is. But there are no remains of works here, so far as I am aware, giving absolute proof of occupation previous to that of the Normans. Rayner says there are certainly traces of a Norman castle in the walls of the towers which overlook both the upper and lower portals, but that "the building, in its present form, is not in the least calculated for defence or protection against a besieging force, according to the military tactics of any period." Built, however, as it has been, at various times, and probably by men accustomed to military architecture, it has a more castellated appearance than many a much stronger place. How grandly does it stand, "its embattled parapets and crested turrets proudly towering above the branching woods in which it is embosomed,"—unmatched in all the land as a relic of the ages through which it grew from stage to stage and flourished, and promising still to stand, while the surrounding scene is fast changing,—the latter being constantly renewed, as the former, like some unquarried and hoary rock, grows more venerable and interesting from age to age!

Mr. Henry Duesbury, the distinguished architect, in a very interesting contribution to No. XXVIII of the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, traces the history of the present building to five somewhat distinct periods. To the first—say from about the year 1070 to 1250—he gives the south aisle of the chapel, the walls, or some of them, of the north-east tower, and portions of walls in the south front. Second period—about 1300 to 1380—the great hall and offices, the hall-porch, lower west window of chapel, repairs to and rebuilding of portions of north-east tower, and some other work in upper court under long gallery. Third period—1380 to 1470—the eastern portion of the chapel the rebuilding of the upper portion of the west end of the chapel and repairs thereto,

and the buildings on the east side of the upper court. Fourth period—1470 to about 1550—fittings and finishings of the dining-room (the external works no doubt previously built), the



western range of buildings, and the western end of the north range. Fifth period—1550 to 1624 and onwards—a range of offices, alteration of east buildings in upper court, the long gallery and the gardens and terrace, the pulpit and desk and pews in the chapel, the barn and bowling-green.

Ho! for a long summer-day, to ramble at will about and through all the ancient approaches, the ample courts, the magnificent terrace and shaded garden-walks; to lean over the moss-grey balustrades, and imagine the scene as it thence appears in the light of days far past; to wander through the interior,—the venerable Chapel; the old quaintly furnished and galleried Banqueting Hall; and to linger in the Long Gallery, at oriel windows, or climb the Eagle Tower and the Watch Tower, taking calm and perfect metagraphs of the glowing landscape—of river and woodland, mead and mansion, and distant spire! And then to return through old portals and obscure passages—through dining-room and state-rooms, and rooms without name; and dream over again the old legend of Dorothy Vernon, the course of whose true love, though it did not run smooth, ended, as her heart desired, in her marriage with John Manners, and made her the ancestress of him not long deceased, who will be called “the good old Duke of Rutland” as long as his family name has a place in history. Nor, passing thence, would the archæologist or artist, any more than the gastronomer, fail to enter the vast kitchens, buttery and larders, with their reminders of the time when were consumed here every year between thirty and forty beeves, and four or five hundred sheep, besides swine, fish and fowl, and wild game without number.

And last of all, as daylight softened down into twilight or moonlight,—as the huge, hinged, nailed and mailed doors were closed behind, who would not like to linger still and listen as some local story-teller ran through his history of the place, and spoke of the ancient Vernons being styled “kings of the Peak,” justifying the title by their semi-royal munificence and hospitality; and how one of them marched for King Henry VII. against Perkin Warbeck and his rebels, and was afterwards appointed treasurer and governor to Prince Arthur, who came to reside here. To hear of Dorothy Vernon, eluding the slavery of a forced marriage with one she liked not, and eloping with Sir



P. H. MERTON

CEVARS

John Manners, who had found access to her in the guise of a forester, or an outlaw haunting the neighbourhood,—the way by which she went bearing her name to this day. Of the



floor of the long gallery, or Ball-room, which is near 110 feet long, by about 17 feet wide, being made from one oak that once grew in the garden. How the hook still remaining in the wainscoting of the banqueting-hall, was fixed there for a sort of pillory for the wrists of ancient “teetotallers,” while the beer they refused to drink was poured down their sleeves; and how one of the old Earls—so unlike some of his not less affable and hospitable modern descendents!—was wont, when presiding at Christmas festivals, to sing

“You’re all heartily welcome, lads, drink what you will;
For here lives John in the wooden nook still!”

You might also hear the lament that when, a hundred years back, some of the furniture was removed to Belvoir Castle, a reckless agent put ten waggon-loads of the remainder into an altogether

unfit place, where it was spoiled by the dampness and afterwards sold for fuel ; while the pewter dishes and other utensils, with eighteen guns and half-a-dozen swords, were sold to Matthew Strutt for twenty pounds. But, as a touch of comedy, for a



set-off to that melancholy incident, would come the following story, often told by the late William Hage, (descendant of a family of ancient Haddon deer-keepers,) of an event occurring about the middle of the 17th century:—“ A great butcher, who used to fit the family at Haddon with *small* meat, a fat man, weighing eighteen stone, named John Taylor, from Darley Dale, came at Christmas time, when they were keeping open house. And the old Earl’s wife would not let the butter go into the larder until she had seen it ; so it remained in the old family hall, (the Banqueting Hall,) and stood there for some hours. The butlers (of whom there were two, one for the small beer cellar, and the other for the strong,) had for several weeks before missed two pounds of butter every week ; and they could not think what had become of it, or who had taken it. So

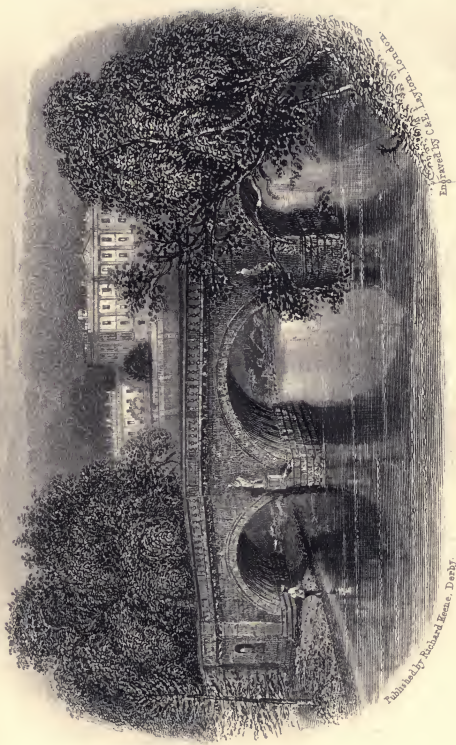
they determined to watch, one butler spying through the little door, and the other through the great door; when presently the great butcher came as usual for orders for small meat. And after looking round, he lays his fingers upon the butter, and pops one pound of butter within his coat on one side, and another pound on the other side. This was observed; and the butler from the strong beer cellar came up to the butcher, saying, "Jack—it is Christmas time—I have a famous *Jack* of strong beer, and you shall have it before you go. Sit you down by the kitchen fire." He sat there awhile, when the butler handing him the flagon, said, "don't be afraid of it, I'll fetch some more." And as he sat near the fire, the butter on one side melting with the heat, began to trickle down his breeches, into his shoes. "Why Jack," said the butler, "you seem a great deal fatter on one side than on the other. Turn yourself round. You must be starved on this side." He was obliged to comply; and presently the butter ran down on that side also; and afterwards, as he walked up the Hall, the melted butter ran over the tops of his shoes.—"The Earl," says Hage, "made a *laughing stock* of it; but if such a thing was to be in these days, the man would be turned out of the family."

Scenes very different from that have been witnessed in Haddon Hall since then. In 1803 the inhabitants of Bakewell celebrated the Peace of Amiens within its walls. In later years have been several popular gatherings there, in connection with the Bakewell and High Peak Literary Institution. At one which was attended by people of all ranks, I saw the late Duke of Rutland welcome the late Duke of Devonshire within its portals as a neighbour and guest—both of them surrounded by many of their relatives and friends, and all doing whatever could be appropriately done to make everybody feel at home. It was a beautiful summer evening; and as the sunlight fell with a golden glory on the old towers, or streamed in through the windows, on hundreds of happy

people;—as strains of music awakened the long-sleeping echoes, till night came on and the sunshine was succeeded by fireworks of great brilliancy and of almost every hue;—sober greetings and intellectual addresses were followed by music and dancing, they having taken the place of that olden roistering and wild revelry with which the place once rang. But times have changed again. Those two distinguished and warm-hearted nobles will nevermore meet and greet such a gathering of their neighbours on earth. But they loved the people, though that love was sometimes manifested by each in a very different way, and under very different political banners. Still, if it be true, as is often said, that unions here are but the types of happier unions hereafter, that day's union of all classes was worthy to be one of the most memorable.







Chatsworth, Derbyshire.



Chapter the Nineteenth.

CHATSWORTH.



AFTER the royal residences and a few national buildings, it is doubtful if there be in the kingdom any mansion more renowned in its way than Chatsworth. A greater contrast to Haddon, (so famous in another way,) it would be impossible to imagine; and thus it is that being so near, each for the tourist forms so excellent a foil to the other. Many noble mansions

there are occupying more striking positions, commanding views equally beautiful and more extensive, and each in some particulars unmatched by the rest. Nearly every great house, like every landscape, has some unborrowed touches of interest which set comparison at defiance, and give it individuality; but what place could surpass this "gorgeous pile" in that peculiar magnificence and wealth of art which have made it an attraction to the sojourner and pilgrim from every land, have given it a name wherever England is remembered by her travelled sons, and occasioned that name to be called up in contrast or comparison, whenever mention is made of other houses of distinction?

From whatever side you approach Chatsworth you have, long before reaching it, signs of "the ducal reign." The lodges, the gateways, the patrician air of the woods and the very fields, all prepare you for something of still greater mag-

nitude; and, unless pre-informed, you begin to *look up* for it. But not as at Windsor, or Belvoir, or Bolsover, do you find what you are looking for peering over the wide champaign. The old Hunting-tower, with—if “the Duke is at home”—the flag upon it, is very far seen; but that you feel to be no more than a mere index to something more important; when suddenly, by a turn in the road, or a burst from a woodland path, or a reaching of some mountain summit or moorland edge, you are startled by a grand mass of building of buff stone, rising from the very bosom of the landscape (not looking down upon it); and whether you be near or distant, the effect is most striking. Mention is sometimes made of particular spots from which to get the best views of the mansion and its surroundings. But there is no better plan, if the visitor has time, than to get directions from the civil people at the inns of Edensor or Rowsley, according as you may happen to arrive by way of one or the other, and then wander about the Park, obtaining many views. If, however, your time be limited, do not dwell too long in the park, but make your way to the house and pleasure-grounds, which, under certain regulations, and at certain hours, are open most days except Sunday, to all decent people who may desire admission.

Near to and on the east side of the river Derwent, with little more than the Italian flower-garden and a coach road between, the mansion rises, not at all obscured by the elegant dwarf balustrades which form its only partition from the park. Its principal front is richly ornamented. The rusticated base-ment, the finely-fluted central Ionic columns, supporting a frieze and pediment, within the tympanum of which the Devonshire family arms are very elegantly sculptured, with the other architectural features harmonising, and twelve hundred feet of Italian garden, and the beautiful water-jet, adding a rich frontal grace, make this aspect of Chatsworth very interesting. But there is something about the northern entrance also very imposing.

It would require, not a chapter, but an immense volume, merely to catalogue all that engages the visitor's eye and mind within. The antique busts and other figures in the ample sub-hall, the grand vases in the side openings of the north corridor, and the tessellated pavement of the north corridor itself, beautifully inlaid with marble-work, are sufficiently engaging to make you linger. But presently the visitor enters the Great Hall—a room of sixty by twenty-seven feet, with mosaic floor, and decorations by Verrio and Laguerre, suggested by the history of Julius Cæsar. At the centre of this hall is a large slab of fossil marble, mounted on an elegant stand; and other works from the marble quarries of Derbyshire, finely-mounted, adorn other parts of the room. By the great south stair-case, which is rich in paintings, with mythological figures looking from the niches as you pass, you reach the State Apartments, which are in the third story of the south front, and in the older part of the mansion. These rooms are most magnificent, and the works that adorn them rare and costly in the extreme. The ceilings, painted by Verrio and Sir James Thornhill, glow with pictures from classical story. The door-cases of Derbyshire marble, finely embellished; the curiously inlaid oaken floors; the wooden linings of the walls, abounding with the exquisite carved work of Gibbons; the rich paintings of old masters, and many rare old tapestries, produce in the aggregate a most extraordinary effect on both mind and feelings. The wood-carving is beyond description fine, wonderful for its representation of foliage, fruit and flowers, as well as of grouse, pheasants, partridges, quails, snipes, woodcocks, &c., carrying the mind away in two directions—one to the fields and woods, to which such things are normal, and the other to the taste and studio of the artist who could with such materials imitate nature so closely.

The Dukes of Devonshire having successively held high offices of state, these rooms contain many memorials of their posts of honour. In the State Bed-room is the bed in which

died King George the Second, and the chairs and footstools used at the coronation of George the Third and Queen Charlotte; and in the State Music-room are the gorgeous chairs in which were crowned William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide. In the former room are also a fine canopy, the work of the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, as well as the wardrobe of Louis XIV; while in the latter is that splendid portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire which won the praises of Horace Walpole, who thought it to be the work of Vansomer.—But it is invidious to mention a few pictures and articles of *vertu* in a place so gorgeously furnished and adorned, though one cannot pass without one word the elegant malachite table, clock and vases, presented to the late Duke by the Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas of Russia—such massiveness and workmanship in material so beautifully green, being so seldom met with in English houses.

The length of the entire suite of these noble apartments is little short of two hundred feet. But abounding within, as they do, with all that ingenuity and art could suggest to gratify the eye, nothing can surpass the scene as you turn from the interior and gaze through the windows along the southern landscape—along the vista where those “water rockets,” the famous fountains, are sending up their white spangles into the sunshine between the noble lines of trees; other pleasure-grounds adding their beauty to the scene; and the natural landscape beyond all, including the woody slopes of Stanton and the pastoral regions round Darley Dale, completing the lovely view.

In the upper part of the South Galleries is one of the most remarkable gatherings of works of art in the world—more than a thousand original sketches by the first Flemish, Venetian, Spanish, French, Italian, and other masters—including Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, Raphael, Titian, and Correggio. The lower part is fitted up with cabinet pictures, many of which have been removed thither from Devonshire

House and Chiswick. "The Monks at Prayer," at the end of the lower gallery, is one of the most interesting pictures of its class ever painted, and strikes every visitor. But there are many, many gems of art in this part of the house that it would take, not days, but months or years to scan; and I have never entered or left it without the heartache for lack of leisure and opportunity to linger long and thoroughly study them.

And so the visitor is conducted to the Chapel—which is beautifully embellished with regard to its sacred uses, and in keeping with the rest of the mansion; then to the Red Velvet (Billiard) Room; then to the Great Drawing Room, from the Drawing Room to the Great Library, the Ante-Library, and the Cabinet Library, which form altogether as complete an arrangement for their several purposes, as skill and taste, with all the aids of research, could effect.

The Dining Room is a truly grand apartment—the ceiling slightly coved and most richly panelled. A deep plinth surrounding the room is of polished Hopton marble. On the walls are family portraits by distinguished masters. The door-cases are of Sicilian jasper and African marble. The chimney-pieces are most exquisitely designed and sculptured, and ornamented with figures of full size and in fine relief. Everything in the room is made to match its architecture, and the ante-room is furnished in harmony with it.

Finally we come to the Sculpture Gallery—crown and completion of all that wealth and art could do to embellish and give permanent richness to such a place,—to thrill the soul and fill it with a sense of beauty. Byron said that Italy—the world—had but one Canova; yet some of Canova's most exquisite works are here, with several of Thorwaldsen and many other masters of the art, for company. I have no disposition to catalogue them here, and as little to criticise. One comment, however, on the faces of Napoleon I. and his mother—of the first of whom there is a large bust by Canova; and of the latter a fine recumbent figure—I think by Campbell.

Often, after first seeing that figure of Buonaparte's mother, I thought it remarkable that his face, as popularly known, especially about the mouth and jaws, should be so unlike hers. But it so happened that a cast of his face when exhumed at St. Helena, and of which I have a correct plaster copy, makes both the upper and lower parts of the face much more like hers, as she is represented here, than the popular busts of him do. Besides the human and mythical figures in this gallery, to which genius and skill have lent all but life, are many other pieces of exquisite workmanship; but as their places are sometimes changed, and the visitor can ascertain all needful particulars while viewing them, it is not requisite to dwell upon them now.

The Gardens of Chatsworth, too, have great share of its fame, having been enriched and ornamented at extraordinary cost and pains. Perhaps I am one of those whose intense love of natural scenery, and enjoyment of its harmonies, may lessen their estimate of the achievements of art in a landscape; so that the great cascade, and some other contrivances for effect, seem to me so elaborate in comparison with their result in the mind, as to leave a wish that they were less artificial. But it is easy to criticise where it might be difficult to improve; and when we consider how, for many generations, Chatsworth and other places have existed as much for the gratification of the public as of their private owners, a visitor might not unreasonably feel thankful for so much enjoyment as they afford at so little cost to himself.

Those old waterworks were considered grand and not out of harmony with the taste of the times in which they were constructed, any more than those bright fountains below are out of taste with our own. How one loves to gaze on the latter, throwing up their lofty columns of spray into the calm sunshine, above the tops of the tall green trees—one of them, the "Victoria," to the height of 267 feet! In many agreeable ways is water brought to play its part about these grounds,

adding life and freshness wherever its voice is heard. And sometimes, when the whole of the water-works are in play together, how they remind one of that beautiful apostrophe of John Edwards, in his "Tour of the Dove :"—

"Thou eldest of the elements which sprang
From underneath the spirit's brooding wings,
When chaos heard that potent voice which rang,
Commanding life and being to all things !
Hail, Water ! beautiful thy gushing springs,
Thy lakes and rivers : shrined in clouds or dew,
In ice or snow, or where the rainbow flings
Its radiant arch—in every form and hue,
Thou, glorious element ! art ever fair and new."

Among the elder adaptations of water to amusement here, is an artificial tree, standing so quietly that the unsuspecting visitor feels no hesitation about stepping under its branches—though he is soon glad to retreat, as water is suddenly sent through numerous pores in all its branches, the twigs of which are little jets, and he finds himself showered all over in "a rain bath."

All the world is familiar with the name of Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., by whose direction, under the late Duke, an entirely new character was given to most of the grounds round Chatsworth. One of his earlier achievements here was the Great Conservatory—which in time furnished the rudimentary idea of the Crystal Palace of 1851. This conservatory, a parallelogram, one side of which is 276 feet in length, and the other 123, has a central arched roof sixty-seven feet high, with a span of seventy feet, resting on rows of iron pillars; and its frame-work is filled with more than seventy thousand square feet of glass. In this vast space flourish some of the lofty productions of the tropics, and every possible addition that wealth and research could make from many climes.

The Fruit and Vegetable Gardens are some distance to the north, forming, with Sir Joseph Paxton's Anglo-Italian resi-

dence of Barbrook Hall, and the rich floral realm around it, a distinct sort of domain, yet not altogether apart.

I had almost forgotten to mention the Stables, which, conveniently situated and without being at all obtruded on the eye, are of dimensions quite large enough for an ordinary patrician residence.

And conspicuous over all, on its lofty wooded height, stands the noble Hunting-tower, from which upon occasions of rejoicing, or for signals, is sometimes heard the voice of a number of cannon, reverberating among the far hills with the effect of "live thunder;"—while woody uplands, graceful terraces and lawns, greenest meadows and the winding Derwent, wandering herds of the finest deer and kine, or occasional flocks of sheep, all help to complete a picture so ample that the arriving coach, the departing cavalcade, the foot-passenger, on his "mathematical line of road" across the distant slope, or even a large pleasure party just arrived from a special train, seem no more to disturb it than if the picture were a painted one—so large is the space and so harmonious the whole scene. Even the Review of the Volunteers, in the autumn of 1860, in itself an imposing spectacle and witnessed by many thousands of people, lost some portion of its effect from the greatness of surrounding objects and of the space around the sphere of operations.

The history of Chatsworth is intimately connected with that of Hardwick, Bolsover, Wingfield, and other houses. In Domesday Book it was written *Chetesvorde*. The ancient mansion (according to the pictures of it preserved) was built in a very different style from this—quadrangular, with turrets. The manor was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, who was making great improvements in it, when he died in 1557; but his widow (afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury) completed it. When it came into possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury it was often also the prison-residence of Mary Queen of Scots, who was here in some portions of the years 1570, 1573, 1577,

1578, and 1581. In the wars of the Commonwealth it was held alternately as a garrison by the Parliamentarians and Royalists and suffered some injury; and subsequently it was still more seriously damaged by fire. The present noble structure was commenced about the year 1687 by William the fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire, whose grace of mind and literary accomplishments, as well as the great and decisive part he took in the revolution of 1688, have been the theme of many writers. Among those who were employed in its erection, were William Talman, a native of Wiltshire, and Sir Christopher Wren; and among the painters who embellished it were Verrio, Laguerre, Ricard, Huyd, Highmore, and Sir James Thornhill; while the carvers in stone were Caius Gabriel Cibber (father of the comedian), Geeraerslius, Samuel Watson of Heanor, Harris, Nost, Nedauld, Davis, Landseroon, and Auriol; in wood, Gibbons, Watson, Young, Lobb, and Davis. The great Northern Wing of Chatsworth House—385 feet long, making the whole length from north to south 557 feet—was added by the late accomplished and munificent William Spencer, the sixth Duke. The architect was Sir Jeffrey Wyatville; and from its vastness as well as its classical style, it forms a most magnificent and imposing, as well as most useful addition to the fabric.

Visited by our own Queen Victoria and by many foreign potentates; sought by travellers of repute from all civilized countries, and familiar almost as a national museum to our own country-people of every rank, Chatsworth needs neither description nor compliment from the pen of any writer. But a book on Derbyshire saying nothing about it would be indeed a strange book. My own peculiar tastes lead me to prefer authorship of almost any kind to that of describing great houses, on which a hundred previous writers have expended all that is superlative in language. The very profusion of objects and of subjects is so overwhelming as to set discrimination and selection at defiance—leaving it almost unwise, if not im-

possible, to speak of such places in other than general terms. After attempting a mere chapter, one lays down the pen with the feeling of having performed but an ill-finished task. But there is a satisfaction in knowing that, as with the late, so with the present noble owner of Chatsworth, the humblest countryman as well as the most cultivated *savan* may enjoy it without care; that the whole is apparently kept up as much for the public as for private gratification, and in a manner to make any quiet man feel thankful for dukes, yet considering the great care and responsibility of so high a position, almost equally thankful that he is not one of their order.

Still, after all, there must be for cultivated and generous minds much pleasure, in being thus able to afford delight to the thousands who have access in the ordinary way, as well as to the more select who visit for private enjoyment. It is said that when the celebrated Marshal Tallard was taken near Blenheim by the Duke of Marlborough, in 1704, and remained a prisoner in this country for a period of seven years, he was once nobly entertained at Chatsworth for several days, and on departing paid his noble host this pleasing compliment:—"My Lord Duke, when I compute the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out those I have passed at Chatsworth."

A tribute of another kind was paid by the late Duke of Wellington, on the occasion of a pyrotechnic *fete* at Chatsworth, given on the visit of the Queen in 1843, when his Grace observed—"I have travelled Europe through and through, and witnessed many scenes of surpassing grandeur on many occasions, but never did I see so magnificent a *coup d'œil* as that extended before me."



Chapter the Twentieth.

RAMBLE IN THE HIGH PEAK.

IT was in that season when the year seems to be halting between summer and autumn—when the freshness of the morning scarcely amounts to a chill, or the warmth of noon to overpowering heat; while the setting sun and the rising moon so sweetly share the evening between them, that you can hardly tell where daylight ends or night begins. My two companions were, one of them, a worthy country parson, a man fully alive to all the sacred responsibilities of his calling, yet not afraid of being “merry in God,” and the other, a jaunty, genial, but not the less astute, lawyer, in whom the long companionship of John Doe and Richard Roe had by no means deadened a love of nature. Three men more dissimilar in many respects, yet, in the circumstances, more calculated to harmonize, could scarcely have gone out together. We had all been, more or less, overstrained by hard duty; felt our four days’ liberty a blessed boon from the Giver of all good; and, I believe, scarcely ever forgot Him, while we resolved to make the most of a High Peak ramble.

It was already near noon when we found ourselves, after a pleasant refreshment, rising the hill from Rowsley Inn towards Stanton-in-Peak. One of the finest days of a luxuriant harvest

wedded earth and sky. Along Darley Dale, on our left, stretched the meadows and newly-reaped corn-fields, on each side of the winding Derwent; while Stanton Woods, Beeley Top, Oaker Hill, and the picturesque pines on Fircliff, looked down upon them all, and on the old village and its outscattered homes, not gloomily, though in somewhat of a solemn tranquillity; as back towards us looked Riber and Masson from the south, to complete the lovely picture. Turning to the north, we saw below and before us the vale of Haddon, Haddon Hall, and Bakewell Spire, with moorland-ridges and mountain-knolls and peaks far-fading beyond them—here green, there brown, and yonder blue or misty grey; the Wye, by its many meanderings, looking as if it were all along trying to form a chain of islands, yet always getting thwarted just before it had completed them; while more westerly, across the Lathkil, stretched the pastures of Over Haddon, the whole landscape finely intersected and relieved by the full-ripe foliage of the woods, and the firing of some ling or bracken, or perhaps the burning of charcoal, or secluded lime-kilns, which sent up graceful pillars of smoke into the distant sky.

This Stanton,—with its far-seen woods,* its hoary tors and lofty prospect-tower, its druidical relics, its modern little

* In another chapter we have glanced at Stanton Woodhouse, a favourite retreat of the late Duke of Rutland, from which a noble drive, bearing his name and forming a sort of division-line between his Grace's estate and Mr. Thornhill's, runs through the woods—sometimes through tall groves or thick bowers, and not unfrequently along open natural galleries, commanding landscapes to the east of great beauty and immense extent. This drive is in places edged by most singular rocks, several of which are supposed to have been used by the Druids, and there is a Druidical circle at a short distance within the wood, consisting of nine stones, now worn low by time. Some of the tors bear modern inscriptions—affectionate memorials of members of the Manners' family; and one can easily imagine with what delight they must sometimes have lingered with one another and with their friends in such a region.

Church (the six bells for which, in younger days, I saw in a wagon, on their way hither from London); its Hall, the handsome seat of Mr. W. Pole Thornhill, one of the members of parliament for this division of the county; and its beautiful landscapes, look from it on whichever quarter you will,—should be visited by every quiet tourist, not only for its own sake, but because it can be taken from any side, in the way to so many other interesting places. Mr. Thornhill being a gentleman warmly devoted to the country and to country life, could scarcely have inherited a place more befitting his tastes than Stanton-in-Peak.

On this day we took it in our way to Rowtor Rocks, near Birchover—a pile of stones so strangely placed by nature and so curiously altered by “the sport of man,” as to present an enigma puzzling alike to the geologist and the antiquary. Labyrinthine caverns and a sort of hermitage below, a huge “rocking-stone” (now somewhat displaced) and small obelisk above, and several steep flights of steps and grooved galleries between, leave one greatly in doubt as to how much of the whole is natural and how much artificial; while an old ruined mansion near—should it not from its grey semblance to the rocks elude the eye—adds only the more to that spirit of wonder and speculation which possessed one from the moment of arrival, and makes one anxious to know its history. But take the scene altogether, and describe it as we may, it can be little more than “the history of a mystery” when we have done. Eliza Meteyard (“Silverpen”) has an excellent story upon it.

Descending from the Tors, the visitor should not fail to go down to that old Ruin. On the way to it from the neat little house of rest and refreshment called the Druid’s Inn, he will pass a lonely Chapel, with a solitary tombstone and an ancient yew in its yard. In a curve of the road just below he will find a stand-point at which all the rocks in the neighbourhood will be seen, almost as if grouped on the eye by design; and if he be a lover of such scenery, he will feel at once why such a place

was chosen for the site of the dark grey mansion near him, harmonizing as it would, in that remarkable position, with all around it.

The "Andle-stone," (*qy.* Handle-stone?) which we saw in a field near the side of the road from Stanton hither, is one huge and lofty block, nearly square, its top made accessible by the insertion of a number of iron handles; and the view from it to the north and west is of vast extent. It is encircled from the glebe around it by a low stone wall, and the area has been planted with rhododendrons. Should the day on which you visit this spot be calm and clear, it will be a happy dream that you may have as you rest on the top of the stone and gaze abroad towards Haddon, and up as far as Axe Edge beyond Buxton, tracing the valleys of the Wye and Lathkil until their fading lines are lost in the romantic scene. The Andle-stone has a modern inscription on its front, as follows:—

Field-Marshal
DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
Died 14th Sep., 1852,
Aged 82 Years.

Lieut.-Colonel
WILLIAM THORNHILL,
7th Hussars,
Died 9th Dec., 1851,
Aged 71 years.

Assaye, 1803—Waterloo, 1815.

It is somewhere about half-way between Stanton village and Birchover—just an oddment of that strange and picturesque scattering of gritstone tors over the whole district, commencing with the half-hidden rocks on the eastern edge of Stanton Woods; revived again as curiously in the Rowtor Rocks; strikingly conspicuous too in the Eagle-stone; but more ruggedly and prominently than ever in Bradley, Cracliff, and Graned Tors—all large, hoary and elevated masses of stone, peering over the landscape, and some of them bearing most fantastic names—as Robin Hood's Stride, from two large natural pillars, monstrously supposed to mark the length of that hero's step; or Mock Beggar's Hall, from their semblance

to two chimnies rising from the roof of an old mansion. Not far distant from Mock Beggar's Hall is the curious Hermitage in Cracliff—a crucifix carved in the natural rock, by its side, bespeaking it the residence in days far back of some religious devotee. All these rocks, huge, dusky and various, might be seen as we stood on Rowtor (or Roo Tor), and all were well worth a visit had time allowed. Vast too, and very beautiful, was the landscape of which they form a part, the old grey tower of Youlgreave Church being one of its most conspicuous objects. Large herds of cattle were grazing within view, and harvest people in the corn fields gave additional cheerfulness to the sunny prospect—a prospect that in winter, as I once saw it, is sometimes wild and dreary in the extreme. What must it have been in the great snow-storm of 1615, of which the following memorandum is made in Youlgreave parish register:—"This year, 1614-5, January 16th, began the greatest snow-storm which ever fell upon earth within man's memory. It covered the earth fyve quarters deep upon the playne. It fell ten severall tymes, and the last was the greatest, to the greate admiration and fear of all the land; it came from the foure p'ts of the world, so that all e'ntries were full, yea, the south p'te as well as these mountaynes. It continued by daily increasing until the 12th of March, (without the sight of any earth, eyther upon the hilles or valleyes,) upon wh. daye, being the Lord's daye, it began to decrease, and so by little and little consumed and wasted away till the eight and twentyth day of May, for then all the heapes or drifts of snow were consumed, except one uppon Kinder Scout, wch lay till Witsun-week." This thaw was so gradual that, notwithstanding the quantity of snow, there were no disastrous floods, and it was followed by so dry a summer that the earth would have been parched up but for its providential precurrence. But in the calm hour of our wanderers' halt, the whole scene was so fresh, and rich, and fair, as to make us sing a hymn of gratitude to our pastor's favourite tune of *French* while we sat gazing;

till the day beginning to decline, we came down again by the nearest road to Rowsley, and took the omnibus thence through Beeley and Chatsworth Park to Edensor. After a saunter through the "model village," where modern elegance has left no room for old-fashioned rusticity, but where architecture and horticulture combine with triumphant effect, we made Edensor Inn our home for the night, refreshing ourselves for further operations on the morrow. By the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Jephson, our last evening hour was passed in their family circle, which made our stay still more agreeable.

SECOND DAY.

CHATSWORTH having already had a special chapter, we linger not there now. Nor did we on the second morning of our ramble,—feeling that at any future time we might, as we had aforetime done, avail ourselves of the liberality that opens it freely to all visitors;—so hiring a conveyance and driver from the Inn, we started as early as possible after breakfast for Baslow. The morning was fine, with flashes of sunshine and slight dashes of rain between; and such was the weather for the greater part of that day,—just the right sort of weather too for the scenery through which we had chiefly to pass, and doing no harm to men neither too lightly nor too heavily clad, but sufficiently mailed in thin woollen for every emergency.

Glancing at Baslow village and bridge, and that fine reach of the river above it,—conscious too of the handsome portals to Chatsworth Park not far away,—we went on by Calver, stopping to look at the ponderous machinery of the large lead mine there, and then rode forward to Stony Middleton. There are two other villages of the name of Middleton in Derbyshire—one by Wirksworth and the other by Youlgreave; but very rightly is this named Middleton the Stony. Yet stony as are some of the heights around and beyond it, and stony, old and cold, as seem many of its hurkling and clustering houses, there

is also much of loveliness and cheerfulness near, in Lord Denman's rural domain; and much freshness in the stream flowing through the village street, nor less in the foliage overtopping or the ivy braiding those wondrous rocks up the Dale from which it comes—rocks that one might imagine to have furnished the first hints of castle and cathedral architecture, had castles and cathedrals been first built in England. Though considerably marred by quarries for lime-stone, the rocks of Middleton Dale still remain in some places most fantastic, and in others sublime; and contrasting as they do with the green meadowy beauty around the Hall and Church at the other end of the village, and opposed as they are by Calver Pike and other lofty hills, every human erection in their neighbourhood, in comparison with their stupendousness, appears dwarfed; while the scene altogether has so many touches of originality and grotesqueness, and its inhabitants, though very civil and obliging, are so primitive in their dialect and their garb, that the tourist feels won in spite of himself for a longer stay than he intended, and may go wiser away for the hour he spends. We found some intelligent people about the Barytes and Lead Works who seemed pleased to afford us information; and we did not leave them without feelings of respect for their homely politeness.

A steep rock called the *Lover's Leap* on the right as we left the village, was pointed out to us, as it is to all inquirers, in connection with the story of a girl named Baddaley, who in the year 1750 threw herself, while in a fit of grief, from its top, but—strange to tell—without receiving much injury! Her face was a little disfigured, and she was otherwise scratched and bruised by the bushes and crags with which she came in contact during her fall. Her bonnet, cap, and kerchief, were left at the top of the rock, and some fragments of her torn garments marked the course of her descent. Her singular and almost miraculous escape, says Wood, made a serious impression on her mind; her fit of love subsided; and she afterwards

lived an exemplary life in the vicinity of the place which had been the scene of her folly, and died unmarried.

From Middleton Dale we went up through a side-dale to the far-famed village of Eyam,—Eyam, the scene of a great plague



in the year 1666, the like of which no other village in England ever knew; which slew five-sixths of the whole number of its inhabitants, many of whom were buried in the fields near their homes, or wherever they happened to fall; and none of the heroic survivors, with but one exception, disobeying their pastor Mompesson's philanthropic advice, "not to risk the health of the country round by crossing the boundary of the parish." William Wood has told the whole story in his interesting "History of Eyam;" and one of the fine poems of William and Mary Howitt, written in their earlier days, is on

"The memory of that mighty woe."

Many other writers have, in their own way, told the mournful tale; and from various causes, this included, Eyam has long



From a Photograph by J. A. Warwick

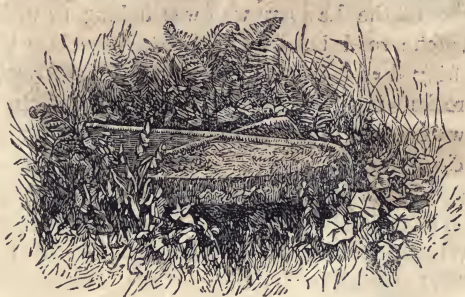
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Ancient Cross, Eyem Churchyard.

Derbyshire

been considered one of the most classical villages in the county. Not the least of its honours is that of being the birth-place, as it is also the burial-place, of Richard Furness, author of "The Rag-Bag," "The Astrologer," and other poems, many of which have been thrown into one volume, with an able memoir, by Dr. George Calvert Holland, as a mark of love and respect for the poet's memory. Furness was as genuine a son of the Peak as ever trod its heather. I knew him well. Both the man and his life were as picturesque as the country; and whether as artizan, schoolmaster, author, parish-clerk, or "everybody's neighbour," he was so much admired and beloved that, when he died at Dore and was brought hither to be buried, numbers walked many a mile to pay the mournful tribute of attendance, and numbers still seek his grave and read his epitaph.

William Wood, also a native of the village, (well known as its historian and one of its poets), still lives at the time I am writing. In bygone days we had together enjoyed pleasant rambles and conversations with Furness. There were likewise other living worthies to whom, on the day of our visit, it was desirable to introduce my fellow-tourists; and after looking



through the Church and Church-yard, scanning the old runic cross, Catherine Mompesson's grave, Furness's grave and tasteful tombstone, and many a touching memorial besides, the whole party joined us in our refection at the neighbouring inn, where

traditional lore and thoughts of "auld langsyne" furnished a rich dessert to our wholesome meal, during a passing shower, and sent us on our further way rejoicing. Whoever visits Eyam at leisure will, in strolls to the Cucklet Dell, Mompesson's Well, Riley Gravestones, the Druidical-circle on the Moor, and other places connected with the history of the village, its worthies, its ancient sorrows and modern pleasures, do well to make a companion for the time of some intelligent inhabitant, which, judging from my own experience, will be an advantage not very difficult of acquisition.

Passing away from Eyam, we descended the hill-side to Stoke, and leaving Stoke Hall on our left, took the bridge over the Derwent leading to Froggatt. There is another bridge a little higher up the river, Grindleford Bridge, which any tourist, if he so chose, might do well to take in his way, and so go up by Padley Wood to Fox House and Longshaw—a most enchanting walk or drive. But we took the lower bridge, because the Pastor and I wanted to linger awhile on Froggatt Edge, which in due time, by scaling most rugged rocks, we reached; and were amazed to find how diminutive had grown our stout friend the Lawyer, who was hailing us with a jolly cheer from the road below. Froggatt Edge is well worth climbing, fringed as it is with the most wild and picturesque gritstone rocks—many of them bearing marks of the ancient action of waters, and some, of the hands of ancient men; for druidical circles and decayed altars are there. Far eastward as the eye could reach, extend heathery moorlands; westwards are wooded mountains, fertile valleys, and pleasant habitations; and——Whir-r-r! What was that?——Whir-r-r! There goes another! What splendid moor-fowl! But they are soon out of sight, and the only sound we hear, save the moaning wind, is that tootling little redbreast among the stones; or, as that ceases, the rain which comes pattering on our cheeks—only for a moment though—for here it is followed by a sudden gleam of sunshine, chasing it away, as if they were





playing a game over the landscape of trying which could first get right across it to the far horizon !

And so seeking the road and our companion again, we pass on by the back of Longshaw Lodge to Fox House Inn, for brief rest and restoration — feeling, in the wild aspect of nature, the cool freshness of the mountain air, the dun waves of the heathery waste, and the gloom of Caelswark and Higgar rocks, as far from the work-day world we left behind us but yesterday as if some broad ocean rolled between our new experience and our more familiar scenes.

Ah, those lofty rocks of Caelswark—and Higgar loftier still! —how grandly do they loom in the evening light ! To me, on that day, they seemed to rise more solemnly than ever from the sea of heather that surrounds them ; for it was the first time I had gazed on them since they were gazed on by one whose eyes death had now closed for ever. People of little minds, who gauge all human motives and feelings by their own, sometimes sneer at writers like myself, for venturing with the pen to touch even the hem of rank and wealth. But, whether in robes or in rags, “a man’s a man for a’ that,” and he who did not let his rank prevent him when in this world calling himself *my friend*, cannot now be fastidiously left unnamed because he has gone to a better and “needs no praise.” To no one, perhaps, except it be his filial successor, have those rocks, these moorlands, and all their wild associations, been more dear than they were to that thorough Englishman, John Henry the late Duke of Rutland. He loved them for their own sakes, nor less for the sake of others ; and when any of Nature’s devotees sought them in a kindred spirit, the proofs are not wanting that it afforded him delight. He liked also to read what other people thought about them ; and though he loved not poaching, yet could he sympathize with the poor poacher—that wild English Arab—when drawn by his natural instinct to ply his dangerous adventures. Though attached, both by theory and custom, to established law, and severely opposed

to every attempted breach of it, he had a heart both larger and warmer than his professions. He was shrewdly and sometimes strongly jealous, perhaps, of the motives of others—yet where he trusted, he trusted entirely; was very steadfast in his friendships; and while nearly seventy years a duke, never forgot that he was a man.

But this is an episode, from which we must now return to the scenery before us: for see, the moon is already over East Moor and the sun over “Sir William,” that high moorland mountain so named, with Leam Hall and its pleasancess forming a sweet oasis on its breast; and as we come to Millstone Edge, all the Dale, up from Grindleford Bridge to Castleton, is a-glow in the golden flood of evening light! What a contrast between the scenes now behind and before us—the former so wild, and weird, and dusky; the latter so richly pastoral, fruitful and bright! Down below us winds the glittering Derwent, receiving many a headlong tributary from deep cloughs and little mountain wells. Fields spread far and wide round grey old farmsteads. Woods blend their shades with the wild heather and the mountain-stones, where tillage becomes impossible and pasturage itself grows scanty. Little cottages and their orchard-gardens dot converging slopes, and hamlets and villages find shelter in the more retired nooks of the valley. The spires of Hathersage and Hope, stand like beacons and landmarks in the distance, by which the wondering traveller may measure the journey yet before him; and hills, grandly arrayed in ridges, and knolls, and peaks, hem the whole in one vast amphitheatre, and give a finish to the lovely view—the finest, perhaps, afforded by any dale in Derbyshire.

After dwelling for some time on this glorious prospect, my companions as loth as myself to leave it, we passed on to Hathersage village—often giving glances, aside or forward, at “Sir William,” Hazelbach, Rushope, Whin Hill, Lows Hill, Mam Tor, and the country about “Jacob’s Ladder,” as we passed along.

It was a lovely evening that we spent at Hathersage, visiting the Church, Little John's Grave, the mound of the old Danish encampment, and the cottage Little John (properly, John le Tall,) is said, with some ground for believing it, to have died in. And close by that cottage we were in great jeopardy of being "taken up;" for some lads having just robbed an apple-tree hard by, the owner came rushing out, and finding we were the only "lads" about, (the thieves having escaped), he was ready in the dim light of the moon to fall foul on us, till getting nearer, he was satisfied to take our language and appearance for bail.

We saw the neat Roman Catholic Chapel at the end of Hathersage village, but had not time, in this brief "outing," to make a detour up through Brookfield Vale to North Lees Hall and the decayed Chapel there, though every tourist who



can, should do it. North Lees was formerly a seat of the old family of Eyre, who owned altogether not less than seven manors in this neighbourhood. The house is a species of cas-

telet, the date of its erection uncertain. It contains many quaint, low rooms, with mullioned windows—the upper ones and the leaden roof reached by a curious spiral stair-case, its steps sawn out of solid blocks of wood. At the bottom of a field, a short distance from the Hall, are the ruined walls of its ancient little Chapel, the area now filled with trees and rank vegetation, but of which one might say, with Mrs. Hemans, not inaptly—

“Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
And the changeful hours breathe o’er thee now,
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man’s deep spirit of old hath wrought ;
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
Or prayer from a chastened heart to heaven,—
Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,
Who hath made thee nature’s own again.”

The little inn where we staid, at the bottom of the village, was so snug and clean as to make our sojourn in it a perfect luxury. A cheerful conversation, crowned by the Pastor’s warm and genuine offering of prayer and praise, followed our day’s experience. He had broken the ice of reserve on the point of this holy duty the evening before ; it became to us all an habitual comfort and joy ; and, as he afterwards said, he believed that God blessed him for having done it the whole journey through.

THIRD DAY.

It was pleasant to awake next morning to all the stir of industry in Hathersage village, and to a consciousness of the calm and beauty of the surrounding hills ; to feel the pulse of humanity beating in the bosom of nature, the vigour of commercial enterprise affording a foil rather than giving disturbance to the quietude of the pastoral landscape. It was a treat also to glance again by daylight at the old church-yard and objects of antiquarian interest around ; to watch the flocks and herds, and the last relics of the uncompleted harvest, scattered

along the mountain-sides, or the rocks or dark woodlands climbing toward their tops ; to stroll through the hackle and needle factory, amid hissing fires and busy wheels, informed of all the processes there going on by an intelligent conductor, nephew of the proprietor, who had himself in boyhood lost an arm among that very machinery and escaped with life only as by a miracle to tell the interesting story ; and then, bidden God-speed by the Village Pastor and some of his cheerful neighbours, to mount a jaunty vehicle hired for us from Castleton, and bear away by the hamlet of Brough and the village of Hope into Edale—Whin Hill, Lows Hill, Batta Tor, Mam Tor, Lord's Seat, and other heights in succession rising and receding, or sometimes seeming altogether to hem us in, in that lovely vale, and offering no egress we could see before us except by the road called Jacob's Ladder, which needed no other name to describe its steepness.

One of Wordsworth's vallies, only without a lake, but having a beautifully winding and sparkling little stream instead, from which the locality takes its name (E-dale being simply another name for Water-dale), with here a cot and there a cot, and yonder a small gathering of such, or a more ample farm-yard, and one or two little factories—looked down upon on one side by rude rocks and peaks, and dark bluffs, and tufted slopes, and on the other by a far-extending pastoral ridge—the centre of the scene divided into small square fields by low, moss-grey stone-walls and lines of hedge-rows—"hardly hedge-rows, little lines of sportive wood run wild,"—such was the scene as we passed along Edale, not uncharacterized by touches of humanity now and then. In one place we met a venerable old moss-gatherer—just such a character as Wordsworth, or Washington Irving, or William Howitt, would have delighted in—his garb as homely as it was picturesque, his language as homely but picturesque as his appearance, while with his three-pronged hook in his hand, and his bag of moss against the wall, he told us how that was always his employment at this

time of year, that he might have moss enough in winter wherewith to stop up the crevices in cottage-roofs, which it was then his ordinary vocation to repair.

And while we were yet talking with the moss-gatherer, there came along the dale a man with one eye, just as we were discovering that one of our party had left his over-coat far behind on the road. The man with one eye volunteered to go and seek it; while a man with two eyes, who did not offer to go, ridiculed the idea of "a man with only one eye finding anything." The search was, however, successful, though the coat had already been picked up by another party, and the prompt and fortunate volunteer did not go unrewarded. Nor did the factory-people, out for their dinner-hour as we passed, nor the little cotton-factories themselves, seem to detract in the least from the romantic and rural aspect of all we beheld, as we approached the hamlet of Grinesbrook, in a nook within a nook; so primitive, that when we came upon it, it had more effect upon our minds, perhaps, than any other spot we had yet fallen in with on our ramble.

What an old-world scene, watered by the winding brook and nursed by all the hills! That miniature old church, or chapel, with its tiny bell-turret; that small public-house by its side, with no other sign or name than that of "the Chapel-house;" those grey old homes up the receding nook, with one other little inn; a school-house in which the town-trained schoolmaster seemed scarcely at home, and where one wee "kept" urchin seemed as if he would have been more at home with Shenstone's Schoolmistress; and the many-gabled house of more patrician style, that would have been a cottage almost anywhere else in the world, but which here, by comparison, might boast of the character of a mansion: how vividly the whole picture continues to live in the mind as at this moment I look there again for it, while writing! And then, the inside of that little public-house, kept by Isaac Cooper, who was also a cattle-dealer and grazier, farming five hundred acres on the

mountain that overlooked his lowly home. A character long to be remembered by us all was Isaac Cooper. Sitting in his parlour with its low mullioned window, getting our refreshment, we had him in to talk with and give us the information with which his shrewd and practical mind was well and wonderfully stored. And while we were so sitting, his daughter, a smart and comely young woman, who had evidently seen beyond the valley, came into the room, and began to draw a curtain across one part of the window. Now, up in that country, all women and girls are, without the slightest offence, called wenches. So Isaac, turning his face from the fire towards the window, asked in a somewhat brisk tone, "What's th' wench about?" "Why, (was her reply) I'm just drawing th' curtain a little way: I was afraid th' draft might hurt the gentlemen, as there's a broken quaril," meaning a broken square. This done, the father's eye still followed the daughter as she retired from the room, when in a tone and manner about mid-way between soliloquy and colloquy, he continued to talk:—"Ah, that wench! hou's been upsetting me, hou has! I went to a cattle fair, t'other dey; an' I'd no sooner gone than hou mut goo gadding away to Chapel-i'-Frith, among a ruck o' wenches; an' away they aw went to Liverpool wi' a special treyn; an' when I got back, iverything 'ith' house had gone topsy-turvy: I niver sey'd things i' sich a wey sin' th' dey I wor born! Mr. Marsland said I ought to be very severe with her for 't, and punish her well. Somebody or other said I ought to pu' her ears for her; but (continued the old man in a more kindly and relaxing tone) I havena' spocken a word to her about it yet; for, yo see'n, *it doesna' do to get into a passion in a hurry!*" Grand old Isaac! it were well worth while to have found out thy little hostelrie in Edale, were it only to learn that lesson; nor do I think the kind daughter, who was so considerate about the "draft through the broken quaril," will ever be the worse for thy gentleness and forbearance!

The light in the valley was growing golden, as we passed

away in our open "one-horse shay," with its trusty and intelligent driver, over the right shoulder of Mam Tor (or the Shivering Mountain) towards the Winyates; and very pleasant it was to dismount for the relief of the horse and the exercise of our own limbs, as we climbed the steep to a gap in the mountain, called Mam-nick, sometimes astonished at the danger which seemed to threaten the heavy-laden carts we met coming down the precipitous roads, and sometimes filled with a serene delight, as we looked back and far down on the cotted vale we were leaving. No tourist ought ever to believe he has seen Derbyshire without spending a few quiet sunny hours in Edale. It was, I believe, one of these scenes that made my friend Thomas Barlow, the Bard of Longdendale, say—

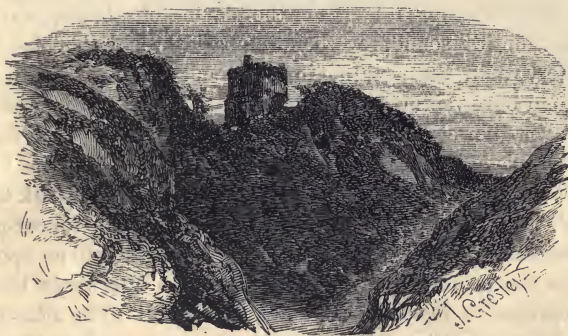
The spirit of Beauty reigneth everywhere,
A secret essence which pervades all space;
In the vast universe there is no place
But Beauty's self hath fixed her dwelling there.
Soaring athwart the misty mountain air,
Or diving deep into the vale, we trace,
'Mid aërial creatures or the feathered race,
That subtle charm which renders all things fair.
Sounding the cavern's deep and fearful gloom,
Spanning the heavens and the pulsating stars,
Rounding the horizon, 'mid the golden bars
Which morn or eve the sun's bright path illumine,
Wherever eye can see or fancy roam,
The soul of Beauty hath a boundless home!

But we have now again overtaken our driver, have rounded the side of Mam Tor, and descended into that wondrous ravine called the Winyates (or Wind-gates), once the only outlet on the western side from the little town of Castleton, to which we now descend. I do not think that Kirkstone Pass, or any other pass in Britain, unless it be Dovedale, is in its way more romantic and striking than this of the Winyates, with its long and lofty array, on each side, of natural tors and steeples, bastions and turrets, and wild mimicry of castle and cathedral



ruins,—forming a vista through which the far-stretching dale and peaked hills beyond are seen in fine contrast and relief, the landscape expanding more on the eye as we descend upon the neat but old-fashioned little town—the beetling tower of Peveril's Castle above looking down on the old Church and clustering homes below—and the Castle Inn doing its best to give us a welcome, as the shades of night begin to fall gently over the scene.

“O'er the hill the moon is hiding,
 Behind a cloudy reef;
 The castle, looming dimly,
 Stands out in bold relief;
 Mam Tor is faintly gleaming,
 In the clear and cloudless west,
 And the chimes in warning numbers
 Ring—'tis near the hour of rest.”



CASTLE TON.

AN INTERLUDE.

AND morning will awaken us to the many wonders of Castle-ton! That “Shivering Mountain,” so called from one side of it continually shaling away, and precipitating its particles into the valley, in little masses, as though it were trembling just

enough to shake them off! How it rears its dark form above the neighbouring hills, lifting the remains of the old Roman encampment that crowns it to the clouds! And then, old "Odin's Mine,"—a mine worked by the earliest Saxon colonists and named after their god,—worked at intervals ever since by the generations that have succeeded them,—and still in working, unexhausted!

Those other curious caves, too. What a remarkable cave is the *Speedwell*, or *Navigation Mine*, which is entered by 106 steps, near the end of the Winyates, and along which, when once inside, the explorer is carried forward for some hundreds of yards in a boat, on a canal that extends to the very heart of the hill, where a deep chasm is reached, down which plunge, with awful roar, the waters of a large rivulet that at last finds vent at the foot of the rock on which stands Peveril Castle. The effect of a Bengal-light let down that chasm is very grand; as before reaching it is that of the playing of a bugle, or of any other musical sound, reverberating back through the long, long, watery vault. Strange, that in the pursuit of mineral wealth, men should have ventured on carrying a navigable canal so far into the very bowels of the earth; strange, too, that such a cavern should have been any man's birth-place! But so it was. The mother of the late Mr. Jeremy Royse was one day at work there, and, owing to some excitement, was taken with labour-pains prematurely, when a tub was speedily turned into an apology for a couch, and there little Jeremy, who afterwards became proprietor or lessee of the mine, was born! The *Blue-John*, or *Fluor-spar Mine*, where formerly that rare and beautiful product, fluor-spar, was found in abundance, and where many other mineral curiosities are plentiful, is indeed a "grand cavern," and will more than pay for descending, though the experiment be laborious. But more than all, the *Great Peak Cavern*, most noted of all the caves of the Peak, should have a visit. We spent some time in it on the morning of our fourth day. A narrow path, by the side of the stream that comes

under-ground for several miles and falls through the Speedwell Mine ere it reaches this point, leads from the middle of the village to the entrance of this vast subterranean retreat, the magnificent arch of which forms shelter for several parallel "rope-walks," where numbers of the natives are employed in



spinning twine. This natural arch or porch, is a hundred and sixteen feet wide, forty-three feet high, and in receding depth about ninety. I shall not torture my pen and my reader's taste, by copying all the ridiculous names that have been given from time to time to the different parts of this cavern. It may, perhaps, give as good an idea of it, if I say that it extends to a distance of not less than four hundred yards,—that it has

vacuities (one in the shape of a bell, others forming almost perfect arches, and others of which the eye, even with the aid of brilliant fireworks, can scarcely scan the roof,) varying from the size of an ordinary cottage-parlour to that of the chancel of our largest cathedral;—that you may pass along winding galleries and come out at different elevations, on the same gigantic blocks or columns of stone;—that in one place you may, if desirable, put yourself in a very copious natural shower-bath, or in another take a well-supplied “sitz,” or “shallow,” or even a “plunge;”—and that crystallized particles give a brilliant effect to long galleries and archways through which lights can be so placed at intervals as to show them like myriads of diamonds; while in one vast hall, the chording of a few voices in a well-chosen tune, has an effect that may leave an echo in the memory to life’s latest day. Our little party, the morning we were there, tried it to a hymn in the Pastor’s favourite tune, and to that of “Thy Will be Done,” and have had reason ever since to be glad of the experiment. The depth of the lowest part of this cavern, from the surface of the mountain, is said to be about two hundred yards.

Among the numerous points of interest for which Castleton is noted, is a wild, rocky glen called Cave Dale, a look into which is well rewarded by its presentation of many mineral and some botanical curiosities, but above all by the picturesqueness—not to say grandeur—of its outline, as the old Castle looks down into it from the lofty steep, the Church is seen on glancing back through its narrow portal, and the whole scene appears much as if Nature and Time had been at savage gambols with all the elements at their command, and then let them finally group themselves into an enduring and not inharmonious memorial of their wild play.

Guarded on three sides as is Castleton by lofty and precipitous hills and rocks, and having such abundance of water, it would indeed have been wonderful if, in the most ancient times, it had not become a place of retreat and defence. That

it was so before the Normans came there can be little doubt; but whether "Terra Casteli W. Peveril, in Pecke fers," as Doomsday Book describes it, were the site of a castle before William Peveril's time or not is rather uncertain. Before the conquest, the place belonged to the Saxons Gundeberne and Hundine; but on that event was conferred, with many another fair estate, on William Peveril—from which time it bore severally the names of Pec, Pecke, Peke, and Peak Castle—the Normans being shocking bad spellers of old English words—owing to which the beauty and rich meaning of many Saxon names are entirely lost. It is said that a splendid tournament was held here in the time of the first Peverils; but according to the description of it there must have been too little room at the Castle, (which never could in its peculiar position have been a large one), for any such display. That building was evidently adapted more for a hunting-tower than a baronial fortress—though seated on a bold eminence of 260 feet, accessible on the north side only, and not even there without "transversers" to relieve the steepness of the road. It appears to have consisted of a plain wall, enclosing a moderate area, with two small towers on the north side and a square keep near the south-west corner, the latter measuring thirty-nine feet outside, and nineteen by twenty-one feet within. Through the possession, or under the governorship, of kings, bishops and barons, Peak Castle, with its surrounding Forest, came down till we find connected with it the names of many families still flourishing in the county,—His Grace the Duke of Devonshire being now, under the Crown, its lord. What remains of this characteristic memorial of distant days, are the walls and a portion of the keep, from which the view of the surrounding country is beyond all description interesting. In the sweet words of Barlow—

"A lovely vale! how wonderfully fair

Are all its features! These surrounding peaks

Are strangely beautiful: cloud-haunted forms

That bare their heads alike to winter's storms
 And summer's fiercest heats. Each wind that blows,
 O'er purple heath or wild unbroken snows,
 Bears blessings on its wings. And he who seeks
 Life's glowing health, must surely find it where
 These lofty summits cleave the bracing air,
 Which scatters roses on the pallid cheeks
 Of such as woo them, when the morning breaks
 The peaceful slumbers of the milkmaid fair,
 And new-born day destroys the mask of care.

* * * *

On yonder slope that takes the earliest ray
 Of rosy gold that heralds forth the day,
 A herd of cattle, scattered here and there,
 Hangs on the turf, aloft, in middle air ;
 And one—the foremost of the group—on high,
 Stands on the summit 'twixt the earth and sky ;
 Whilst flitting shadows, from the clouded sun,
 Like fleetest steeds along the pastures run ;
 And broader sunshine, falling bright between,
 Lends all its charms to vivify the scene."

Sir Walter Scott's tale of "The Peveril of the Peak," which for many readers has all the charm of authentic history, has about as little foundation in fact as the newly-invented story of a battle won and lost giving the names to Whin Hill (*i. e.* the hill where gorse or furze grew), and Lows Hill (low or law being a common name for such hills throughout all North Britain.) But the fact of Scott having made it the scene of a story at all, has added much to its fame, and will cause it to be, in ages to come, a place of resort, for his sake as well as its own. For me, could those old Romans and Britons who encamped on Mam Tor, or those Saxons who first worked Odin's Mine, or the men who bore the name of *Wolf-hunt*, (derived from their occupation,) with all the other worthies who could give us tales of truth alone, come back but for an hour to these old ruins and tell them, I would be well content to listen without the rehearsals being at all flavoured with fiction. The worst of

it is, some of the natives themselves have got hold of these modern inventions, and for the sake of a copper, guessing what the more credulous visitors might like, will run after you offering bits of spar, and jumbling together the most ridiculous fictions and anachronisms, until the annoyance becomes intolerable—the only remedy for which is to keep them all at arm's length, or hire one intelligent guide, recommended by some respectable person, and make him a sort of body-guard till you have seen the whole place and its natural wonders, which are in themselves more romantic than all the fabulous stories in the world. About a mile and a half to the east of the town is an Echo, of which Thomas Barlow gives the following beautiful and honest description:—

I leave the castle with my fair young guide ;
We pass the village, gain the eastern side ;
Through field and meadow paths we take our way,
Where groups of villagers at leisure stray—
Eyeing us furtively as on we pass
With quicker tread along the velvet grass,
To where the meadows spread their brightest sheen,
And waving corn-fields wear the deepest green ;
And scattered round in breadth and beauty lies
A scene most charming to a poet's eyes.
Behind, the Castle-hill uprears his head,
In front, the vale, magnificently spread—
Bounded by lofty peaks on either side,
On which the sun's departing beams have died :
Whin-hill, Lose-hill, and yonder to the west
Sublime " Mam Tor " flings high her awful crest.

Now gently forward trips my lovely guide ;
Lightly she skips along the mountain side.
Anon she stops beneath a slender tree
And turning round, she smiling said to me
" Say what you wish to say, but speak it loudly ;"
And then she listened, anxiously and proudly—
A gleam of pleasure glancing in her eye
The sweet effect of maiden modesty.

I hesitated, but when next entreated
I did so; and an echo thus repeated,
Softly, but clearly as I am alive,
In quicker accents,—“one, two, three, four, five!”
Strange that our utterances were crowded thicker,
And that the echo should repeat them quicker;
And strange to hear the words so clearly spoken
Five syllables, yet every one unbroken!
I called again and counted up to six,
But then the echo did the numbers mix:
Ere from my lips the latest—“six” had gone,
I found that echo had repeated “one:”
I listened carefully for every word
And “two, three, four, five, six,” were all I heard.
Once more I tried, but strive as I might strive
The echo still repeated “one, two, three, four, five.”

“Come,” said the maiden—“come sir, let us stay
’Neath yonder shade, till some one comes this way;
The village boys, when passing by, will keep
Shouting to wake the echo from its sleep.”
So, moving forward for a little space
Ourselves to hide and yet to see the place,
Not long we waited ere we could espy
A village urchin strolling careless by;
Forward he moved till to the tree he came,
Then looking round as if in fear or shame—
He nothing sees—a moment pausing stands;
Then to his mouth adjusting both his hands:
“Stop thief, stop thief!” the wily urchin cried;
“Stop thief, stop thief!” the echo quick replied,
Next, “stop that horse!” he cried, and then retreated,
Ere “stop that horse!” the echo had repeated.
A freakish youth, on pleasure’s errand bent,
In happy ignorance on his way he went;—
Heaven preserve him pure and innocent!

Back to the village we retrace our way;
The sun has set; it is the close of day;
All sounds are hushed; the very air is still;
The clouds have died beyond the misty hill.
Nature to darkness yields her conscious breath,
And echo sleeps in silence deep as death!

FOURTH DAY.

MANY—too many to be embodied here—were the local particulars gathered, as we yet lingered on the morrow of our departure from Castleton, for Buxton, which was with our yesterday's vehicle and driver; and as we slowly toiled along the upward winding road, while the clouds lay upon the sky almost as picturesquely as the hills beneath, and sometimes scarcely beneath them,—hills that stretched away on each side of Hope Dale or bounded the far eastern view,—nothing could surpass the geniality and sober hilarity that inspired our hearts, in harmony with the health that was filling our blood, as we inhaled the fresh and vivid mountain air. A great treat it was, too, after gazing down into the magnificent amphitheatre formed by the hills, and gaining the elevated plain beyond those steeps, to see the large herds and flocks a-grazing about the lone farms, and to note all the various features of primitive and pastoral life, as we passed on.

It was here that occurred my interview, described in another place, with the fine old farmer who, in reply to my inquiry about the origin of some curious hillocks, said in reverent tones, "Please God, sir, they were left by the flood." And close by the same place, (the Swallow Holes,) is the entrance to a cavern, which I felt disposed to explore, and to aid me in which my companions borrowed for me a candle at a neighbouring cottage. On my return, they were at the cottage-door talking to two old women within, one of whom, as I approached with the candle in my hand exclaimed, with the richest dialectic flavour in her speech,—“Hey! whu ar yo, gooing about 'ith' day-leet wi' a candle i' yer hond?” Why, (said I, falling in with her dialect,) dunna ye knoo me? did you never hear o' Diogenes? “Diogenes!” she cried aloud, “whu's he?” Why, I replied, the philosopher that was noted for going about the world with a lighted candle to look for honest people. “Hey,

then," she eagerly cried, "are yo *the mon*?" and jocosely asked us if we would stay and take a cup o' tea or a pipe o' 'bacca with them, for they were sure we should be good company! (Only imagine Diogenes drinking tea and smoking tobacco with two old women of the Peak!) But bidding them a kindly good day, we went on our way by "Sparrow Pits," the "Ebbing-and-flowing Well," near Tideswell, and along-side the works of the newly-forming Railway, across a country rather wild and bleak, to Fairfield and Buxton, which we entered in a somewhat smart shower of rain, and soon found good shelter, and with as good refreshment, at one of the several ample and comfortable hotels.

Intending to give Buxton a special chapter, we will not linger there now, nor did our little party on the day of our arrival from Castleton. I had seen it oft before, and my friends had to press forward: so, hiring a fresh vehicle, away we set off again, as soon as the shower was over and our repast digested, down through the vale of the Wye for Bake-well and Rowsley. Of course you have heard often of that beautiful and romantic drive—or walk, if you so will it. How far it may be changed in its aspects by the Railway now forming, time only can prove. But speaking as I have long known it, as pedestrian or equestrian, or passenger with old Burdett and many another hale coachman of his day, I do not hesitate to say that, whether taken upwards or downwards, between Buxton and Ambergate, there are not many finer drives of the same length in all Britain. Our ride that evening, with the foaming and curvetting little river for our wayside companion, or now and then through some such rocky defile as Taddington Dale,—the crags on either side, sometimes relieved by the most luxuriant and waving verdure, assuming the most fantastic shapes ever sketched by pen or pencil,—was indeed a fitting finish to the circuit which our ramble nearly described. And not only had the natural scenery charmed us, by what it presented to our nearer view, or the glimpses it gave us through

the various openings of lovely regions more remote; but our excursion had brought us in contact with many a rich specimen of human character, between a Cornish Wesleyan we met at the Castle Inn, at Castleton, and Bohler, the botanist, whom we overtook in Ashford Dale,—fine old Bohler, who would think no more of wandering to Land's End or John o' Groat's for any herb or moss you might require, than you would think of walking across your garden! I wonder where the picturesque and sagacious old veteran is wandering now—happy alike in society or in solitude, and knowing the life and soul of every herb or flower he gathers as well as if it had speech for him!

And so we came on to Bakewell, famous for many good things besides its puddings and its trout-fishing, but did not stay at the Rutland Arms that night—though that inn is a noted one and the temptation was great. But our destination was the Peacock at Rowsley, where a good supper was ready for us; and a quiet chatty resumé of our excursion, a warm and reverent thanksgiving by the Pastor for our safety and great enjoyment, and an excellent night's rest, prepared us for going off by early train to our morrow's wonted duties; and thus concluded one of the happiest rambles it was ever my lot to share.





Chapter the Twenty-First.

A GOSSIP ABOUT BUXTON.



FEW generations back, and the country for many miles round Buxton still remained so bleak and, with a few exceptions, so dreary, that but for the rheumatic invalid seeking benefit from its waters, and the comforts of its inns and numerous boarding-houses, it possessed comparatively few attractions for strangers.

Time, however, and the spirit of improvement, have wrought such changes—the country all around has been gradually so cultivated and beautified, that for the warm months of summer, and even early autumn when the season is favourable, there is much besides the restoring waters and invigorating air to make it a very enjoyable place of resort for people of every rank. Its railway facilities will soon be very great, and its ample supply of most other kinds of locomotion for those who delight to take excursions—whether to Castleton, Dovedale, or the many points of interest in the romantic vales of the Wye and Derwent—make it a pleasant centre from which to start; and its supply of every comfort that good inns and boarding-houses ordinarily command, renders it no undesirable place of rest and recreation at night, when the love of the picturesque has been sufficiently gratified by day. That noble range of buildings, the Crescent, the completion of which, it is

said, cost £120,000; the Old Hall Hotel, with its historical associations; the promenades, some sheltered and some in the open air; the winding wood-walks and water-side loitering-places; the uplands for those who have alacrity to climb, and the seats and easy lounges on the lawns for the halt and weary, have each a charm. But, above all, the famous waters themselves—warm and cold—which have been noted from the days of the Romans, who greatly used them, to the present time; with all the aids which the Dukes of Devonshire have successively added to enhance the *prestige* of a place of which they have long been the munificent lords—and that without in the slightest degree interfering with the freedom either of the visitors or settled inhabitants—have done much to make Buxton not unworthy of its fame, and will probably long continue to make it a place of great periodical attraction.

The historical interest of Buxton is considerable, from its having been a resort of the Romans; from being four times visited by Mary Queen of Scots while she was in custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury; from a joke of two schoolboys when on a tour, the record of which in later days deluded our romantic historian Macaulay into the silly supposition that visitors were formerly treated to pies made of dogs or cats; from Byron having loitered here and left his autograph on a tree; but more than all for the cures of rheumatism wrought by the use of its waters, the memorials of which, formerly, were innumerable crutches and other apparatus left by those who came with, but were able to leave without them.

One of poor Queen Mary's visits hither had a sad association, if we may judge by a letter of the Earl, her keeper, written to Lord Burleigh, Aug. 9th, 1580, in which he says:—"I cam heddar to Buxton wt my charge, the 28th of July. She hadde a harde bygynnenge of her jorneye; for whan she shuld have taken her horse, he started asyde and therewith she fell and hurte her backe, wch she still complanes off, nottwithstanding she applyes the bathe ons or twyse a daye. I

doo strictly obsarve hur Maties commandment, wrytten to me by your L. in restreyninge all resorte to this plase, nether doth she see nor is seene to any more than to hur own pepell and suche as I appoynt to attende; she hathe nott come forthe of the house synce hur cumyng, nor shall nott before her departyng." If this letter, here copied from *Lodge's Illustrations*, be authentic, it gives us a cruel picture of the want of gallantry and gross neglect to which that forlorn woman (not to say Queen) must have been exposed in her captivity, whatever her deserts; and makes one very much doubt the possibility of any parties so treating her, or allowing such treatment, being able at all justly to estimate her case. After reading a letter like that, who could help but love our own Queen Victoria the more, for the sad sympathy she has on many occasions shown in the fate of poor Mary? So far, however, as Buxton itself is concerned, Mary's occasional resort thither was a very great blessing to her, according to her own testimony doing much to relieve her of some painful contractions and bodily humours.

About twenty years ago, it was my fortune to stay for the greater part of a season at Buxton, and wander out among the interesting scenes of the neighbourhood. One day I was on the top of Axe Edge, with the soldier there stationed on the Ordnance survey, while he was in telegraphic communication with another as far off as Bardon Hill, in Leicestershire. What a treat, to linger there and gaze abroad on that far eastern hill, and westward on other hills, that in their turn looked on the distant sea!—Another time I sought the sources of the river Dove, in the side of the same mountain, and went down, companion of its early rillings and murmurings, by the feet of Pikeous Hill and Croom, and the end of the sweet Dell of Dower, into the neighbourhood of Hartington, where the pastoral scenery was so calm as to make a man feel as if he had reached the land of an eternal sabbath.—One day I strolled out as far as "the Cottage of Content," where dwelt an old man





Ashwood Dale, near Burton.

FROM THE LOVERS' LEAP.

Photographed by J. A. Warwick.

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named Brandreth Bagshaw, who made a jolly good living of the visitors, by professing to want nothing; and the more he pretended to be content, the more they gave him! Coming round by the Diamond Hill, where "Buxton Diamonds" were found, to the lime-works about Burbage, it was curious to see how many families had made themselves habitations by excavating the hillocks there—living in the lime debris much as Esquimaux are said to live in the snow. But a hamlet of neat houses and a little church have sprung up there since then, and the whole scene is much changed.

Then there was the large cavern, about a mile from the town, called Poole's Hole, from its having once been the retreat of an outlaw of that name, through the windings of which, with several friends, I was guided by some poor women, who gave to strange geological formations the equally strange names of the Turtle, the Flitch of Bacon, Poole's Saddle, the Woolpack, the Chair, the Font, the Toilette, the Lion, and Mary Queen of Scots' Pillar—which pillar it was said she had reached in one of her own visits to the place. It is a very curious cavern, said to penetrate the hill to a distance of eight or nine hundred yards, and its explorer while far in may hear the tinkling of waters, the hidden springs of the river Wye.

Another charming excursion was down Ashwood Dale, and back by the Duke of Devonshire's Drive to Higher Buxton—a four or five miles' round—commanding most magnificent landscapes; or a stroll down by Blackwell Mill, (latterly used as a dwelling by some "navvies,") and so on to Chee Tor, Miller's Dale, Cressbrook, and Monsal Dale, scenes we have already mentioned in our ramble up the Wye. The stroll out as far as Chelmorton and its antiquities, or up to Fairfield, was also a very quiet and pleasant outing.

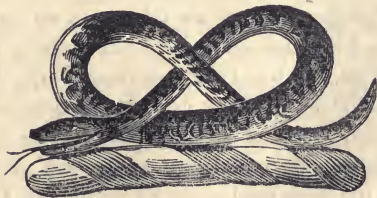
But there was much in Buxton itself to interest those who could not travel—and how much more is there now! Those were the days of the late Duke's agent, Mr. Philip Heacock—a gentleman who loved his position, and loved not the less to

make it useful to others, in doing whatever was possible to promote the comfort and enjoyment of visitors—a spirit which has equally animated his successors, the late Mr. Smithers, and more recently, Mr. E. W. Wilmot, by whose agency improvement has been added to improvement. By glancing at Higher Buxton, some idea may be gained of what the whole place was in days gone by; and to which the Buxton of modern days, though so approximate, affords a singular contrast. True, there is in the old town, in its inns and various accommodations, much that is very cozy and cheery, for an ancient Derbyshire village; but as we descend from it, Hall Bank, with its houses looking out on the terraces in front of the Crescent, has such a different aspect as to divide rather than to link the two regions; and the elegant array of buildings constituting modern Buxton,—the Hall, the Crescent, (which includes the Assembly-room and St. Ann's Hotel,) the Square, Winster-place, the Baths, the lively street, the Devonshire Hospital (formerly the Stables,) the Church somewhat apart, and grouped or scattered residences, seem to bear no more relation to the old town, than modern St. Leonard's does to primitive but picturesque Hastings. Yet it is pleasant to go up sometimes from the more stately to the old-fashioned, free-and-easy town for a change, and breathe for a moment its more homely atmosphere.

Without we could particularize every one—where all do their best, however elegantly or humbly, to make visitors comfortable, it seems invidious to specify any. Suffice it that, while St. Ann's and the Old Hall Hotels have long been considered chief; the Royal, the George, the Grove, the Eagle, the Shakespeare, and the King's Head, as well as the Stars, the Swan, and the Cheshire Cheese, have their various, and, in some instances exceedingly good accommodations; while a hundred lodging-houses compete for the reputation of affording private and domestic comforts. There are also excellent shops for the supply of all necessaries and not a few luxuries; besides libraries and places of amusement for rainy days.

So much for in-doors ; while the Serpentine Walks and some agreeable water-side haunts, the many terrace-walks with their resting-seats, and other contrivances for the comfort of the weak, abound ; and for the exhilaration of the strong are the wide heathery moors, the rugged dells and cloughs, the lofty hills (scattered about which are not a few antiquarian relics), all within a good walk, a short ride, or a climb.

Buxton has often been the resort of distinguished scientific men, including Dr. Darwin, whose grandson, Reginald, is now a magistrate, residing there or in the neighbourhood. Several professional men of note have connected their names with its therapeutical history ; and from the days of Queen Elizabeth to our own—or, as Mr. Adam will have it, for fifteen centuries longer—its Baths have been held in the highest repute, especially in rheumatic cases. But, perhaps justly, the crowning boast of Buxton is its celebrated “ Bath Charity and Devonshire Hospital,” by means of which about one thousand patients are annually cured or greatly relieved. This institution has one hundred beds, is supported by liberal hearts and hands throughout the kingdom, and has always been well encouraged, not only by the successive Dukes of Devonshire and their local agents, but by the resident gentry and professional men, as well as occasional visitors ; and many a poor patient who has come limping or hobbling to the place, has gone back hale and rejoicing, showering blessings on their kindness, and on the thermal waters and bracing air of Buxton.





Chapter the Twenty-second.

DAYS NEAR DERBY.

Day the First.

AND now finding ourselves again at Derby, let us give a few hasty glances at what may be enjoyed by the rambler in its more immediate neighbourhood. And it has much to enjoy. If to wander day by day along two hundred yards of a common hedge-side bank, noting the effect of one round of the seasons in that short space, would fill a thick volume with interesting knowledge, how much more might there not be gained in occasional strolls to some of the favourite resorts and elevated points a few miles from the town! What a glorious day might the lover of rural scenery have in a walk round by Darley Grove to Allestree; from Allestree to Quarn Common; thence to Kedleston, and back by Mackworth and Markeaton! Let us take it now. We have already in two other chapters dwelt or touched at Darley; but the route we are taking, as we leave the parish church of St. Alkmund and the Roman Catholic church of St. Marie behind us, and wend our way along Darley-lane, between the grounds of Derwent Bank and the gardens of the people, gives us another aspect of the place, as we come suddenly upon it from this neat and long-shaded walk; and whether we turn at once up to the main road, or go by the village, Darley House,

the beautiful Church, and the Parsonage, we shall not be much wrong in the result, so far as pleasant scenery is concerned ; but the right-forward road will, I think, be the most interesting, bringing us between lines of over-arching trees to

ALLESTREE.

ALLESTREE Village and Hall we passed *by* in our "Journey to Matlock," glancing then at the view beyond, from the corner of the Park, northward. In the ramble now taking we pass *through* the village, rather westwardly, and linger a few minutes to note its old Church and new Parsonage standing side by side. In the churchyard are two yew trees, one very large and venerable. Of the Church itself the tower and porch are ancient—the latter having a Norman door-way with zig-zag ornament, in good preservation. The Parsonage is a new and well-built manse commanding a lovely prospect. And now leaving the village, we soon turn up a carriage-road through some fields on our right, and ascend to Quarn Common ; and as we face about from time to time to the south and east, there are views scarcely out-rivalled for beauty and expanse in all the country. The town and towers of Derby extend below us. Far off are the Leicestershire hills, filing away till lost in the blue distance. Morley spire and one or two distant mansions gleam forth on our left ; while the woods and fields of Markeaton, and the uplands bounding them, attract the eye for a moment as it turns to the right on all the beauty expanding round Kedleston Hall.

There is a pleasant farm-house, fronted by an ample garden, at the top of the second field ; and a screen of trees extends from it on the left of the road and by an old barn ; while on our right is a little field almost as level as a bowling-green, across which commence Allestree woods. The glimpses through the trees, of Kedleston Hall and its grounds, are very fine from this field ; and the burst on the eye is still more magnificent as we reach the end, looking still to the left. And on our right is this pretty lodge, at the gate opening to Allestree grounds

—the road thence descending with a curve to the Hall—the seat of Mr. Thomas William Evans, one of the Members of Parliament for the Southern Division of the County—as Mark-eaton Hall, just below to the south, is the seat of Mr. William Mundy, the other Member for the same Division.

At any time it would pain me to be thought guilty of trying to “gild the rose, paint the lily, or throw perfume on the violet;” and in a sketchy work like this it would be bad taste indeed, and might appear very invidious, were I anywhere to write in a manner that could be considered idly flattering of the dead or the living. Yet are there places that one cannot mention and pass over without a word about those who have inhabited, or may still inhabit them, and Allestree is one. Near to Derby as it is, and conspicuous for its own beauty as well as that of the scenery it commands, it is equally so as the seat of a family popular for its love of goodness and of doing good to the town and neighbourhood. The venerable father of Mr. Evans, mentioned in a former chapter, was deservedly beloved for his public spirit and private worth; and Derbyshire well knows how closely his son and successor seems following in his footsteps. The grounds of Allestree have occasionally been opened to the anniversary fetes of the friends of Temperance, at some of which I have been, and seen the enjoyment those admissions afforded to the groups wandering over hill, down dell, or through winding glade; while sober mirth and music added life to the scene. But we now come to

QUARNDON.

THE landscape of which we got partial views before, spreads around us from the top of this village in an all but unbroken expanse: for it is a very elevated and airy spot, and much resorted to by invalids from Derby on that account. Had it a greater supply of pure water, Quarndon might become one of the most successful places of resort in the county, so invigorating is the air, so vast and beautiful are the views, and so

numerous the pleasant walks around it; and I never go there and look on the lake gleaming along Kedleston Park, without thinking what an advantage it might be, were Lord Scarsdale to arrange with the inhabitants for engineering a good supply of fresh water up the hill from that or from some neighbouring source. There would not then be a finer site in the kingdom for respectable hydropathic establishments than Quarndon and the slopes about Quarn Common and Allestree.

KEDLESTON HALL.

VARIOUS are the ways by which to reach Kedleston. The road direct to it, leaving Duffield-road by "the Elms" and All Saints' Parsonage, is one of the prettiest out of Derby town; or if you came to it contrarily, from the neighbourhood of Langley, on the Ashbourn road, it would be a walk, or drive, as the case might be, to be long remembered with delight. Kedleston Inn is a large and noted family hotel; and not far from it, down in the Park, are a sulphureous spring and baths, much resorted to in former days, and even yet not disused. The lawns, the slopes, the lake, the woods, and the large herds of deer, have all a fine, harmonious effect; and even the occasional outscatterings of ancient trees would be sufficient of themselves to win our admiration; but the whole combined, and tastefully commanded by the Hall, or seen from the road or any of the surrounding eminences, whether in the floweriness of spring, the boweriness of summer, the autumn's golden leafiness, or the crisp whiteness of a bright winter's day, present a scene amid which it would be worth wandering far to ruminate.

Kedleston Hall, the seat of Lord Scarsdale, is one of the most interesting houses of its class in England. A book which I have before me says that its style is Grecian; that it has a centre and two wings, with a grand portico, the columns of which are after those of the Pantheon at Rome; and that the length of the whole is three hundred feet. The whole build-

ing, which dates from 1765, is constructed, as its grounds are laid out, with the most classical taste. The hall is sixty-seven feet three inches by forty-two feet, and forty feet high, and has twenty Corinthian columns of alabaster fluted, with rich capitals of white marble. The saloon, crowned with a dome, is circular, forty-two feet in diameter, thirty-four to the cornice, fifty-five to the top of the dome, and sixty-two to the rose in the skylight. It is divided into four alcoves or recesses, having fire-places, representing altars adorned with sphinxes, and has many doors—the whole painted and ornamented with white and gold. The doors have scagliola pilasters. This room is enriched with the most splendid works of art, and is said to be one of the finest rooms of the kind in Europe; while almost every room in the house is decorated with paintings by the most eminent masters.—The Park embraces about twelve hundred acres, the lake fifty-two; and the Hall is open to visitors under certain regulations one day a-week—I think it is Thursday.

For those who have leisure to return that way, it is pleasant to go up the road by the west end of the Park, and so round by Langley village to

MACKWORTH AND MARKEATON.

It is curious and interesting to note the old roads, narrow and between deep banks, about the village of Mackworth, descending from the Derby and Ashbourn turn-pike road towards what remains of the ancient Castle—now reduced to little or nothing more than the southern gate, yet well worth turning aside to see. The Church is also a very pretty object in the landscape; and the life and appearance of the village altogether are more like what might be expected far more remote from a populous town like Derby than almost within the reach of its busy hum. And then, whether you return by the Kedleston or the Ashbourn road, it is by the side of the beautiful and luxuriant domain of Markeaton, into which are gained ever and anon most pleasant glimpses—Markeaton, that before

the conquest belonged to Siward the Saxon, and afterwards to Hugh the Wolf, Earl of Chester; more recently to Francis Noel Clarke Mundy, who wrote beautiful and still quoted poems on Needwood Forest and its fall; and is now in the possession, as before intimated, of his grandson, one of the Members for the Southern Division of the County.

Thus have we concluded a summer day's circuit — not a difficult one either, for the young, hale and strong. Indeed, I think that, including little detours, it would not amount to more than fifteen miles; and in that fifteen miles it is certain an intelligent and tasteful person with his eyes open and his soul alive, might for little expense, see and enjoy more than many a man has travelled hundreds of miles to gain.

Day the Second.

LITTLEOVER AND MICKLEOVER.

WHICH of all the pleasant ways shall we take to Littleover and Mickleover? We might go up as far as Normanton, and there take the lane to the right; or farther still, round by Sunny Hill, glancing at the little rural cottages on our way, or the broad landscapes thence extending. We might even go round by Findern, famed of old, but now more noted than for anything else by the flowers that linger to tell us where bloomed the garden of its ancient lords, while scarcely another memorial of their reign remains. But the walk, or ride, by Burton-road will be as pleasant as any. Flowers bloom on the edge of Windmill-pit, on our left, where poor Joan Waste was burnt, three hundred years ago, for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation; and perhaps we may hear the thrush singing in the grove near the Temple. A little further on, as we look half-round over the hedge on our right, we shall be sure, if the

weather be clear, to get one of the finest views of Derby, with the fields and woods beyond it to the north and west, and the tops of some of the hills of the Peak in the far distance; while just afterwards, on nearing St. Peter's Vicarage and the Firs, as we look abroad to the south-east, is a view across the fair plain of the Trent of the blue hills of Charnwood Forest; and, drawing nearer to Littleover village, the sweet country around Calke Abbey, Repton, and Breedon-tower, spreads away before the eye. There is a touch of character about many of the people we may meet by the way, bespeaking the peculiar relationship existing between a large borough and the rural population just outside it—not least about some of the homely folk whose cottages are little laundries for families in the town, and whose children are passing back and forth with loads of linen in baskets, barrows, donkey-carts, and the like; with now and then a milk-cart, and sometimes a carriage and horses of more pretension, hurrying in—perhaps to “catch the train.”

Littleover is altogether a pleasant and healthy-looking village, with neat Mansions outside and lesser homes within; a quaint little Church, a Dissenting Chapel or two, half out of sight; an old Hall, now a farm house, but still with its tall trees around it retaining a somewhat patrician air; and a picturesque old cottage, down the shady, rooty and ferny lane branching off for Findern, which with “the mossy well” opposite, has been about as frequently sketched in pencil and water-colours as any scene in Derbyshire; nor is it unworthy of that honour, when caught in the right light with appropriate figures moving near.

Beyond the village, the turnpike-road soon passes the handsome brick mansion of Mrs. Hurt, and less than a mile further on, Sir Seymour Blane's beautiful seat, “the Pastures,” the road by which, and thence up on the right by “the Limes” to Mickleover, would be very enjoyable;—but for the present, let us take the foot-path, commencing near this fine group of far-seen elms, and so over the breezy fields into the Uttoxeter-

road, which it joins in the valley, just before entering Mickleover village.

Mickleover street, as you pass along it, has nothing more to boast of than village streets in general. Yet agreeably enough stands the Vicarage apart, screened by a lofty wall and trees. The newly-restored Church is an interesting structure. And the Manor House, a seat of Captain Newton, is a large and pleasant mansion. Several other good houses with their lawns and shrubberies may be seen for turning aside—none perhaps more sunny, or commanding a prettier view, than “the Limes.” Radbourne Hall is seen in the distance, to the west, and the country all round is rich in farms, and timbered fields, and flowery hedge-rows; and there is one lone farm-house, a few fields to the right, off the road between Mickleover and Etwall, that perhaps you may never see, but which, for many who do know it, will long have a beautiful and touching interest. It is called Bannells Farm.

Did you or your children ever read some sweet and innocent books for the young, published by John Darton, and entitled, “My Father’s House,” “The Pearly Gates,” and “The Children’s Story Book?” If so, there is no need for me to tell you what a loving spirit pervades them, and how much good they must have wrought in many an English home: so graphic, lively, entertaining and morally instructive as they are. And their author, whose friends know her by the sobriquet of “the Pale Star,” at the time I am writing lives at that lone farm. In her early days—days of brightest hope and promise—all who knew Jane E. Holmes thought of her as a gentle and intellectual sister. Charles Reece Pemberton said she had the finest mind of any woman he had ever met, and Mary Howitt regarded her almost as her own. And Jane, as she grew to womanhood, loved by and loving William Jerram, they were married, and for some time lived at Derby, but while yet young removed hither, where, as their family grew around them she shone not less as an industrious farmer’s wife, managing her

dairy, than she had done in her books by the fire-sides of thousands of their country-people. There were those who might think such a mind out of place in such a sphere. But did not God know best? and was it not He who placed her there? And time sped on, and duties accumulated, and cares increased. Yet there that genial spirit still glowed and cheered all around her. What a blessed memory have I of one sweet summer Sunday evening there! The sun was setting, and forming golden bars of light along the horizon from Radbourne Woods to Sutton Hill, and giving a bloomy hue to the nearer fields. A gentle breeze was creeping over the ripening corn, and making a sort of half-whisper in the orchard trees. The kine were scattered a-field, and the bees had come home to their hive. The family were assembled in the little parlour, where several good books lay open. The mother, her meek eyes beaming with religious light, sat within, while the children and one or two friends were singing with her "Thy will be done;" and cheerful, hospitable Farmer Jerram himself, enjoying his long pipe and the scene, leaned in at the open window with a smiling face, and listened. But the affection and faith of that family have been tried since then. Paralysis one day laid its cold, heavy hand on honest Farmer Jerram, and turned the genial voice of the household into a wail; and shortly afterwards Mrs. Jerram, was subjected to a shock of the same sad complaint. But God sustains them yet. The family are partly scattered, and the shades of care are on that dwelling. But the soul that wrote "My Father's House," "The Pearly Gates," and "The Children's Story Book" is still there, in the midst of all that adversity; and so is the Good Spirit, the Comforter, that first inspired them.

But conspicuous above every other object in the neighbourhood of Mickleover, by its peculiar though philosophical and tasteful architecture, its tall towers seen from far by day, and its lighted windows still farther by night, is yonder vast brick edifice, the Derby County Asylum.





Designed by Jas. Green

Published by Richard Leese

The Derby County Lunatic Asylum.

THE COUNTY ASYLUM

Is a noble institution—one to which any brain-weary person might be thankfully sent for cure, and leave when well without a single recollection or reflection attaching to him to mar his after-life; for, thank Heaven! the old Bedlam *regime*, now growing obsolete everywhere, has had no vestige of it adopted in this comfortable and cheerful place.

How beautifully it stands, with its flowery terraces, green lawns, fruitful gardens, and well-cultured farm, around it—commanding one of the fairest landscapes in the midland counties! The vale of the Trent, almost from Burton to Nottingham, with the river, when full, threading the landscape with its bright gleams; whilst long white trails of steam, sometimes crossing each other, tell the courses of the distant railway trains—Repton-spire, striking up, light and airy, a little to the south-east, and Breedon-tower, more distant, inviting a gaze at the Charnwood Hills. The Staffordshire Hills more westerly, and many a wooded knoll and green slope, and dottings of villages, hamlets, fair mansions and farms, are seen; with herds and flocks grazing, and industrious peasants at their toil; and not a few of the patients lending a willing hand on the farm and in the grounds of the institution, while others with as much liberty as may be consistent with their safety are walking about, and (if in the mood for it) musing on that lovely view, which sets the pent thought free by its vastness, and soothes the chafed brain and heart by its calmness and its smile.

Nor are the scenes inside less interesting than those without. Were you to attend the chapel on the sabbath, you would think that many professing christians who call themselves sane might be put to shame could they but see the order and devotion amongst those poor invalids; and were you to lecture or read to them as I and others have sometimes been invited to do, it would do your heart good to find what attention can be paid and what a degree of intellectuality may be enjoyed by those

whose chord of mentality may have sustained perhaps only a temporary jar, or even by some in whom it may have been finally broken. All are not affected alike by such an occasion, any more than all can gaze with equal delight on the external landscape. But just as some when outside can enjoy one aspect of the scene and some another; while even those who do not enjoy the scene at all can enjoy the fresh breeze and the sunshine stealing over it; so others, while listening to a sermon or a prayer, a lecture, a reading, or a story, may have something of thought or emotion awakened, in addition to the privilege of being made to feel less insane by being thus treated as though they had sanative rights. But amongst the most interesting features of all, is their great annual festival on Christmas Eve; and as the description of one such will serve pretty nearly for another, I will conclude this brief sketch with one which I was once requested by the editor to contribute to a local newspaper:—

We never lingered in a lunatic asylum and studied the figures, manners, sayings and doings, of the inmates, without thenceforth feeling an enlargement of our charity towards the world outside—without the soul having grown more tender, with a sense of the disguised insanity, or counterfeited sanity, prevailing in general society, nor without thinking how much more readily would men forgive each other's trespasses, were it better known in what degree such trespasses may often arise from constitutional idiosyncracies and morbid conditions beyond the control of those they characterize. But more than this: we never enter such institutions, when they are well and humanely conducted, as is our County Asylum, without perceiving how many of the ills of common life, resulting from the erratic conduct of individuals, might be ameliorated, if not entirely remedied, by nobler social and educational regulations. It is impossible to see, in such an establishment, some two hundred or so of mental invalids from whom has been removed the mail-coat of normal self-containment and self-control, with-

out recalling in one thought the vast numbers of their counter-types still at large in the world, on whom it is worn so thinly as to be quite transparent, giving us glimpses of the madness within that goes by other names. And thus it is, that scenes like that we were favoured to behold at Mickleover, on Christmas Eve, are useful and cheering, not only as they give us proof of what the law of kindness can accomplish in such places, but because they strengthen our faith in what may be done as well by proper effort and arrangement, and with God's good help, for bringing back humanity from *every* sphere of degradation into which it may have been plunged by our common descent from primal innocence and order; or where that cannot be, of at least *alleviating* sorrow at its very lowest level.

Never, from its many windows, did baronial hall of the olden time send brighter or more cheerful gleams, than did the fine, picturesque edifice beyond Mickleover,* as we approached it, on Saturday night. The evening star, unusually large and clear, was shining low the while, like a lamp let down from Nature's silent dome; and a temporary breathing of frost in the air, added to the ringing of some village bells in the distance, had given our spirits perhaps an extra degree of exhilaration, as we reached the spot. But, if such were the case, how much was it likely to be enhanced by the scene and sounds inside!

We can remember the time—nor is it very distant either—when one of the first things done to a pauper lunatic, on placing him under care, was to get a neighbouring blacksmith to fasten him in chains like a dog, until he could prove by some process almost super-sane, that he might be safely let loose. And even

* Mr. Henry Duesbury, from whose interesting papers on Had-don Hall I have quoted in another place, was the architect of this Asylum. His attention and talents have been much directed to sanitary architecture, and at the time I am writing he has a plan for a large metropolitan "Acclimated Hotel and Sanitorium" which, if carried out, will not only remain a monument of his genius, but be an incalculable blessing to his country.

when at large, not always was he treated with due kindness. We know at this time an old blacksmith—not an ill-disposed man naturally—who formerly filled the office of *manacled*, to a district poor-house, where such victims were kept in durance, and whose name is still a terror to refractory spirits for several miles round. Judge, then, of our emotions on being suddenly introduced at Mickleover Asylum, on Saturday evening, to the great lamp-lit hall, beautifully festooned with evergreens, interspersed with gratulatory and complimentary devices, and thronged by all the inmates of both sexes not bodily ill, the great majority gaily but coherently and decently taking part in the music and the dance, while even the few who cared to join in neither were by far less miserable, if we cannot say more happy, than usual, for the occasion.

Amongst those who witnessed these gratifying festivities, were several professional and non-professional visitors; and it is needless to speak of the presence, humanity, and watchfulness of Dr. and Mrs. Hitchman, Mr. Langley, and the entire complement of vigilant attendants and assistants, as the whole county knows and honours their qualifications. The Rev. G. Fritch, the chaplain, also took a cheerful and animated part; and when we were told that one patient, who was pointed out to us, had formerly been kept in chains at another establishment, and that another patient even but a few days previous had been from necessity confined to a padded room—while now a spirit of gentleness, safety, and good will, seemed to reign in every bosom; we blessed God for that change to which the spectacle was so hopeful an index, and most heartily joined in the sentiments affectionately and respectfully inscribed on some of the devices. We arrived after seven, but learnt that tea had been partaken about five o'clock. The exhibition of a magic lantern followed, in which most of the patients had taken great delight. Singing and dancing had their proper turn; and this was continued till a little after nine o'clock—a repast of plum-cake being served up in the meantime. A Christmas hymn,

and the National Anthem, concluded the entertainment; and it is due to the singing to say, that though the majority of the patients joined in it, the chord was as perfectly sustained as we ever heard it in any church or chapel with an equally numerous and miscellaneous choir; the dancing having been as decorous and orderly—we had almost said, graceful—as we had ever seen at a popular soiree.

To our feelings, there is a sanctity about all retreats of suffering, however humble the class inhabiting them, which forbids our presenting those personal sketches that give physiognomical character and picturesqueness to so novel a scene as that of nearly two hundred mental invalids, of both sexes, thus thrown temporarily together. On this festive evening, it was a remarkable blending of the mirthful and the touching. But, transcending all, was the beautiful proof it afforded of a cord of affection, far stronger as it is more benign where the philosophy of mind is truly understood, than all the force of harsher measures. And though we deeply lament, with Dr. Hitchman himself, that a much greater per centage of absolute cures is prevented by cases being too long tampered with before application is made for their reception, it is something to see what such treatment can do in the way of relief, even in some of the worst and longest neglected when at last admitted.

Perhaps one of the most interesting and pleasing sights of the evening, was that of the patients at last dispersing to their rooms—the male part of the company waiting while the female part first withdrew; and all going in a manner so cheerful and quiet, as to evince that they were as content with their private and ordinary treatment as gratified by their present public entertainment. It would be impossible for such an event to pass—as did this—with scarcely the most trifling breach of order and decorum, did not the same spirit animate the whole institution at all other times. There can be no getting up of such a scene among *lunatics* by a hasty “rehearsal.” We believe that even yet, in the occasional festivities at Hanwell, the

meeting of the two sexes has never been risked ; while here it was done without danger, so far as we could perceive, of any indelicacy. And to crown the whole, (a sight we shall never forget,) some sweet little children, belonging to the visitors, mingled with the patients without fear, both in the promenade and the dance—playing even with the poor woman who had formerly been in chains—and thus giving a crowning touch to the scene.

One word in conclusion—and the subject demands it. Let none mistake the delight we have expressed on this occasion as a reflection upon the management of any other establishment of the kind—public or private. The modern method of treating the insane without harsh restraint, could only grow out of principles unknown and undreamt of in the past, and which in many places may be but imperfectly known even yet. All we aim at is a spontaneous testimony to what we see with our own eyes, in our own immediate neighbourhood ; and we sincerely trust that such evidences of what a genial philosophy is accomplishing here and elsewhere, will soon be too general throughout the civilised world to render their occurrence at all remarkable.

Day the Third.

REPTON AND KNOLL HILLS.

THERE is one object in the country south of Derby that lends beauty and interest to everything around it. What the keynote is to a chord of music, or a queen among her peers, Repton spire is to the lovely landscape to which it is central ; and whether seen from the passing train, or any of the excellent roads crossing the district, or by the lonely wayfarer on foot from whichever quarter he may tend, there is something so light

and graceful in its tapering form, as it rises aloft from its elegant tower—it looks at once so slender and yet so dignified—that, among the objects of architectural interest within an horizon by no means contracted, it stands in the light that loves to bring



out its beauties, the lady of them all. This day we will commence our journey by the train to Willington-station, at which place we shall be landed from Derby in a very few minutes; and noting, as we pass along, the plain little Church and some of the pleasant homes of Willington, seeing too in its site the origin of its name, which simply but significantly means *the town in the well-meadow*,—we very soon come to the toll-bridge spanning the Trent, that river here bending round with a noble sweep. Repton Church and some portions of the ancient Hall, across an old and forsaken channel of the Trent, are before us on the left of the road; and, very conspicuously, the handsome School-chapel, a modern erection on our right. And at length, by a pleasant mile's walk, we find ourselves in what has been

sometimes called "the Cambridge of Derbyshire"—the clean and cheerful-looking little town of Repton, with its lingering arch-way and other remnants of hoar conventual buildings, its ancient and modern school-houses, villas, inns, and shops, and and now then an old-fashioned farm-stead; while a feeling of quiet exultation gets ascendancy in the soul, that we are in the sometime capital of the old kingdom of Mercia, where sleep the ashes of kings and heroes who battled with the Dane, perchance on the very spot we are treading; where successive ecclesiastics afterwards bore milder sway; where learning has since found a favourite abode; and where private enterprise as well as public spirit has done much to give an air of taste and respectability to the whole place.

On several previous occasions I had seen more or less of Repton; and lately (summer of 1862) I went again to revive old memories. It happened to be on "the Feast Monday." Near two hundred of the scholars were taking interest in a cricket-match in a field, and some of the townspeople were enjoying a "lodge dinner" at the Mitre Inn; while the members of one nomadic tribe were erecting a booth for theatricals in the street, and those of another were encamping with their grindery and kindred apparatus beyond the town. It was mine to make a few notes of things more permanent; and provided with guides by the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Pears, Head-master of the School, I went first into the new Chapel, built partly by subscriptions commenced at a recent tercentenary festival in honour of the foundation—the accommodation in the Parish-church becoming inadequate to the fast increasing number of scholars.

The new Chapel, designed by Stevens of Derby, is a tasteful and very convenient erection, with open seats for the scholars and two recesses for the Master's family and for visitors, making the interior arrangement somewhat cruciform.

It was pleasant to think, while loitering, of the successive generations by whom this place will be occupied, and the recollections that will be borne from it to all parts of the world.

There was a Common Prayer-book and a Hymn-book in every boy's place. I was glancing at one, in which, as in many of the others, the dates of the singing of different hymns had been recorded with pen or pencil. "That," said my attendant, "belongs to Fanshawe, the captain of the school." One pupil had shown a taste for geometry and architecture by the way in which the blank-leaves of his book were marked; and another for sketching the human figure in grotesque outline. Many had filled both blank-leaf and margin with notes and memoranda of the services or their private lessons; and one had turned into Greek the following beautiful verse:—

"She took the cup of life to drink,
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She waking put it from her lips,
And went to sleep again."

In another place lay a book in which the only pencillings were memoranda relating to the services, carefully and methodically written; while a third, near to it, must have belonged to an embryo sailor, judging by the oft-repeated figure in it of a sort of Robinson Crusoe's boat with one sail. Another had here and there a flower for a marker, which, if not a memento of some particular spot or ramble, might indicate a taste for botany; while the next contained a simple yet touching memorial of a mother's love. Perhaps it was wrong in me, as a stranger, to take note of these things. Yet who could linger in such a spot and be indifferent about the tastes, feelings and tendencies, of those who resort to it from all parts of the kingdom, to take and leave impressions that will live when they can return thither no more? Ah, my boys! if any of you should cast your eyes on this page, let it warn you to make good and rational use of your time, while your minds are still young and elastic; for the hour will come when, though the events of to-day may still bloom in your souls, your susceptibility to new impressions will be so weakened, that all you may have learned *now* will then have a tenfold charm! It was but a fortnight

after my visit that I saw in the public journals an account of "the Repton Speech Day," in which mention was made of the captain of the school before alluded to, as having carried off the first prize for a spirited poem on the Pyramids, in which occurs the following passage :—

"Primeval monarchs of the dewless waste,
Stern, patriarchal, solitary, chaste !
Eternal landmarks in the sea of Time,
Built for all age, lone glory of your clime !
Time-hallowed sepulchres of Mizraim's kings,
How hollow round your base the foot-fall rings
With echos of the past ! Where 'neath your dome
All garnered up in this their last long home
An age's harvest each, as Time rolled on,
They came to sleep, hoar sire and youthful son.
No sun-bleached bones, no mouldering relics here ;
No sight to shock the eye, no sound the ear ;
No churchyard graves in annual beauty seen,
Painting the turf with emblematic green ;
But one vast cemetery, one royal bier,
Where countless princes slumber tier on tier,
Fresh as the chiselled bust of Parian stone,
As true in form, as delicate in tone."

From the Chapel, my guide took me through the old archway, in the shade of some tall elms, to the ancient School-buildings, once the Refectory of the Monastery. There was the same heavy, weather-tried door I had seen years before ; the same initials, and more, on the door-posts and approximate wall ; and inside there remained the old dignified rostrum, memorial-tablets, and portraits ; but a great change has been made in the other furniture. The ancient well-indented, well-inked desks, thick with the initials of the generations who had succeeded each other in the school, had given way for others more suited to modern convenience and the increased number of scholars ; and it was easy to perceive that there had been some renewings, of late, of the mental atmosphere of the whole place. Still there remained enough to make its antiquity *felt* ; nor was

this feeling much lessened as we next turned to the Hall, the residence of the Rev. Dr. Pears and his family—perhaps most distinguished in one of its aspects by a very remarkable old brick tower, containing the kitchen; but to my mind more interesting within, for the many signs of learning and taste indicative of the Head-master's pursuits and likings. Of him much compliment here would be out of place; but it has been my lot to be one of those who have had reason to know something of his humanity to pupils in delicate health, as well as his frankness of manner, giving a genial but vigorous tone to discipline;—and the astonishing increase of pupils during the period of his mastership, speaks well for his management, and the high character of all engaged with him, in the arduous and honourable duties of “the school.”

Aside, in what is now a kitchen garden, are open to view the bases of some pillars belonging to the ancient Priory-church, and not far from them some vaults or cells. It is supposed that an Abbey was founded here as far back as the year 653, by Peada, king of Mercia; and mention is made in history of bishops, abbesses, kings, and nobles, in connection with the place, living or being buried there. The truth is, there seems first to have been an abbey, and afterwards, in the twelfth century a priory—some primitive royal residence being neighbour to that first founded, and forming one of the great attractions of the place. The priory was dissolved in 1538, and in 1540 it was granted to Thomas Thacker, who had been steward to Cromwell, Earl of Essex; and shortly afterwards one of the same family, with the aid of his neighbours, employed a whole Sunday in demolishing the Priory-church—as they said, to prevent its ever being restored to its ancient uses. There was something very sad in this—I was going to say very barbarous; and the antiquarian can only forgive the wretched iconoclasts in the trust that they knew not what they did.

For full particulars of all these transactions, and for many

curious speculations on matters having before his time no literary record at all, I must refer the reader to Dr. Bigsby's well-known History of Repton. It is a large volume, written in the language of a scholar, and evincing most extensive and assiduous research. It proves its author to have had his heart in what he wrote, but is difficult to quote from *verbatim*, owing to the marvellous elaborateness which characterizes its style.

Changing my guide, the next and crowning point of attraction was the old Parish Church of St. Wystan—its remarkable crypt deep in the earth, and its spire beautifully tapering into the clear, calm heaven. Within it were monuments and many reliquary features that might have detained one long. My little time was, however, chiefly passed in the crypt under the chancel, supposed by some to be a remnant of the ancient church destroyed by the Danes, but which Rickman, in his work on Gothic architecture, describes as “a very curious Norman crypt, once approached by staircases from the church. There are (he says) four piers, round and twisted, with a bead running in the sunken part of the spiral, and eight pilasters, some of which are curiously panelled—the whole have square capitals, with straight sloped sides, and from each springs a plain flat rib to form the groining.” It is somewhat remarkable that, while Rickman claims these features to be Norman, he says they are not like many other examples of Norman architecture, nor even like some other Norman portions of the church. Dr. Bigsby differs from both parties, and believes the crypt to have been a part of the parish church founded upon the conventual one which had been destroyed by the Danes, and which was flourishing in the time of Edward the Confessor. The crypt, whatever its origin, is supposed to have been hidden for centuries, and was certainly forgotten, when, in 1779, it was “discovered by a singular accident” and again made accessible. There is in it an old raised tomb of alabaster, with the effigy of a man in armour, removed thither from some other part of the church for preservation.

Leaving the Church and glancing round on the gravestones, some of them very old, by which it is surrounded; or up, and oft again, at the tower and spire, thinking of the six sweet-toned bells there swinging; I lingered yet awhile in the village, talking of the people and events of other days: of King Peada, Bishop Diuma, the Abbesses Edburgh and Alfrida, St. Guthlac, King Sigebert's brother Kineard, King Wiglaf, St. Wystan, and many another noble Saxon connected with this old Mercian centre—its royal throne and its abbey. And of many an old Norman, and many a modern name identified with its history, we might have talked had there been time;—of Sir John Port founding the School, and Gilbert Thacker destroying the Priory Church. Curious, too, to hear of the river Trent being here almost dried up on the 21st of December, 1581, though the morning before it was bank-full, “which,” says an old record, “was very straunge,” and of its being so frozen over in the year 1607, “that it would beare horse and man loaded, and cartes loaden.” Of Sir John Gell and his troops so plundering the neighbouring mansions in the name of the Parliament, that in 1643, the inhabitants joined in a formal remonstrance against him. Of a grave being opened in Allen's Close, in 1687, where was found a human skeleton *nine feet long*, within a stone coffin, and with a hundred other skeletons round it; and of many another strange tradition.

Many too were the places one would have felt glad to include in the day's ramble, had it been possible; and many objects of interest to see that must be passed over. That quaint old building the Reading-room and Savings'-bank, and several pleasant mansions, caught the eye in passing; the beautiful and remarkable wood carving at Mr. Prince's villa I had seen before. Repton Park, Norbury Hays, Bretby Park, Newton Solney, Eggington Hall, Bladon Castle, or Calke Abbey, might have drawn one away, but did not; and it would have been pleasant to run just so far as Ingleby and see its famous old Elm Tree; then on to Anchor Church, and return to Derby

by Twyford Ferry and Findern,* had that been the joint intent of a friendly and tasteful companion, with whom I had happened to fall in. But we had a different route in view.

Anchor Church is a large and ancient Hermitage, or retreat of an Anchorite, as its name is said to indicate. It is two miles



or so from Repton, and is excavated out of the rocky bank of the Trent, being a series of chambers singularly communicating one with another; the spot where it is forming an almost startling contrast to the quiet greenery of the neighbouring pastures. "The Trent," (says Bigsby,) "which now flows at a short dis-

* "It is a touching fact that the only visual traces of the ancient family of Findern of this place are a few straggling garden-flowers—primroses and daffodils—growing wild in a homestead or paddock, near the site of their former dwelling-place. The spot where Jane Findern and her learned lover, Master Richard Harpur, wandered in passionate communion, during the early indulgence of their mutual tenderness, is thus pleasantly revealed to the musing fancy of the modern observer. Strange, that tower and buttress, arch and pillar, tomb and hatchment—all the stately evidences that a proud race hoped to bequeath as monuments of their power and wealth, should have sunk into sheer nothingness and left no record of their past splendour; while amidst the ravages of time and tempest, these frail and simple memorials still survive, as the solitary tokens of their former existence."—*Bigsby's History*.

tance, formerly ran close under the rock, as is indicated by a dead pool of water situated near its foot and communicating with the channel of the river. The whole range of rock has a singularly romantic aspect, being distinguished by bold and rugged prominences, and wild irregular fissures, partially mantled with ivy, and overgrown at intervals with brushwood and



creeping plants, while oaks of patriarchal antiquity, and other trees, fantastically gnarled and confusedly grouped, impart a character of peculiar picturesqueness to the spot." Such a place were of itself well worth a pilgrimage. Or it would have been a sweet though pensive enjoyment to have run over again the reminiscences of some former visits, now hallowed to the feelings by death and time; but it was our resolve to take advantage of the remaining hour before sunset in a ride round by Foremark to Knoll Hills. So getting the loan of a light gig-cart, away we started, not unimpressed, however, with the

graphic truth of Repton's own historian when he says: --“The old manorial Hall, with its still more ancient tower, that commands so fair, though limited a prospect over the northern landscape; the retired School-house, with its embowered avenue of magnificent trees, whose solemn shade is rendered yet more picturesque by the bold grace of its lofty and widely-arched gateway; the stately and beautiful Church, a portion of whose fabric is of the far-remote date of the Anglo-Saxon Octarchy; the secluded and silent-looking Churchyard, with its impressive tokens of mortality; the grey and moss-grown ‘Abbey wall;’ the age-worn, crumbling steps of the long-disused Market-cross; the rudely constructed, half-timbered tenement, with its balustrated porch and antique gables, that enriches the *coup-d’œil* of the main street, and the framework of which is said to have been constructed in the Peak, and removed hither, all address the admiring gazer in a voice that seems fraught with the deep, oracular, heart-searching utterances of the ‘eternity of the past.’ ”

The mile from Repton to Milton is a very pleasant one. The road has wild, ferny banks; wild roses, abounding on the hedge-rows, smiled at us as we passed along; and “King Askew’s Hill,” with its crown of trees, half invited us to take it in our way, as we might have done, but we contented ourselves for the time by gazing back from the road, on that ever-beautiful spire and the homes clustering around it—the fields and gardens round them—and the distant woods and hills. Repton sank out of sight behind us, as we descended to Milton, and then burst upon us a fine view on the left, in which were conspicuous the County Asylum and Twyford village and church; and as we passed Milton on our right, and crossed the brook that came playfully from its work at the mill above, we saw one of the finest studies for a picture that painter could desire. Near to a picturesque brick-arched foot bridge, its red harmonizing well with the green hedge-rows and fields, were a gipsy-woman and girl, with a child, clambering over a gate,

and pursuing their way by a line of willows along the meadow. The lane to the left would have taken us towards Twyford's most curious ferry boat, with the rippling brook for company; but we continued straight on till we came to a gate, through which we turned into the park-like fields surrounding Foremark. We might now have continued along the road to Ingleby; or a walk of a few minutes down one of the steep glades to the left would have taken us round by Anchor Church; but we turned aside to glance at Foremark Church, a somewhat plain and singular structure, with the Burdett arms conspicuous over the chancel-window. Many members of the Burdett family are buried there. From a point between the Church and the Hall, there is one glimpse of the distant country as striking as it is extensive, looking far over the vale of the Trent towards Nottingham.



Foremark Hall itself is an oblong fabric, large and somewhat handsome, its corners so projecting as to form bay windows, which are surmounted by domes. The principal front is to the north, and has a spacious portico, supported by Ionic pillars. The centre of the south front has likewise Ionic pillars; and on each side the entrance is reached by double flights of steps.

But though these architectural achievements give the place an aspect of dignity and importance, which is heightened by the surrounding groves and lawns, the whole, from the long non-residence of the owner, is so touched with a faded air, that as we passed away, by a sluggish pond, in the shade of old trees where stood some ruminating cattle, and by the half-used stabling, looking the more lorn for being so extensive, my companion, who had known the place in brighter days, said it was a positive relief to him as we reached the more joyous, open fields. He added, that but a short time before nothing made him more sensible of the desertion of this place than the tameness of the birds about it, and a leveret that had come and staid at a distance of only three yards, staring at him, for nearly ten minutes, as he sat smoking a cigar! Foremark Hall was built in 1755, by Sir Robert Burdett, baronet, on the site of a more ancient mansion inherited from the family of Francys; and possesses an additional interest for the passer-by, from having been the home of the distinguished Sir Francys (commonly spelt Francis) Burdett, whose political history is known to every reader of Parliamentary lore.

Dr. Bigsby thinks the crowning glory of Foremark is the long grove of majestic oaks extending from the north front; but he also makes pleasant allusion to the abundance of hollies, which appear in the hedge-rows and other situations, giving the following account of the way they came there:—"They were planted by the late Sir Robert Burdett, who while hunting in Needwood Forest, was struck with the variety of singing birds that made musical the depths of the wintry wilds, while few were the notes that at the same season prevailed elsewhere. On expressing his surprise at the circumstance, he was informed that the cause was to be attributed to the great quantity of trees of this kind existing there, upon the berries of which the birds subsisted, in uninterrupted plenty, during that inclement portion of the year, whereupon he at once gave orders that a considerable number of the above-mentioned trees should be planted at

Foremark, and he would never allow one to be removed at any subsequent period."

Between Foremark and Knoll Hills the road runs through a long woodland avenue—ferns, foxgloves, and other rich undergrowth, abounding,—and then through ancient arcades of oak and beech, with gleams of the landscape as far as Nottingham between the trees; the windings of the Trent, the dottings of villages and farms, the grazing herds in the meadows, and the waving of corn-fields on the sunny slopes, making one wish to linger. But passing onwards we soon came to a spouting spring, giving the name of Seven Spouts to a farm-stead close by; and a little further on, we saw an enormous beech, lying prostrate by a lone pool, evidently thrown down by a recent storm; and there was a strange, old-world gloom about the whole scene, deepening at every step we took. A camp of gipsies; sheep at rest under a large old thorn; rocks cropping out of the wayside slopes, and plumed with dark firs and other trees, and many kindred features of rural solitude, had caught our minds by the way, before we came to that lone pool and prostrate tree. But this seemed on the threshold of a scene more solitary and silent still; when, suddenly, from the thick screen of trees before us, came the sounds, not only of numerous human voices—voices of mirth and glee—but of musical instruments, awakening the surrounding echoes with tones anything but ancient, though very harmonious, and corresponding to moods of mind the reverse of pensive and gloomy. We were now at a gate leading to the site of what was once the mansion of Knoll Hills; and among its vestiges were gathered on the day of our visit a Baptist sabbath-school party, from Willington, and a pleasure-party from Derby—the former accompanied by their chapel-choir, and the latter by a spirited and well-organized quadrille band! Waggons, flies, carts, and gigs, decorated with flags, were there, about which climbed and played merrily a number of children; the Derby party were having a dance upon a lawn; the Sunday-school teachers were taking tea in a dwelling made

out of part of the out-buildings of the old mansion ; refreshments were supplied for those who had not made other arrangements by an innkeeper from Repton ; and the whole scene,—the village rustics and the smart people from the town ; the fun and frolic among the old ivy-clad ruins and solemn groves ; the ancient echoes responding to modern tunes ; and the old couple who had care of the place amid the crowd of young lively guests, —was one of such bewildering contrast that I, belonging to a more “abstract tribe” of men, was some time before finding power enough to analyze either my own feelings or the spectacle.

Often had friends asked me if I had been at Knoll (commonly called Knowl) Hills, and wondered when I said “no.” Nor was their description of the place ever definite enough to make me care much about going. But of the latter difficulty I now began to see the cause. It is one of those strange, solitary, and mysterious places—such an assemblage of material paradoxes, if one may use such a term—that the power to describe it accurately could be expected in but few. Man has done so much, and nature and decay so much more ; the long-drawn terraces and avenues have such an air of patrician elegance, and the profusion of tall and noble trees is so great and imposing, the beeches especially fine ; the evergreens are so—I was going to say, gigantic, in comparison with what one ordinarily sees ; the climbing plants so vigorous and tendinous, as they cling about the broken parapets, or creep about the once elegant fountains, alcoves, and mossy cells ; the winding stairs that promise to lead us to some vestige of a habitable spot, land one so curiously at times in the thick umbrage of old woods ; while a long, declining aqueduct that invites one to follow its course, becomes so strangely lost to the eye without any termination we could have imagined or inferred ; that the history of the place, as commonly given, seems inadequate to account for such a group of effects, and rather calculated to arouse the fancy than satisfy inquiry, and to promote dreami-

ness, if not superstition, even in the minds most disposed to philosophical exactness.

Foremark Hall is named by old Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* as “peculiarly pleasant, wholesome and eligible.” There is no doubt that he alludes to the ancient Hall, on the site of which the present one is founded; and of this “Knowle Hill,” Lysons says—“A little to the south-west of Foremark, was a house built by a younger son of the first Baronet, and sold by him to the Hardinge family. It was re-purchased by the late Sir Robert Burdett, who inhabited it while Foremark Hall was rebuilding. This house was afterwards pulled down.” And little is now remaining of it beyond what we have already described. There is certainly a species of court-yard, containing a little cottage or two, a stable and other buildings, partly let at times to pleasure parties, and occupied in ordinary by an old blind man (Mr. Adams) and his wife, who do all they can to aid the visitors in their tea-making. And down below, reached by a steep, narrow stair, is the remnant of a beautiful semi-circular recess, lined with fine stone, as well as some curious cellarage “carved out of the living rock,” with pigeon-holes like those in the old cave called “the Doctor’s Shop” at Nottingham—but terminating most remarkably in a large circular chamber, rising into a dome, with a smaller one similar in form beyond it.

We wandered about between some heavy showers, watching the effects of the brief gleams of sunshine on the foliage of various hues, or streaming in on the shaded pool and the ripples of the old aqueduct. Once we joined the school-party assembled in a room up-stairs, and accepted their hospitable invitation to a cup of their tea; and then went below, where, despite the wetness of the grass, a few enthusiastic juveniles were making some attempts at a dance, to the strains of the quadrille band, which, however, another heavy shower soon brought to a close. Had the evening been more favourable, we might have seen much more of the details of this mysterious place, as well as of the

sweet landscape which some of its out-points command. Or had we been disposed to botanize, the profusion of hart's tongue and other ferns, and of luxuriant herbs of every kind natural to such a place and season, (I am writing of the month of June), might have kept us long. But the rain continuing to pour, we remounted the trap that had brought us from Repton; and presently, by a drive through woods and meadows—a shady lane—and meadows again, with Repton, Foremark, Ingleby, Anchor Church, Calke Abbey, and all their beautiful history and mystery behind us, we found ourselves passing over Swarkeston Bridge for Derby.

The reader will kindly bear in mind, that in this sketch I have attempted to describe little more than fell in my own way in a few hours; but by taking advantage of the morning as well as the evening of a summer day, it strikes me that Repton, Newton Solney (where, in the church, is an effigy of one of the old Knights Templars), Anchor Church, Ingleby, and several other romantic spots, with a pleasant return by Twyford Ferry, might be included in one excursion; and there is scarcely in all England a similar space that could be, in its way, more historically interesting. Of the lovely walk up the Trent-side to Burton, famed for its old Abbey, its Bridge, and its Breweries; or across to Egginton, whence the Dove comes winding into the Trent; to Bretby Park, the seat of the Earl of Chesterfield; or Calke Abbey, a fine old place, seat of Sir John Harpur Crewe; with several other places of note in the neighbourhood, I have said nothing, because I am not so much “making a book” as recording what I have enjoyed; and what I have described would be all that could be well seen in a day. May many of my readers enjoy it as much as I have done!

Day the Fourth.

BY OSMASTON TO MELBOURNE.

How little thought they who first called a rural and retired village of Derbyshire Melbourne, that the capital of a vast and far-off region of the world—of a future empire—would one day borrow its name, and become infinitely more distinguished than the place that lent it ! Yet there can be no doubt that as the noble statesman, Lord Melbourne, took his title from the village we are about to visit, so the Melbourne of Australia was thus named in compliment to him ; and when the Australasian of days to come shall perchance meet with Macaulay's New Zealander while sketching St. Paul's from London Bridge, and they resolve on a run down to this primitive spot together, for the sake of "auld langsyne," what an interest, and what conversation, will that *then* antiquated incident afford them ! Let us anticipate them in our present stroll, by enjoying all we can both there and by the way ; since it will not be less pleasant to them then because we get all the pleasure we possibly can from it now.

Leaving Derby by the Osmaston-road—noting this elegant, newly-built church of the General Baptists as we go—glancing up towards the Arboretum and thinking of philanthropic Joseph Strutt as we pass further on—glad, too, that even the Union-poor have so pleasant an asylum as that we next reach, and that so many tasteful villas grace the road-side beyond it—we come in due time to the new hive of industry that has sprung up about the iron-foundries at Litchurch, and presently find ourselves at the side of Osmaston Park. Derbyshire has two Osmastons—one, the imposing manorial seat of Mr. Francis Wright, near Ashbourne ; this the seat of Sir Robert Wilmot, baronet ; as Chaddesden, on the other side of Derby, is the seat of Sir Henry S. Wilmot, baronet—distinctions mentioned

to prevent confusion to the reader. At this Osmaston, near Derby, we will turn and linger awhile, glad that the gradual out-stretching of the town still leaves the domain so beautiful; and we will seek its little Church and bowery church-yard—one of the most attractive yet retired of all the sacred nooks we know. What a fitting shade is formed by these firs and yews! What an antiquated little temple, smothered in verdure, with its tiny bell-turret just peeping out! What a sweet place for a marriage! I was once at one there. And how remarkable and touching too, are some of the graves around it! You see one tomb more marked than many, on which is inscribed the name of Orton—the resting-place of some of the kindred of James and Henry Orton who have done much with their pens, perchance, to amuse or soothe your own fire-side hours. And there, in the shade, is another more simple stone that tells where lie the remains of poor Charles Osmaston; and who was he? Let us hear the story. He was a native of China, and his original name, as he once informed me, was one which sounded somewhat like Dā Jaen. Poor boy! he was the child of a Chinese soldier, and at ten years of age followed his father to the battle-field. His father being killed by the British, in “the Opium war,” he was looking for the corpse when the battle was over, and an English corporal picked him up on the field—at, or near, Chusanor Shangai—and took him to Dr. Ash, who in turn handed him over to Captain Napier. The latter consigned him to the care of Captain William Horton, by whom he was eventually brought to England, after sojourning a few years in India; and on coming to Osmaston he was placed under the religious instruction of the Rev. James Dean, M.A., the venerable incumbent of the parish, who baptized him by the name of Charles and registered him under the surname of Osmaston. As a *protégé* of the Wilmot family he received a good English education, but married while very young, took a situation as clerk in one of the offices of the Midland Railway Company, and was seized with acute rheumatism, for which

he was treated on European principles, and never got thoroughly well. During the last few years of his life I knew him familiarly. He was small in person, with the peculiar "almond eyes" of his race, which were dark and animated; a tapering chin, a most lively and cheerful expression, and agreeable manners. He hungered and thirsted after useful knowledge, which he was very apt both in acquiring and re-communicating; was particularly fond of his family, and affable towards all who treated him with proper regard. For myself he seemed to have contracted a sincere friendship, and it was as sincerely reciprocated. He had free access to my library; could shrewdly and justly criticise the spirit of all he read; was fond of intellectual conversation, and for a long time almost lived on the hope of returning some day to his native country as a missionary. Knowing what I do of his efforts to accomplish that object, I am sorry to say that by one party at least to whom he applied for some facilitation, he was treated with the most vulgar and unjustifiable repulsion, which I have little doubt added to his already injured frame what is generally called "a broken heart." He died, and was buried, where you may read this simple record in the shade of those trees:—

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

CHARLES OSMASTON,

NATIVE OF CHINA,

WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 24, 1854,

AGED 22 YEARS.

It must have been some such spot as this that inspired John Wilson, when he said or sang—

"How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend steps, from stone to stone,
In a small village church-yard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,

And hear in the calm air above
Time onward softly flying,
To meditate in christian love
Upon the dead and dying!"

But we leave it now, and cross by a field-road to the winding canal, and then follow the haling-path—a very pleasant walk—or regain the main road and pursue our way to Chellaston, a place interesting in many respects to the antiquary and rural loiterer, but most noted of all, perhaps, in the present day, for its gypsum-quarries, or “plaster-pits,” which furnish annually some thousands of tons of that fine pink-white material, so beautiful in the formation of artificial rocks, so useful in the manufacture of plaster, and so injurious in the composition of “peppermint-drops” and “comfits” for children. Passing on from Chellaston, a more varied country opens gradually to view, including some of the woody cliffs and slopes on the south bank of the Trent, and in a short time we arrive at Swarkeston, birth-place of Bancroft the poet.

Many are the features one would love to stay and study at Swarkeston, with J. J. Briggs’s fine poem of “The Trent,” and its “Notes,” for companionship! The remains of its old Hall, old gate-ways, old trees, old mounds, embankments, and bowling-green, telling eloquent tales of the past, are there. And there is one point, near the road-side, where just within a gate-way stands a noble tree, on the spot where it is said Prince Charlie’s advanced guard halted before returning with the information which decided his army on retreating from Derby to the north. The Hall, seen a little further off, an ancient seat of the Harpurs, stood siege in the “wars of the Commonwealth.” And then, the Bridge! what a remarkable structure! First there are a few large arches of more modern build, beneath which rolls the deep Trent with many an eddy and plash and swirl—coming gracefully from above, by Twyford and Barrow, and winding as gracefully away below, by Weston Cliff and Donington Park; and then follows nearly a

mile of the more ancient fabric, which owes its existence, it is said, to the munificence of two maiden sisters, who reduced themselves to poverty and the necessity of labour by so large and permanent a boon to their country. Originally it was a singular, narrow, and somewhat zigzag way, with recesses here and there into which passengers might retire for safety from the passing vehicles; but it has been recently altered, with great advantage to the public, and remains one of the most remarkable and useful works of the kind in England. Its architecture is much the same as that of the bridge of Burton, and the date which Mr. Briggs remembers seeing upon it of 1192, differs only twenty years from the date of that celebrated bridge, which is over the same river. Anciently, near to it, was a little chapel, in which a priest was employed in saying masses for the souls of those who passed over,—a practice by no means uncommon in olden days.

At the other end of the bridge we come to a few cottages; one, somewhat picturesquely on the right, is in a garden made out of a large quarry, and a few on the left belong to market-gardeners. This is the commencement of the village of Stanton-by-Bridge, a village worth turning to glance through if we had time—its bits of ivied ruin, wild hillocks, and old quarry-holes, having a curious charm for any one who had leisure to explore them; and in about another mile we come to Melbourne, anciently Mileburn. Was it so called because seated upon a *burn*, or brook, about one mile from this passage of the Trent? I know that Three-mile Cross, near Reading, was so named from being three miles from the passage of the Thames there, and Mile-End from being a mile from London. Several other derivations, however, have been suggested, and any of them, possibly, with as much reason as this.

It would be well for any one visiting Melbourne first to read its History by John Joseph Briggs, now a Fellow of the Royal Society. It is probably one of the most methodical, complete and readable local histories ever written—its very authorship

adding a fact of considerable interest to the things it chronicles. And my friend John Westby Gibson, author of "Forest and Fireside Hours" and other works, has written its history in most musical verse, under the title of "A Visit to Melbourne," which gives more particulars than there is space for in this brief chapter. The Rev. J. Deans, Vicar of the parish, has also written an interesting history of the Church, which throws light on much besides his immediate theme; while few places of the same population can boast of a greater number of men capable of skilfully handling the pen in reference to matters under their observation; nor are there many that can boast of a poet surpassing Thomas Pass, whose modesty, notwithstanding, withholds him from ordinarily professing any higher rank in letters than that of a printer of "other men's stuff."

Without dwelling long on the Ancient Britons and Romans, with their occupation of these lands, it is worth our knowing what the early Saxons and Anglo-Normans did on this spot: how they founded and endowed the fine old Church and a Chantry, and built a Castle where kings and royal captives were sometimes entertained;—how they claimed to pass toll-free over bridges and were resisted;—how the Bishops of Carlisle built and owned a Palace here, remains of which, as of the Castle, still linger to this day;—how fared the town in the civil wars, and how it became associated with the names of Coke, Melbourne and Hardinge. Strange, the contrast in character and position of those who have sojourned at Melbourne, from the captive, John Duke of Bourbon, to Richard Baxter, who beguiled a long convalescence, at the Hall, by writing his "Saints' Everlasting Rest!" Interesting to read also of the varying customs as time rolled on; of the sport of hawking on the unenclosed Common, and the travelling of pack-horses along unmacadamised lanes; "the boasts of hearaldry and pomps of power;" the correspondence of statesmen; the fruits of religious effort and the achievements of industrial enterprise. From the first foundation of the Church to the establishment of the

Mechanics' Institution, and building of the Athenæum, the record of facts is as entertaining as a tale of fancy.

And now let us see what illustrations there are in the little town and its surroundings of what we have read—the linking of the old with the new, and the pleasant blendings of nature with the signs of social life. Scarcely can be seen anything sombre in it without some cheerful accompaniment—anything antique without its modern foil. Not far from where the last remnants of the Castle are seen lingering in some old grey walls, rise brick-built lace and hosiery factories and warehouses; and the Athenæum is also built of brick. Around or near the Market-place are low, old-fashioned shops and gay “new fronts” in striking contrast. The ancient Church has been “restored,” without its antiquity being marred, by the architectural genius of Scott. The Bishop of Carlisle's Palace has given way to a modern mansion, occupied by Mr. Earp—whose family have been in Melbourne above three centuries, and by whom the old Chantry-chapel—

“To what strange uses may we come, Horatio!”—

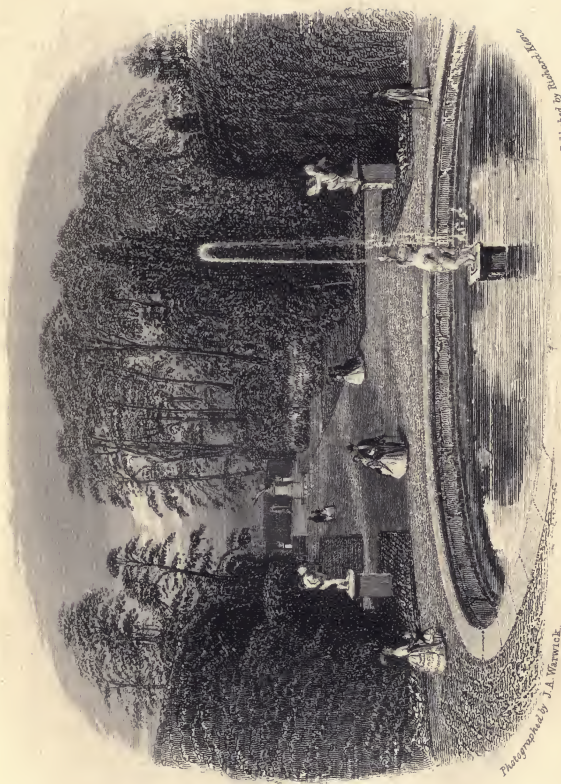
Is used as a malt-office. What was once a “common,” where knights and ladies went forth with the falconer to fly their birds, is now all cultivated and very fruitful. The wilderness has been turned into farms, and the farms into gardens, whence produce in large quantities is daily sent off to Derby and other markets. Yet, with all these changes, Nature, in many a beautiful character still asserts her reign, and there are spots in the immediate neighbourhood quite as beautiful, and almost as wild, as in the olden days. How bright and lovely still, the expanding lakelet with its little isles, and its wooded shore! How ferny and blossomy some of the road-sides, beyond the town! How rich in flowers and rural ornament, as well as in fruits and roots, are some of the cottage-gardens! And if the eye be lifted to the surrounding country, methinks the Australian, should he find it as it is now, when he comes with the New Zealander, may well sigh that there are charms around which all the gold of

his country could not purchase and transport from this Melbourne of his fatherland!

Whoever visits Melbourne should see the interior as well as the exterior of the Church. Its handsome portico—its rows of massive pillars and noble arches, with their zigzag mouldings and arcades—its curious old font—the old Crusaders' monument—and all that has been recently and harmoniously done to preserve and beautify the entire fabric, which its great lantern tower, its two lesser towers, its arched windows, and its massive air, all prepare you to find interesting before you enter.

But the greatest attraction to most visitors is in the gardens of the Hall. The Hall itself, the residence at present of Colonel Gooch, is a comparatively modern building, on the site of an old Rectory-house. With all the domain, it belongs to Lady Palmerston, as heiress of the late Lord Melbourne, whose local agent is Mr. Frederick F. Fox, one of a family who have held the same post for three generations. The gardens are in the Dutch style of arboriculture and horticulture brought over by William III.; and though there is, as a consequence, much about them very quaint and formal, there is also much very beautiful and imposing in some of the groves, fountains and statues—the bowery walks and beds of flowers. According to Mr. Briggs, in the magnificent array of Scotch firs, planted in William's reign, and which no one can see without admiring, are trees whose boles are eighty feet in height, and thirteen in circumference. The gardens altogether occupy between fifteen and sixteen acres, and "the pool," or lakelet, about twenty-one acres; and it is highly creditable to all who have the controul over such an attractive realm, that it is frequently thrown open to the enjoyment of the surrounding population, and equally creditable to the public that it is generally, on these occasions, enjoyed with due respect and care to avoid any injurious trespass.

For one, I must confess to having much love for old Melbourne. I love to read of its worthies of ancient days—ample



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View in Melbourne Gardens.

DERBYSHIRE

memoirs of whom may be found in Briggs's History; to meet and converse with some of its present intelligent denizens; and to think how many men of personal worth and public usefulness have sprung from it, even of late, to exercise their talents in other scenes. I believe that John Borlase Warren, sometime President of Council in Ohio, is a native of this place, as is Alderman Robert Pegg, of Derby, a gentleman whose regular appearance on the bench as a just yet merciful magistrate, and in other public capacities, hides almost entirely a talent not unknown to his friends—that of literary power and taste, which if more publicly developed, might alone have won him reputation. Mr. Cook, the celebrated railway-excursionist, who has done more perhaps than any other living man to make the people of England acquainted with the beauty and interest of their own country, is also, I believe, a son of Melbourne, as certainly is his half-brother—genial, cheery, hopeful, eloquent Simeon Smithard, one of our most favourite popular lecturers on Temperance and its kindred principles. Thus may one truly say, in conclusion, with John Westby Gibson—

“How rich is Melbourne town with deeds of old renown

Flashing like rubies from Time's wrinkled brow;
But nobler works—flowers from the old life's tomb,
Bearing Love's dews and Mind's immortal bloom,
Shine in his chaplet now.

With overflowing thought what marvels some have wrought,

Where merry looms make music all the year.

No sons of toil wear Famine's wolfish look:

Their calm lives seem like shadows in a brook,

To come and disappear.

Be Melbourne's, long, the arts of palmy Peace!

And never may the circling centuries cease

To hear the joyous psalm—the solemn theme—

Breathed from yon hallowed sod, where the great smile of God

Glow in the light by Melbourne's gentle stream.”

And now, as we return, let it be by King's Newton, the Historian of Melbourne's native place. To reach it we shall have

to pass the General Cemetery; and the whole distance from Melbourne is but a short mile. It is an interesting village, with a touch of rural gentility as well as antiquity about it—a place for mid-day musings and social evening hours. Its Hall, an ancient seat of the Hardinges, was burnt down on the morning of April 15th, 1859, after in past times entertaining King Charles II. and many another distinguished guest. The ancient well, the old Pack-horse Inn, the Chantry-house where the papers of “Philo” (warm-hearted, sociable Henry Orton,) were written; the large old house extemporised into an Episcopalian Chapel; the mansion where Judge Cantrell lived and recently died hard by; Mr. Haimés’s and other pretty villas looking at each other across the village green, and further on the home itself of Mr. Briggs, historian, naturalist, and poet, where he still dwells (1862) with his aged parents, and where many a *savan* and literary loiterer has been hospitably *be-nighted*,—all are worthy of more than a glance as we pass on our road to the Ferry that shall take us, if you like, to Weston Cliff, and further us on our way back to Derby. But before we embark, let us listen for a few moments at John Briggs’s threshold while he sings:—

“What beauteous visions now mine eye beholds!

Beneath my feet old Trent in serpent folds

Leads on his waves in many a wandering maze,

By which the dappled herds and white flocks graze:

Here let me rest and dream of other times,

And catch the sound of Memory’s hallowed chimes.

Sweet is thy name to me, old hoary Trent;

’Twas by thy marge mine earliest steps I bent,

When round my neck loved Childhood threw her arm,

And call’d me her’s, and bade me fear no harm.

’Twas near thy brink I spent the laughing hours,

And eager cull’d the daisy’s snowy flowers,

And stretched my hands wet with the dripping dew,

O’er the clear wave were broad the lily grew.

’Twas there I watch’d the swan spread forth her sail

Of snow-white plumes, and drift before the gale;

And there, when later years had o’er me thrown

Life’s weightier cares, I oft have roam’d alone,

The cliff—the wave—the tree—the field have view'd,
And prostrate knelt to worship solitude ;
And the deep truths inscribed on Nature's page
Made the first study of my riper age."

Day the Fifth.

ROUND BY ELVASTON.

A few minutes' ride by rail lands a passenger from Derby at Borrowash, from which place he may take a very pleasant walk across the meadows to Elvaston. He will not, however, leave Borrowash Mills without lingering a moment, as soon as he has crossed the Derwent, to glance back on the neat mansion, tasteful grounds, and graceful fall and flow of the river there. Then turning again southwards, Elvaston—its old Church-tower and Castle over the dusky trees, will be seen rising with a patrician look before him ; and though Elvaston grounds are not open at all times, should it happen to be on a day when they are, a stroll through them at leisure will be a great delight to the lover of superior arboriculture and landscape gardening.

In districts naturally picturesque, it is easy to mar a very beautiful scene by too much artifice ; but in a locality comparatively flat, Nature can sometimes be made to develop herself very richly and magnificently through human agency ; and such an arena as this is a most legitimate one for the experiment. The noble predecessor of the late Earl of Harrington,* with ample means and a passion for art, seems to have felt his privilege intensely ; and obtaining trees of the finest species, even from the farthest climes, he had them so harmoniously grouped or scattered here, as to present to the wondering eye a sort of representative forest that flourishes still, a monument of its kind unsurpassed in the whole kingdom. Nor was the

* Charles, the fourth Earl.

Earl's idea confined to arboriculture alone. An expansive lake, with shores of artificial rock-work rivalling nature in some of her most romantic phases; isles and islets of great variety and beauty; statuary of the most classical mould and grace; bowery walks in the most elaborate and curious style; with the richest borders and beds of rare flowers, as they surround the castle, the church, and the "tall ancestral trees;" with the smooth lawns and long vistas stretching away from them, and opening to glimpses of pleasant country beyond the estate, make Elvaston altogether one of the loveliest spots, in its way, ever redeemed from the world of common things.

I should have felt a pleasure in giving the names of some of the most beautiful and remarkable trees, and specifying the various works of art combining to adorn a place so striking in its general effect on the eye and the mind; but the mere mention of them would form a catalogue too extensive for my object here; while to name a few and not the others, would be as effete as an attempt to describe a grand concert by selecting a few of its notes.

The late lamented Earl, (news of whose death reached me after I had commenced this chapter,) aided by the skill and energy of Mr. Barron, maintained unimpaired a large portion of what had been thus achieved; and for some time the whole was thrown open on particular occasions, in aid of funds for promoting special objects, including the restoration of churches and the alteration of laws affecting the sale of intoxicating liquors. The numbers of people of every rank who availed themselves of these opportunities were sometimes immense; and when the weather was fine, the scenes presented by the processions, the gatherings, or the dispersions, of the crowd of well-dressed and well-behaved people; the clustering round particular speakers, or wanderings along the walks and on the beautiful shores of the calm, bright lake; the strains of music from bands placed at the best points for effect; the meetings and mutual recognitions of friends drawn from far; and the more quiet retreats

for the lovers of solitude and reverie, where tower and rock and tree were silently mirrored in the clear, deep waters,—altogether afforded a most delightful theme for such as knew how to be happy in the enjoyments of the many or the few beyond themselves.

For me, it would be difficult to say which of all the features of the scene have delighted me most; and yet there is one that never grows old, but seems to have an increasing charm every time it catches the eye. It comes upon us as we wander up the south shore of the lake; it consists of what appears to be a natural opening, a sort of loop through a projecting rock, in which has been placed a little cross. If it be in the after part of the day, a soft bloomy light is thrown on all that is seen through that orifice—a heavenly adornment of the sacred symbol it enframes, and of the sweet scene beyond, which not only culminates but terminates appropriately in a view of Spondon-spire. If ever you visit Elvaston, be sure to find this spot. And when you have enjoyed yourself to your heart's content, walk back, if time will allow, by Thulston and Alvaston—the latter one of the neatest villages in the suburbs of Derby. How remarkably *Saxon* sound the names of all the villages thereabouts, as though called after their lords before the conquest *i. e.* *Elva's-ton* or town, *Thul's-ton*, *Amba's-ton*, *Alva's-ton*, *Chella's-ton*, *Osma's-ton*, and others;—while on the opposite side of the Derwent, for some distance, the names of nearly all the villages have a very different sound—*Chad's-den* and *Spon-don* probably being British, and the name of no village for some distance terminating in *ton*.

Day the Sixth.

PILGRIMAGE TO DALE ABBEY.

MANY are the ways, and many the ways of going, to Dale Abbey—but perhaps none more interesting than a walk by

Chaddesden and Locko Park. On a day in which summer was just ripening into autumn, my friend the publisher of this book, and myself, essayed it. We left Derby by the Nottingham-road, glancing over the Race-ground towards the Peak; lingering a moment at the Cemetery, to gaze on the lovely landscape thence expanding; and afterwards, turning off to rural Chaddesden, and noting the wooded pastures fronting and backing the Hall, we sought the churchyard, which is one of the spots most sweet, though sad, of its kind in the whole county. In passing along the road, by the Hall and through the bending village-street, there is much to please, especially about the cottages with their little flower-gardens and rustic wooden portals. But the passenger who did not turn aside, by the old alms-houses, into the neat and well-kept churchyard, to look on its touching memorials, its well-tended graves, the flowers upon which seem to be renewed from day to day; the chaste and well-engraved monuments; the sacred pile of the renewed church itself, and the beautiful trees around—the effect of the whole much heightened by the close companionship of the Hall, its shrubberies, its lawns, and the distant woods—would miss a pensive enjoyment for which he might wander far without finding compensation. Some of the newer records are as attractive as they are modest—each stone so carved as to afford a sort of vase for flowers. There are many who, knowing the noble heart whose ashes they covered, would feel interested in seeing, as we saw them, the flowers thus disposed in a stone on which we read:—

HERE AMONG HIS DEAR ONES

RESTS THE BODY OF

E. S. WILMOT,

HIS SOUL WITH

JESUS,

OCTOBER 22, MDCCCLXI.

The grave of Charlotte Eleanor Rawlins was similarly distinguished; and again another of “Richard Coke Wilmot, once

minister of this parish ; ” while a neat stone not far off marked the resting place of one of humbler birth, yet who was known among her friends for her goodness and intellectual worth.

Leaving the church-yard, and passing away by the neat village inn, we soon afterwards bent to the right, over fields, and up to a new lodge a short mile off, on the verge of the Chaddesden estate. This lodge, placed in a spot surrounded by pastures dotted with trees, and these again by waving woods, commands an excellent view of Derby — its towers, spires, and tall chimneys like monumental columns, stretching far away from left to right, and giving the town an air of beauty and importance, scarcely surpassed, if equalled, by any other view of it.

And soon we came to the two stone-built lodges guarding the entrance to Locko Park, which opened before us with a cheery effect, as the warm sunshine, tempered by a refreshing air, lit up its beauties. Walking on, and coming to the margin of the lakelet there, we rested awhile to contemplate the scene. Immediately before us lay the crescent water, its surface gently rippled by the passing breeze, and made still more beautiful by two swans in full sail. Trees of various kinds, including some beeches that had just caught their first tints of russet and gold, stood in clusters along its shores ; while reddening thorn trees gave relief to the herded slopes around. Between the water and the Hall browsed a fine herd of deer. The Hall itself, with its newly-built tower, flashed back the sunshine from its many windows towards the lake. In the back of this picture rose “ alps of snow-white clouds ; ” while over its centre hung the blue dome of heaven unmarked by a single streak or speck. The winds, now whispering, now rustling, and then dying away among the trees ; the lowing of cattle and cawing of rooks afar ; the shrill whistle of a passing rustic, and the robin’s occasional note—produced altogether an effect on the mind and the feelings not unlike that of one of Bloomfield’s autumn tales.

Leaving the Hall on our left, and bearing away among pleasant heights and hollows and groups of trees, we went up from Locko Park by a pretty lane, at the top of which was a sandy rock, and beyond that a deep quarry. Into the latter we descended, and found in it a curious well, and a small cavern just sufficient to shelter a houseless beggar in a storm, and blackberries enough for a meal for him when it was over. Emerging from the quarry at its upper end, we found ourselves against a blacksmith's shop and dwelling, and Deepdale lay before us, the Abbey arch within sight, with the pale fires of Stanton ironworks in the far distance, and lowly roofs among bowery orchard trees all around. Of this same scene well might our old friend, Richard Howitt, sing—

“O Deepdale! lovely is thy land,
With pasturing herd and flock;
And lovely is thine Hermitage,
Cut in the solid Rock.

A cheerful place of healthful life—
A spot of nature's love;
With greenest grass up to the door,
And crowned with trees above.

With that one arch before thee set—
That one old abbey-window fair;
The only wreck of the rich fane
That restless time would spare.”

We descended into the Dale by the side of a tiny brook fringed with ferns and foxgloves, its deep sandy channel showing how it could in some weathers boast of greater volume and force; and as we thus went along, very pleasant around us were the woods, knolls, dells, and fields of pasture and corn, with here and there a jutting rock, and now and then a snug farmstead half hidden by its own fruit trees, soothing the soul, like one of the younger Linnell's matchless pictures of such scenes.

And now we reached the hamlet—the window-arch, chief relic of the Abbey, ever the most conspicuous object, with

some ancient yew trees, sadly shattered by time and storm, lingering near it—perhaps having been planted there at the



time of its foundation ; and not far off, the most curious church in the world, forming one building with the old pilgrim's inn—an ancient wood-framed house, quite as venerable to look at as the church itself, though the church, oddly enough, is a sort of little cathedral, containing a bishop's throne—Lord Stanhope, owner of the manor, being also “lay-bishop” of the parish !

Not far off, though in another quarter, and partly formed of a remnant of the Abbey, is the old Manor-house—a mere cottage in appearance, and yet to this day the place in which the manor courts are held. A little door inside is made of a piece of beautifully carved wood, which, when new, had probably occupied a much more dignified place in the monastery. And it is not until a visitor has wandered somewhat freely about, that he is aware how many relics of the old foundation are in-built with the dwellings of the people, their out-houses and garden-walls, in every direction. Antiquated remains, including fragments of old tombs and of the human frame, are some-

times dug up in the Abbey-field. An octagon font, after being much moved about, was at last brought back from Stanton, and is placed against the church, and bears upon it carved representations of the Virgin and Child and the Crucifixion, in bold relief.

Of course, in a village thus constituted there are not wanting many strange traditions and superstitious tales—some of which had evidently taken fast hold on the imagination, even of several who affected to doubt them; while, on the other hand, incidents really more curious, as well as true, are fast passing into oblivion. People cultivate only that kind of lore which is on a level with their own degree of intelligence, and what more can we expect of them? Yet the visitor to a place like Dale, wants something more or better than is preserved in the traditions of a few rustics, and turns from them to books, to history and poetry, in the hope of finding materials more consonant with his wishes there. From contemplating the lofty arch—that of the east window of the Abbey-church, (somewhat disfigured by the very means employed to preserve it, yet still beautiful and imposing,) we turned to the church of the present day, wherein the “bishop’s throne,” a rather elegant oaken chair, contrasts strangely with all else the old building contains. Mouldy, damp, and cold, were both floor and seats, though coarse mats of straw, to protect the feet of the congregation, are provided. The singing-loft is entered by steps on the outside of the church, and the antique, wood-framed house, known as “the church-house,” is so incorporated with the church itself that a passing stranger would hardly know by sight where one ends and the other begins. Formerly a door that could be opened and shut at pleasure was all that separated the interior of the church from the common room of the hostelry; and whatever reason there might have been in other times for this facility of communication, it had of late years occasioned so much scandal as to suggest the propriety of its being closed. The door-way, though built up, is still indicated

in the partition wall, as we saw while afterwards taking some refreshment on its secular side.

Whatever old legends of Dale Abbey and the Hermitage on the wooded hill near it have been lost, several have taken a literary form. A canon of the Abbey, Thomas de Musca, who lived in the 15th century, wrote a curious chronicle, containing as many chapters as there are letters in his name, each of the chapters so commencing with one of the letters as to make them, altogether, form a sort of acrostic. According to this legend, the origin of the Hermitage and Abbey was as follows :—There lived in the parish of St. Mary at Derby, a baker, “a religious man, fearing the Lord, and much intent upon alms and good works.” On a certain autumn day, about noon, he fell asleep, when the Virgin Mary appeared to him in a dream, and bade him leave all his worldly possessions behind him and go and live a life of solitary devotion in Depedale—a place to which he was then an entire stranger. But while wandering forth, he was miraculously directed to the place by hearing a woman tell her daughter to drive some calves there. He found it a cold and desolate spot, but staid in it, while forming a small cave in the rock on the hill-side, “serving God day and night, in hunger and thirst, in cold and in meditation.” While thus engaged, however, the smoke of his fire attracted the notice of Ranulphus, son of Geremund, lord of Ockbrook, who was hunting there, and at first excited his ire; but as the sportsman drew nearer, and saw the poor devotee clothed in rags, he took compassion on him, and not only made him a grant of the place, but gave him tythe of the mill at Burgh (Borrowash.) Here he struggled on through many difficulties—one of which, the want of pure water, was very severe, until he found a spring and made a well, which yet remains, at the corner of what is now the orchard of “the Church-house” and is to this day called “the Hermit’s well,” and here he dwelt until he “departed happily to God out of the prison-house of the body.” According to the same legend, the site of the Abbey

was fixed upon through a vision of "one Uthlagus, a very famous man," who was sleeping and dreaming on Lindersyke, a hill west of the monastery, where he beheld a golden cross standing in that spot where the foundation of the church was afterwards laid.

As time passed on, Serlo de Grendon, a soldier, marrying a daughter of the Ranulphus already named, received with her half the manor of Ockbrook as a dowry; and having a spiritual mother or grandmother, he gave to her Depedale with all its appurtenances; and her son Richard, a priest, performed religious service there until some Black Canons from Calke Abbey were invited to join him and make a settlement, which was soon largely endowed. But the ecclesiastics becoming too fond of venison and of hunting the King's deer in the neighbouring forest, he had them sent away, and six White Canons from the monastery of Topholme took their place. A grant was made them of the neighbouring park of Stanley; but they were very poor, and not being allowed to poach like their predecessors, after cutting and selling the timber, they returned to Topholme, having dwelt at Dale about seven years. Their prior, Henry, who, as we are told, seems to have been a dishonest man, fearful of the consequences of his actions, chose to bleed himself to death rather than return to Topholme. Next came five Canons from Welbeck, who, after enduring many privations, also returned to the place whence they came. The last we hear of came from Newhouse, in Lincolnshire. They were nine in number, and of them, says Thomas de Musca, "These, O Dale! were thy living stones."

A more common legend of Dale Abbey says that the King granted to the Prior St. Robert as much land as he could encircle with a plough, drawn by two deer, (the deer to be caught from the forest,) between sunrise and sunset. This is also indicated in stained glass in some of the windows of Morley Church, which were removed thither from the Abbey after its dissolution. Whatever its origin, the Abbey was founded in

1204 and surrendered to the crown in 1539, when the revenues were estimated at £144:4s. The domain was leased to Francis Pole, Esq., of Radbourne, who purchased the altar, crucifix, organ, gravestones, and the live and dead stock. After passing through the possession of several families, it is now in that of Earl Stanhope, who, as before said, is likewise its "lay bishop."

There are also a few legends of Dale in verse, one by William Howitt, and another by his brother Richard, from the latter of which I have quoted. That by William is a lively satire on the reported wassailing and hunting propensities of the old monks; but let us trust that, if not teetotallers, the brethren after all were not so much given to wassailing; and if they were as poor as represented by Thomas de Musca, it was no wonder that they now and then sought to appease their hunger by the fruits of the chase.

RETURN BY OCKBROOK.

LEAVING "the house next door to the church," and passing by the farm-yard, where are several offices cut out of the rock, we climbed the steep and bowery hill-side to "the Hermit's Cell," glancing ever and anon through the opening branches on the village below, as well as on the distant country. It was a beautiful evening, and sweetly fell the sun-rays on the Abbey-arch, the cottages and the old tree-trunks near it, and on the ripening fruit of the numerous little orchards. The cell itself—about as large as the common room of an ordinary cottage—had little in it to note, except what might be said of any other mossy cell of the size, cut out of a sandy rock, overhung with cool verdure, and, of course, scratched all over with the initials of innumerable visitors' names. We staid awhile, glancing at the ferns and flowers, and though no St. Robert was there to entertain us, there was one hospitable little fellow, bearing the diminutive of the saint's name, who allowed us to hear his plaintive vespers—namely, Robin Redbreast, who seemed quite at home in the place and apparently not at all averse to our company.

Blessings on that little hermit of the day, Nature's child, as well as on the memory of his human predecessor, who, though not as we would do it, gave himself to a life of devotion in that secluded spot!

Rising by a steep and slippery path from the wood, we found ourselves next on a rich piece of table-land, spreading away to the east and south, bounded in one direction by the tall, dark woods of Hopwell Hall, and containing several ample farms bearing the name of Granges. At one of the latter we called for a short time and were treated with a welcome, the young farmer and his wife conducting us, as we left, some distance on our road, through beautiful fields of green after-math and golden corn, over which at that hour was thrown the still brighter yet softer gold of evening-light, as we pondered on our way to Ockbrook. Did you ever visit that dear old village? If not, go; and if it be in the broad sunshine of open day, make your way up to the Moravian Settlement there, where you will find a little community of Christians teaching and otherwise trying to do good, and a landscape, as you look south from their habitations, softening though rising as it recedes, till lost afar in the warm droop of heaven.

Or if you arrive there, as did we, in the still hour of eve, while yet lingers in the west one long line of molten gold, as "the moon rises without an aurora" and looks calmly down upon you from the eastern hill, find your way past many a pleasant rural home into the old Church-yard. The fabric of the Church itself is by no means an elegant one, but the twilight will lend it a tender charm, and its low spire direct your eye to the peaceful stars beginning to twinkle above; and the Vicarage and its trees will throw their soft shade over the hallowed scene—save, perhaps, upon one spot near a little opening by the garden-side, on which the light will love to fall as though it found some kinship there,—my loving Sarah's grave! Blessings, warmest blessings, be on thee, old Ockbrook—on thy church and all its surroundings, thy schools and scholars,

thy pastor and people, their social gatherings and harvest-homes, their beautiful lane and field walks, their sacred memories, and fire-side joys !

Fit conclusion of our pilgrimage to Dale on that sweet autumnal day was our return by Ockbrook in the evening's calm—the glowing sunset and silvery moonlight meeting among the trembling leaves and on the dewy grass, and throwing their blended radiance over the peopled landscape—light enough to be seen, yet not so light but that much was left as well to the feelings as to the sight. I wanted to say good-evening to the Pastor—he who had been one in that little excursion through the Peak two years before; but he was gone to a religious service in one of the village school-rooms. There for a short time we called, joined in the last strain of the opening hymn, heard the first prayer, and passed on our way to the train at Borrowash—not likely soon to forget such a pensive and pleasant pilgrimage to Dale.

Another way of going to or returning from Dale, is by the villages of Morley and Stanley. It would be a picturesque and interesting ramble; and Morley Church alone would be well worth a visit. Much of the painted glass from Dale Abbey, as already mentioned, is incorporated with its windows—some of which record in hieroglyphics the legend of St. Robert and the Deer. And all the country in that direction is very interesting both in its scenery and history.

LET no one suppose that what has been thus far included under the head of "Days near Derby," comprehends all, or even half, of what is worth visiting from that town. There are a hundred odd spots within an afternoon's stroll, abounding with interest for the lover of rural life and character. What a pleasant half-day might be spent, in going by Normanton to Stenson, and on to Twyford, distinguished by its ample village-green, its neat little church and its curious ferry over the Trent, by which you might cross

to Calke Abbey, Anchor Church, Knoll Hills, and Ingleby; or, if you did not wish to pass over the river, it would be no unpleasant ramble back by way of Findern and Littleover, or down by Barrow, Swarkeston, Weston, and Aston—all interesting places; or by Arleston and Sinfin. There is, about half a mile from Twyford, a large tumulus, covering the remains of men once slain in battle there. At Arleston is a large and very ancient house supposed to have been once a chapel. And while wandering thereabouts you may pick up many curious traditions. One is, that there formerly lived in Twyford a family of the name of Kirkman, of which three boys had only one hat, and he who rose first in the morning had it for the day. One of these brothers afterwards went to London, about the year 1780, and became Lord Mayor.

ANOTHER treat, though it would take the Rambler over the border of the county, would be to go out as far as Shardlow Bridge, glancing at Elvaston Woods by the way. Then passing over the bridge and by Shardlow Hall, go on to Castle Donington or Lockington, and into Donington Park. There is much about Shardlow itself worth seeing; and a few hours in Donington Park, with a sight of the mansion there, were it open, would be one of the most enjoyable of pastimes. There are noble old oak trees, spreading out in a way that makes the loiterer feel as though he were in a wide and ancient forest; and the views of the country, both from Castle Donington town and from some favourite stand-points in the park, looking towards Derby and Nottingham, and for twelve miles up the river, are exceedingly magnificent. There is one spot at which I once lingered long with two friends. It was on a sunny sabbath morning, when the green spread of the landscape, the bright gleams of the winding river, the scattered villages and farms, the various tints of the woods, and the fine effect given to all the scene by the starting up of Weston-spire, so arrested and

held us, that from that hour we have ever spoken of it with gratification, as "the Wanderer's Halt."

THERE are several attractive places, too, in the direction of Ashbourne, which have not been described in the previous chapters, and roads branching off from the main road that would land the explorer in most pleasant regions. There is an occupation road beginning near the old Toll-house, opposite the commencement of Markeaton Park, and leading up to some fields beyond Bass-street. Thence runs a foot-path over wide and sunny pastures, and sometimes by the side of the most picturesque old thorn-hedges, taking you at length, to Radbourne, and round, should you so desire, by Dalbury Lees to Etwal,



whence you might return by Bearwardcotes, and Burnaston, to Derby. And a more beautiful rural ramble could scarcely be taken. Radbourne, long the seat of the Chandos-Pole family, has, with its Church and Hall, many interesting associations for the antiquary; and one very pleasant modern association in the fact, that the sweet songstress Jenny Lind has been a repeated guest there on her visits to this neighbourhood. Dalbury, Dalbury Church, and Dalbury Lees, abound with fine touches for those who have an eye for old English

beauty; and the names of the Porte and Cotton families are pleasantly connected with some of the scenes; while Etwall, noted for its Hospital, and for its cheerful rural aspect, is alone worth a pilgrimage, were there nothing to beguile the way. At Bearwardcotes (popularly Barracotes) is now a farm-house, occupied by Mr. Thomas Jerram; but there was formerly an old hall where it stands, surrounded by a moat, and approached by a stone bridge, with a lodge on each side of the gate-way. Burnaston hamlet and Burnaston-house, (seat of Mr. A. N. Every Mosely,) may be taken in the way from Etwall to Littleover, or you may return direct by Mickleover. Or the route might be reversed, by commencing at one of those villages and winding round to the Ashbourne-road; and by either way the naturalist, the artist, the antiquary, or the poet, might derive an abundance of enjoyment.

GOING along the Ashbourne-road, the country is seen very beautifully stretching away over Mackworth village, and up towards Quarndon; and still further on, about Langley, are many mansions surrounded by rich lawns and woods—Langley Park, seat of the Meynell family, and the Old Hall, seat of Dr. Peach, being amongst the most pleasantly conspicuous.

Passing a number of sunny homes, we come in a while to Brailsford House, the seat of Mr. W. Cox, with its tasteful grounds and little lakelet, and presently by one or two way-side inns into Brailsford village. This village, at the doomsday survey, was held by Alsin, under Henry de Ferrars; and Lord Ferrars is still patron of the living, which is a rectory; while Mr. Thomas William Evans, M.P. is lord of the manor; and there is a school for sixty children in the parish which was founded by his father. The Church rears its ancient tower at some distance from the village, and the Rectory, where resides the Rev. J. G. Croker, is an old but very pleasant house, over-

looking a fair space of pasture and greenwood, and in their season, golden fields of corn. A deep brow, or brae, descends from near the church to a winding stream—whence perhaps comes the name of the place, a contraction of Brae-hill's-ford. Past an old Wesleyan chapel, and some cottages, and across the brook, where near the bridge clacks a water-mill, we come to Ednaston, from above which strikes off a road to Shirley; and shortly afterwards breaks upon us as we proceed a view of Osmaston Manor, the magnificent seat of Mr. Francis Wright, one of the most striking and interesting places in all South Derbyshire—the mansion, with its great chimney-tower, rising boldly up on the south, over fair stretches of winding water, while rich plantations of various hue on every hand add much to the effect of the landscape. About this domain alone a visitor might linger long with delight; and a walk from it by Snelston, to Clifton or Norbury, in the lower vale of the Dove, (unless more disposed to take Ashbourne in his way,) with a railway ride thence round by Rocester, Uttoxeter and Tutbury to Derby, would complete a circuit not unworthy of the longest summer day. The village was formerly called Osmaston-in-the-Wood, no doubt a fitting name, seeing what an abundance of fine trees, including venerable yews, still remain around it. The Manor Hall occupied about three years in building and completing, from May, 1846, to July, 1849, under Stevens, of Derby. Its interior is rich in works of art and *vertu*; and, whether regarded within or without, it is a building to be proud of—though there are some who think it would have looked better in the landscape had the chimney-tower, (from its height being so great in proportion to its diameter,) declared itself less palpably to the eye, as it prevents the mind of the gazer from being sufficiently centred on the mansion as a whole. But this may not be its effect at all points.

Nearly opposite to Osmaston, in a prettily wooded park, on the north side of the Ashbourne-road, is Yeldersley Lodge, and about two miles beyond it we reach the top of a steep de-

clivity at the foot of which stands the pleasant town of Ashbourne—its fine old Church on the left; its Hall fronted by beautiful meadows, on the right; the houses, chiefly built of red brick, filling up the centre; with Thorpe Cloud and Weaver Hills in the back-ground, and Dovedale only five miles off, should our journey tend thither. Having already made some allusions to Ashbourne in the chapter on Dovedale, I will only here add, that for those who would like to see a respectable country town, which flourished in the days of old coaching, when it was on one of the great thoroughfares from London to Manchester, and still retains with much freshness some of the spirit of those times, a ramble or ride from Derby to Ashbourne—not more than thirteen miles—and noting all that may be enjoyed by the way—would be a pastime too pleasurable soon to be forgotten, especially when the first flush of spring or the ripe tints of autumn are on the landscape, and the voices of nature add their music to all that enchants the eye.

THERE is some interesting country in which a day might be well enjoyed, lying beyond Duffield, and westward of that village—very easy too it is of access from Derby. I have already mentioned Duffield so often as to make it needless to linger there now. But if some time you want to enjoy pleasant scenes and fresh breezes, and other places we have touched upon be too familiar to you, get over to Duffield, either by foot or by train, as may best suit you; glance at that beautiful cedar by Duffield Hall—which though not the largest, is perhaps among the prettiest you may ever see;—and, strolling up by Hazlewood, find your way to the edge of *the Depth o' Lum*—a strange, deep, watery hollow, which people from Belper often visit as a wonder. Or stroll as near as you can by the little river Ecclesbourne towards Wirksworth. There will be nothing that way to startle you by its grandeur; but you may get many

glimpses of cheerful hamlets and pleasant residences as you go along—sometimes seated far up among green hills, anon nestling in shady nooks more near, or almost seeming as if they were coming towards you to win your smile. I cannot tell the names of them all; but I know that Farnah Hall, Hazel Brow, “The Lilies,” Windley, Ideridgehay, and Alton, are conspicuous among them; while on nearing Wirksworth you come to the old Tape-mill, where formerly dwelt or laboured good and pious Mr. Joseph Evans, said to be the original of “Seth Bede.” I have heard him preach, and believe him to have been worthy of that distinction.

BREADSALL village and Breadsall Priory, where formerly resided Dr. Darwin, and where his family have only recently ceased to reside, have several attractions for a holiday Rambler. The Church has a lofty and handsome spire, one of the most striking objects in the landscape it adorns, and there is much within the church itself to interest a visitor. The Rectory is a neat mansion, conspicuous near the village; but the Priory, a fine old house, recently restored, stands in somewhat park-like grounds apart.

In a stroll up from Breadsall to Morley and Smalley, most beautiful and extensive ranges of country open successively on the gaze. Stand in one place and you can look back on the town of Derby, its receding outlines softened by its own thin cloud of smoke; and as you turn slowly round to the west and north, you see the cheerful gleam of a mill-dam in the green hollow below, and across the vale of the Derwent, the rich country from about Darley Abbey and Mills to Allestree and Quarndon, and away to the far blue hills of the Peak. From another point, nearer to Smalley, may be seen the varied landscape stretching dimly away beyond Dale Abbey, into the counties of Nottingham and Leicester; turning from which to the north, is the country reaching beyond Shipley and Heanor,

Codnor Castle and the sources of the Erewash, into the shadowy realm of Robin Hood and the early home of Mary Chaworth,—to hills that in their turn look down into Byron's classic vale of Newstead. And not frequently in beautiful old England occurs a similar expanse marked with more various features of town and tower, grey village, manorial hall, and tapering spire, or wooded hill and pastoral vale ; with now and then some bright water-gleam ; or a smelting furnace throwing up its flame like a volcano from amid the ripe garniture of the land. Methinks it would be no bad holiday's recreation for a young man to walk out in that direction, with his eyes and ears open, learning all that could be learnt, and not afraid of modestly questioning worthy country-people by the way. What a number of decayed yew trees would he mark on the road-side, making him feel how *ancient a country* he was travelling through—the probability being that some of these yews were planted near the doors of human dwellings, of which in most cases not a vestige now remains ! He might spend an hour about Morley Church and village with advantage ; for the church itself has much interest independently of its fine position ; the village, though not large, has some pleasing touches of character for an artist, especially in the old lane leading down to Dale Abbey ; and there is also an ancient tumulus, crowned by some trees. The road from Morley to Smalley passes among substantial farms ; and by the side of a little brook stands a sheltered cottage, with a sculptured tablet over the door inscribed " T. O. B." There is a fine sunny look about yon seat of the Sitwells, among its waving trees and spreading pastures ; and as we come past many cheerful cottages and the little inn into Smalley Village, how sweetly looks across the road this mansion of the Radfords towards that of the Mundys, the latter standing away among its guardian woods at Shipley. Then turn to the left, as you pass about a mile beyond Smalley, where once was Kidsley Park, and you will see, at the distance of one field or so from the turnpike-road, a neat old

farm-house. Were you to know it as its friendly visitors have known it, you would find it an unpretending home of intelligence and taste. There was, in the thirteenth century, a manor there, belonging to the abbot of Chester. In 1597, a distinguished medical author, Dr. Christopher Johnson, resided there ; but its chief resident of late was the old patriarch, Daniel Smith, member of the Society of Friends, who having had little need of doctors, has quietly passed into the better world, at the age of ninety years, while I have been writing this chapter.

Go further along the turnpike-road, or strike aside over Kidsley fields, and before you is Heanor church tower, and now you are in the native locality of the Howitt family, known so well to literature and to fame. Beyond is Loscoe, with its beautiful sheet of water called Loscoe-dam ; Codnor Castle and Ironworks are a little further still, with the black, busy and thriving little town of Ironville ; but you will scarcely have time to go thither in one day's ramble. Cross down, instead, to Loscoe-dam, and up by the ancient hamlet of Breach, then over to Denby Old Hall by the fields. It is said by some that Flamstead, the astronomer, was born at Denby, and there is still a house in the parish called Flamstead House. It would take you too far out of your way, perhaps, to come round by Waingriff or Waingroves, now a possession of the Rev. Wm. Peach, but formerly belonging to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem ; and by the time you reach Denby Pottery—where so usefully lived and recently so happily died worthy Joseph Bourne—you would probably be glad to take advantage of the evening train to Derby. But if brave enough to make a good twenty miles' circuit of it, the remainder of the walk by Kilburn Hall, with its pleasant slope to the road ; Horsley, with its old castle-foundations and picturesque church, and the grey hamlet of Holbrook on the opposite hill ; Cox-bench Hall, and the somewhat picturesquely cotted hill-side and tiny mill as you draw near to Little Eaton, will make no unfitting conclusion, leading you at length to Little Chester,

where two thousand years ago the old Romans also made a halting place, little dreaming of the changes that since then have come over these scenes.





Chapter the Twenty-third.

SCENES ON THE BOUNDARY.

ANY have been the routes chalked out for tourists across the County, but did any one ever think of making the tour *around* it? It could not be done very hastily; and there might now and then be an obstacle in the way of its accomplishment; but, would duty permit, there is scarcely in all Britain a circuit of equal extent that I would rather take for the interest it would afford—pictorial, geological, botanical, archæological, and historical.

What a day for the mineralogist, and not a profitless one for any other inquiring mind, might be passed in a journey up the Erewash valley, where Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire unite—or, if you prefer it so, divide! Commencing near Long Eaton, in those broad and luxuriant meadows, and passing along the quiet field-paths to Sandiacre, glancing thence over the border at the pretty scenery about Stapleford, Bramcote, and Trowell, where a beautiful blending of hill and wood, interspersed with signs of human industry and enterprise, rises from the rich pastures and the many-winding stream, the coal and iron district gradually opens, with its pits and furnaces. Stanton Works are seen, where once mused the monks of Dale, and the rising town of Ilkeston, with its factories and extending

streets, tells of lace and hosiery, as well as of "black diamonds" and of iron-stone that shall soon be turned into gold. Ilkeston church tower is one of the most conspicuous objects rising for many miles, and may be discerned from particular points along, and from far on either side of, the border. Dashed over as all this region is with black mine hillocks, and sending up everywhere, as it does, great columns of smoke into the sky, it is still not without much rural beauty. Large spaces of cultured land; dottings and lines of trees; the fir-crowned hills of Bramcote, with the old druidical stone between them; Trowell church tower and Cossal spire, the windings of the little river, and the level lines of two canals; the railway, with long trails of white vapour streaming back from each train as it rushes far and fast away; and here and there a peaceful farm, that looks like a bit of the old world come back to see what the new one is doing—combine altogether to strike out poetical as well as commercial ideas, and to make one think of the past and future, as well as of the present time.

A few miles more and we are at Langley Mill—the grey old tower of Heanor church looking down upon us from the Derbyshire side, and the new one of Eastwood from the Nottinghamshire side of the vale. Anon we find ourselves near Codnor, where the last lingering ruins of a great castle look down from the hill on some of the largest ironworks ever constructed. They stand in what, in feudal days, was the park to that castle, which was a seat of the ancient and powerful family of the Zouches. They belong to the celebrated Butterley Company, whose trucks you may occasionally see on almost every line of railway they can reach; whose iron bridges have been sent to span the rivers of the remotest climes; whose cannon balls have done shivering work in almost every great modern battle; and they have also contributed no inconsiderable share to the peaceful and more useful commerce of the age we live in. How strange would it appear to the ancient owners, could they come back but for one hour, and

see the belching forth of those great fires, where calmly fell the sabbath sunshine on their gentle herds ; or listen to the roar and hammering of those great forges, whose voice in peace might seem to them more terrible, till explained, than that of their occasional besiegers in war ! And how marvellous would it appear to them that the places to which they gave the sweet rural names of *Birch-wood* and *Summer-cotes*, which were, no doubt, precise descriptions of them then, should one of them be now entirely charred over with coal, and the other sending up furnace-fires like a little Vesuvius !

Not far from the great iron-forges is the town of Ironville, black, not with age, but with industry, and its homes much cleaner within than without. Curious, that the former name for the locality, at the end of which stands Ironville, should have been Golden Valley. Was it so called because of the golden broom and furze that blossomed there, or buttercups and cowslips and the golden corn ? I know not ;—but to call it golden now would be ironical indeed. Yet is there a spot, not far off, a species of recreation ground for the people, where a touch of nature still lingers, where wild flowers flourish near the foot of a lofty, lightning-rent column, raised to the memory of Mr. Jessop, late a leading partner in the Butterley Company--and where social gatherings for intellectual purposes and for amusement are frequently held.

Further up the vale we come to Pye Bridge, where crosses the old Nottingham and Alfreton road ; and hence may be seen on the left the tall, clean, delicate spire of Riddings Church, shooting up in fine relief from the dusky country ; while on the opposite hill in Nottinghamshire stands the darker and heavier tower of Selston, commanding wide, grassy, and heathery commons, and ancient abbey woods, and pleasant views of distant hills. Summercotes-furnace is hard by, but Butterley-works are a few miles off to the west, not seen from this valley. Birchwood collieries are a little further on, and the Cromford canal here flows parallel with the river

and the railway ; while tram-roads run about in every direction, connecting the different collieries with the main lines of commerce. Not far from this point, in former years, in a neat rural residence called Birchwood Cottage, dwelt a branch of the Woolley family, who, dispersed by adversity, went forth into the wide, wide world, where some at sea and some on land, have by lives of honourable and distinguished usefulness served mankind, and well proved how true it is that

“There is a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.”

In about another mile, as you may see by the map, the Erewash ceases at Pinxton to divide the two counties, giving up that office to a clear little brook coming down by Kirkby Old Hall from the lovely rural domain of Brookhill—seats of the ancient family of Coke of Melbourne and this neighbourhood ; and here the country assumes an aspect altogether different from the scenes we are leaving,—champaign pastures being intersected by winding little streamy hollows (locally called “dumbles,” and “grives,”) with scattered farm-steads, some of the latter with their lime-washed walls gleaming very prettily through the leafing trees. I have always loved Brookhill from my early days, and have written so much of it elsewhere as to leave little to say now. Yet it were hard to pass, even now, without a word, the spot where long lived one who was among the first to read my young literary efforts and encourage me to deeds of usefulness, now that his ashes rest with his sire’s in the old church crowning yon outside slope. The world, not yet itself quite arrived at the millenium, had reason to see some shadows about his life that did much to obscure what, in other circumstances, might have made him shine as one of the noblest of natures—just as there are dark spots on the sun, his family crest. He was very deaf, and therefore debarred of much of life’s better intercourse ; of a warm temperament, and erred. But speaking of him as I knew him myself in his latter years, he was

one of the sincerest friends of genius and learning ; cared greatly for the poor, the aged, and the helpless ; denied himself much, and did good by stealth, while leaving the world to think him penurious ; had great and various talents—and never dissembled his opinions ; was a faithful adviser on matters he understood ; and, though himself a landlord, held this theory : that they who till the soil have the first right to live from it ; next to them, the poor—who cannot help themselves ; and last the landlord, who should be content with the overplus. Such as he appeared to me, was Mr. D'Ewes Coke, who died amid these scenes a few years back, at the ripe age of four score. “ *Requiescat in pace.*”

Brookhill Hall and part of its grounds were within the ancient precincts of Sherwood Forest, the stream that fills the large fish-pond and divides the counties here being also the forest boundary, walking up by which we come to Fulwood, where, about midway between South Normanton on the left, and Sutton-in-Ashfield and Kirkby on the right, there breaks upon the sight a vast and varied landscape, stretching back to the south along the Erewash Valley, and west right over Crich Cliff to the top of Masson, beyond Matlock Bath ; while in the vale, among fields of various hue, cut into squares by green hedge-rows, are scatterings of villages and lonely farms ; the up-gleaming of distant spires ; the contemplative look-down of grey old towers ; graceful trails of foliage shading far-winding brooks ; dark dashes of wood on the far blue hills ; and the culmination of all the scene at Crich Cliff, the lofty “stand” on which is so diminished by distance that you would think a man, if there, might rest his hand upon its top,—making altogether a picture that, as it is the one which being born near and accustomed so early to gaze upon, I may be excused, perhaps, for still thinking one of the loveliest ever seen.

Leaving the hamlet of Hilcote, and the villages of Blackwell-with-Newton and Tibshelf, on the left, and proceeding by Hucknall-under-Huthwayte, and afterwards by a farm called

Whiteborough (said to be the site of an ancient city), Hardwick Hall stands before the eye in all its dignity and grandeur, just within the border, a small portion of its park being in Nottinghamshire, and the country spreading around well worthy from its scope and general aspect of so notable a centre-point.

From the neighbourhood of Hardwick there is a strange, wild, rocky, *out-of-the-way sort of country*, sometimes very beautiful, but different from the scenery on either side, extending far along the border. In the chapter on Scarsdale, allusion has already been made to this feature, as developed about Pleasley and Scarcliffe, Markland Grips and Cresswell Crag. For the lover of solitary nooks, cressy brooks, ferny crags with out-hanging yew trees, secluded hamlets, and ancient water-mills, with now and then a glimpse of open park and forest scenery, I could hardly suggest a more suitable ramble than an exploration of this part of the Derbyshire border, commencing near Hardwick, and going along by Newbound Mill, Pleasley Dale, Shirebrook, Langwith, Whalley Hall, Elmton, Markland Grips, Cresswell, to Shireoaks, then back by Whitwell, Southgate, Barlborough Hall, and Eckington, to Norton and Sheffield.

Ha! and then that glorious country about Sheffield, so totally different again from all we have mentioned, and yet so beautifully wild and picturesque—growing less wild but not less picturesque every year, from the increase in it of human life—and sometimes almost reaching the sublime, in its associations of rock and river, moorland, mountain, and winding dale. Take the Glossop-road from Sheffield, which leads you through the valley of the Rivelin, to Moss-car Cross, and down to Ladybower Brook and Ashopton Inn, then up the Woodlands by the river Ashop, the Snake Inn and the foot of Kinder-scout, and so on, if you choose into all the life and beauty of Longdendale, and the longer you linger in all those regions the more romantic beauty you shall find!

“LONGDENDALE,” says bright-thoughted, warm-hearted Thomas Barlow, its native poet, “is a picturesque and romantic vale

on the north-western boundary of Derbyshire, approachable to a tourist from the interior of the county by the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, which runs through it from Woodhead, after emerging from a tunnel of three miles through the 'backbone of England' to Mottram, a distance of over seven miles. The Etherow, principal source of the Mersey, running from near the rise of the Derwent, in this elevated portion of the Peak, falls with a sweet murmur into the vale at Woodhead station, and pursuing an interrupted course in a south-westerly direction divides the county from Cheshire. Much of the water of the Etherow is appropriated by the Manchester Corporation Waterworks Company, who have erected five lodges or artificial lakes, that greatly heighten the beauty of the vale,—helping to subdue its wildness, and mirroring in their bosoms the bold outlines of the hills. These lodges are of great size: that at Woodhead covers an area of one hundred and thirty-five acres, and is estimated to hold two hundred million cubic feet of water. Torside, the next to Woodhead, covers one hundred and sixty acres, and is estimated to hold two hundred and forty million cubic feet; Rhodes Wood covers fifty-four acres, and holds eighty million cubic feet; Arnfield and Hollingworth Lodges are smaller—the former holds thirty-four million, and the latter twelve million cubic feet. These lodges are calculated to supply Manchester with thirty million gallons of water per day. The cost of these works up to December, 1859, was one million three hundred thousand pounds.

“The railway skirts the hills on the Derbyshire side of the vale, crossing by two splendid viaducts—one over a tributary of the Etherow at Dinting; the other over the Etherow at Broadbottom—and enters into Cheshire through the Hattersley tunnel. The works of man in this beautiful vale almost vie in grandeur with those of nature. The Woodhead tunnel, the waterworks, and the viaducts, are imposing monuments of the skill and enterprise of man, and harmonise with the sublimer features of the vale and hills.

“ On the railway side between Hadfield and Dinting stations, stands Mouselow, a steep, wood-crowned hill, on the summit of which are the ruins of what appears to have been a British *Dun*, of an oval form ; portions of the outer wall still remain, and of the ditch that surrounded it. On an eminence near Brookfield, and within half-a-mile of Dinting, stood what is commonly called Melandra Castle, but which was a Roman station or camp, built, as appears from history, during the reign of Claudius. Traces of a Roman road are still visible, leading towards Lower Gamesley. Standing on this eminence, surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of hills, and contemplating the changes that have been wrought during the last thirty years, wakes in the soul a poetic fervour for which ordinary language is too tame.”

Such is the scenery about the Cheshire border ; and then, working round south-westerly you come to the Staffordshire border, and DOVEDALE, with all its beauty and romance ;—to the lower plains of the Dove, looked down upon by cheerful towns and villages, fair mansions and gentle hills, like those about Okeover, Ashbourne, Clifton, Mayfield, Calwich, Norbury, Rocester, Doveridge, Uttoxeter, Sudbury, Hanbury, and Tutbury,—the ruins of Tutbury Castle and the fine church by their side, with many other objects, adding the charm of historical incident to the broad expanse of those landscapes.

Then come we in time to the flowery domain of Eggington, where the Dove is lost in the Trent, opposite Newton Solney—old Trent, winding its magnificent way, as we have seen before, by Repton, Calke, Swarkeston, Donington Park, and Shardlow to Sawley, and shortly afterwards completing the boundary-line in that direction, not far from Long Eaton, where we started. Who then would say that a perambulation of the whole border would not be a tour almost, if not entirely, as interesting as any other of the same extent in England ?



Chapter the Twenty-fourth.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.



ND now, my friendly reader, for some things there are in the foregoing sheets, and some things omitted, let me ask, ere we part, your kindest indulgence and forgiveness. It cannot for a moment be supposed that any writer could bring the mention of every spot worth seeing into the line of a formal tour. On the contrary, it may sometimes happen that places best worth notice would require such a long detour, or special visit, as to make any allusion to them in the ordinary track frivolous in the extreme. And yet, they should be borne in mind and seen as you may have opportunity. No antiquarian can be said to have done justice either to himself or the county, who, going through it at all, fails to see the ancient temple of Arbor Low, or Arbe Low, near Youlgreave, and the Museum so industriously enriched by the late Mr. Thomas Bateman, at Lomberdale House, in another part of the same parish. From any side of England, a pilgrimage to Youlgreave alone and its various points of interest, would be almost as attractive as a pilgrimage to Stonehenge,—not that it has much in common with Stonehenge, but for its kindred associations. According to Pilkington, Arbe Low (so pronounced, whatever be its etymology), is a circle of about

thirty large unhewn limestones, hemmed in by a deep ditch and a high vallum. The area within is about fifty yards in diameter, Some of the stones are from six to eight feet long—their thickness varying up to three or four feet, and their form also various. Within the circle are some lesser stones, less regularly placed, and near the centre three larger ones, which some think were once joined in the formation of a cromlech. The width of the ditch outside the circle of stones is about six yards; and the height of the vallum at its inner side, though much changed by the long action of the elements, is in some places from six to eight yards. There are entrances to the enclosed area on the north and south ten or twelve yards in width; while on the east side of the south entrance is a large barrow, which was opened by the late Mr. Bateman, in May, 1845, and found to abound with relics, of which a full and lucid account is given in that gentleman's published writings.

Of Mr. Bateman himself, his labours as an antiquarian, and the fruits of his researches, which are stored with great order in the museum he has left behind him at Lomberdale, it would be pleasant to write much, were there space to do the subject justice. But that would require a volume, which those who were more intimate with him could better write. His circle of friends and correspondents was very extensive; and his somewhat sudden and premature death since this volume was commenced, cast a gloom over many a mind he had helped to enrich with his accumulations of antiquarian lore.*

Many, too, are the elevations from which most extensive and beautiful views may be gained—many the sweet, secluded dales and cloughs—lying far off the tracks of ordinary tourists and guides, and of which little mention has been made. Yet, just as I have suggested a tour of the whole border of the county as one of the greatest treats imaginable, for any per-

* A full obituary of Mr. Bateman appears in one of the numbers of "The Reliquary," edited by Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F. S. A.

son who had the heart and mind to explore it, so, to the lover of mountain-climbing, might be recommended the ascent of a number of the highest hills, beginning with some of the less lofty ones about Wirksworth, and ending with Kinderscout which is 1859 feet high ;—and in making his way from hill to hill, guided pretty much by the eye, on how many lovely little nooks, in the dells and cloughs between them, might the wanderer come almost with the feelings of an original discoverer !

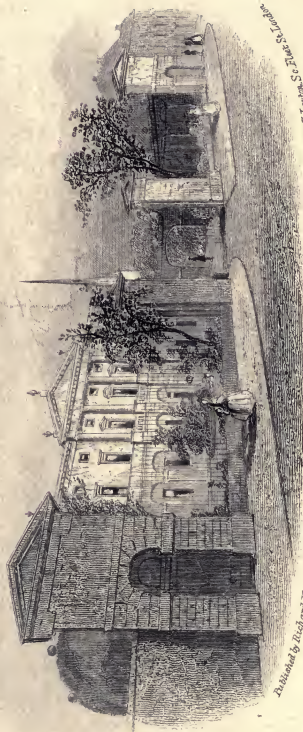
Another sort of tourist, especially if a fisherman, would more greatly enjoy, perhaps, the exploration of the various streams, each to its source,—a little Bruce or Mungo Park, or Livingstone, in his way ; and great indeed would be the reward of his observations between their estuaries and their mountain-springs !

The mineralogist, guided by one of the favourite books on his science, and with a geological map of the county, might also walk forth in a similar spirit, and enjoy much besides the revelations of the rocks and caves ; as would the botanist or zoologist find a world of wonders adding its charms to those of his chief pursuit. The artist and poet would, of course, find enough to enjoy anywhere. In short, whatever a rambler's peculiar bent or study, he might easily make it a key-note with which all the rest of nature's concert would chord, as he wandered with his knapsack far as he could get out of the beaten tracks of the guides and guide-books. And this, in a short time, will be the principle on which tourists will more generally go.

The mere seeker of health, lacking vigour perhaps at the very start, will have to get along as may be most agreeable to his weakly condition. Yet, should there be no organic reason to the contrary, and the weather be tolerably fit, he will certainly, if wise in the matters of diet and regimen, soon gather strength enough as he goes on. If he thinks otherwise, let him set out and try it. In a ramble, during which many

of the particulars of this book were gleaned, I once started as an invalid, commencing not far from Sheffield. On the first day, fifteen miles knocked me up; on the second, twenty miles fatigued me as little. The third, being the sabbath, was passed in quiet contemplation in and near Dovedale. The fourth day perhaps did not see me and my two excellent companions walk much farther than on the third, for we spent a good deal of time at Ilam Hall and again in Dovedale. On the fifth day, I managed twenty-five miles without fatigue; the sixth, an equal distance with growing ease; the seventh, eighth, and ninth, from twenty to thirty or thirty-five miles each day, with the most perfect enjoyment—scarcely fatigued at all; and on the tenth was gloomy and uneasy for want of thirty miles to walk.

But how many sweet spots may be reached by rail or a brief walk, or both, and spent with intense delight, by world-chafed and brain-weary men and women of taste, *who have only a few hours to spare*. Why, only open the map for the Midland line, and let us see. A few minutes' ride to Duffield or Belper, and an hour's walk, would take you up by Hazlewood to the Depth o' Lumb. A few minutes more to Ambergate and a stroll up to Crich; or down to South Wingfield and up to the Manor ruins; or, on the other hand, to Alfreton Park, whence is one of the prettiest views of the North Peak that eye could gaze on, and the valley of the Amber between. Nay, in one hour from Derby you might run down by government train as far as Clay-cross; then, taking another hour's ramble by North Wingfield and over the fields, find yourself at Hardwick—its stately old halls looking down upon you from the hill, and a country abounding with rural life and beauty expanding far around you. In truth, a strong man might venture farther than that—he might go from Hardwick by Rowthorne, Glapwell, or Heath, and Palterton, as far as Bolsover Castle; contemplate the beauty and grandeur of all that would there and thence greet his sight, and return to Chesterfield, or Clay-cross again, in time for the evening train back to Derby.



Engraved by Richard Kene, Derby.

from an original drawing by Jas. Gresley.

Chas. E. Leighton, Sculp.

The Derby Grammar School

Almost as brief and easy would be the ride to Rowsley, Bakewell, or Hassop, and a stroll up the Derwent, the Wye, or the Lathkil, to many of the places noticed in our previous chapters. And now I think of it, let no lover of art or admirer of exquisite tributes of affection to personal worth, fail, when loitering at any time about Rowsley, to go into the neat little church, and see the chaste and beautiful monument of Chelaston stone, erected there to the memory of the late Lady John Manners and her infant child. Anything more *recherché* of its kind you may not often—perhaps never—have an opportunity of seeing.

And while writing of the neighbourhood of Matlock, in the fourth chapter, more would have been then said, if I had known it, of the pleasant scenery about Lumsdale and Tansley Wood, the latter a seat of Mr. Edward Radford, an active magistrate. Most deeply of all do I regret, for several reasons, that the chapter on Matlock Bank was written before I went to reside there; but as those reasons do not affect the general interest of this book, I will not take up space with them now. Glancing back through the printed sheets, I find one or two other matters it may be as well to correct before closing:—In allusion to the working of the trains on the inclined plane between Crich Cliff and the Ambergate Lime-works, I have said something of the nicely-adjusted apparatus there being set in motion by steam. This was owing to my confounding the method of operations with that then in vogue on the High Peak Railway. But Mr. Jefferies, the intelligent superintendent of the works at Crich, corrects me, and draws my attention to the fact that steam, by a very simple and ingenious contrivance, is dispensed with there.

In chapter the third, and at page 21, I have spoken of St. Helen's House, Derby, as going to decay. So it was at the time I wrote. But public spirit has nobly arrested that decay, has restored the house, and made it a seat of learning, by removing to its more ample and healthy rooms the ancient

Grammar School from St. Peter's. Long may it flourish there, an honour and blessing to the town !

There is another mistake at page 44, where, owing to being at the time misinformed, I have spoken of a road sloping down from Masson into Matlock Dale as passing rather closely the residence of the late Colonel Leacroft, but which I have since found to be not so, but by that of his relative, Miss Leacroft. The worthy old Colonel himself has died while this sheet has been in the press. Changes, too, have been commenced at the top of Riber, by Mr. Smedley, since the chapter on that neighbourhood was written, and which it is said he intends to complete with a tower 225 feet high, that, if accomplished, will be one of the most conspicuous objects in the country.

By a slight and perhaps not unpardonable inadvertance, I have twice made quotation of one stanza from John Edwards—once in the chapter on the Dove, and again in speaking of the fountains at Chatsworth ; and in the last paragraph but one of the chapter on the latter distinguished place, the words “nobly” and “noble” occur with what, had the proximity been designed, would have shown want of taste.

No doubt there are other errors, owing to the heavy duties and cares, which dulled the brain and withheld the pen, in more than one part of my work. Yet has the little book not unfrequently afforded me some delight in its composition, and glad indeed shall I be if ever blessed to learn that it has afforded the reader more.





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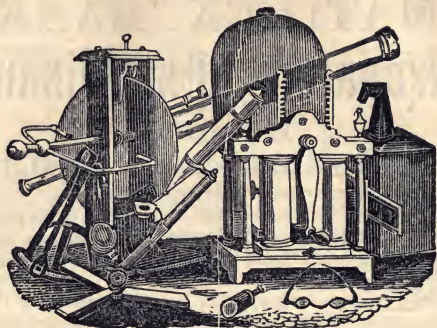
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
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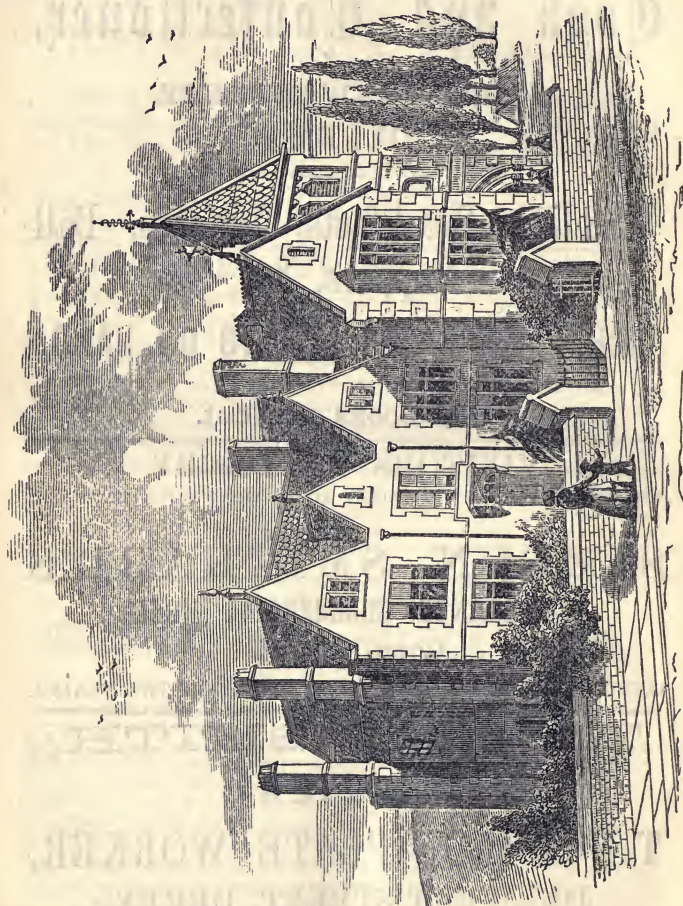
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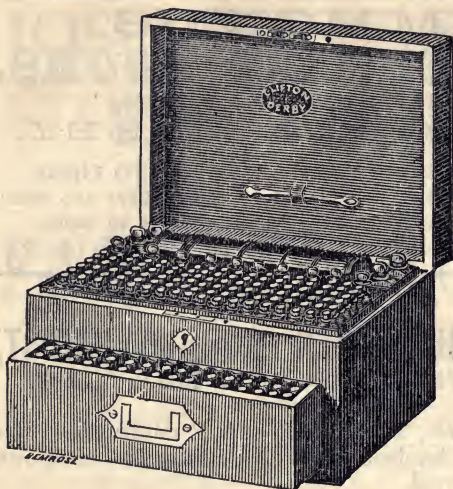
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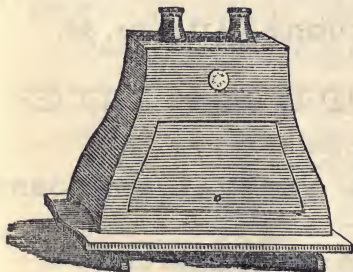
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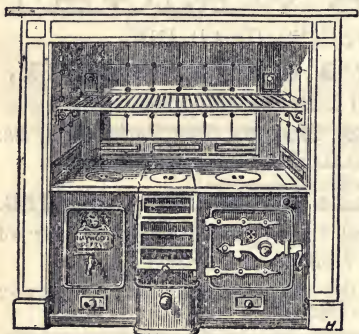
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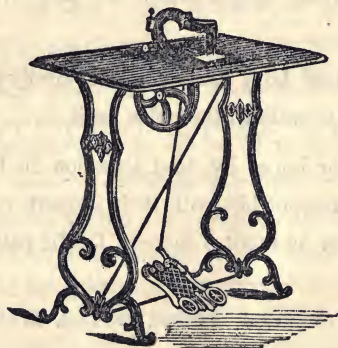
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